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THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FIRST.

IV.

"WELL, you 'll have to guess my reason before I 'll tell you," the girl said, with a free laugh, pushing her way into the narrow hall and leaning against the tattered wall-paper, which, representing blocks of marble with beveled edges, in streaks and speckles of black and gray, had not been renewed for years, and came back to her out of the past. As Miss Pynsent closed the door, seeing her visitor was so resolute, the light filtered in from the street, through the narrow, dusty glass above it, and then the very smell and sense of the place returned to Millicent; a kind of musty dimness, with the vision of a small, steep staircase at the end, covered with a strip of oilcloth which she recognized, and made a little less dark by a window in the bend (you could see it from the hall), from which you could almost bump your head against the house behind. Nothing was changed except Miss Pynsent, and of course the girl herself. She had noticed, outside, that the sign between the windows had not even been touched up; there was still the same preposterous announcement of "fashionable bonnets" — as if the poor little dressmaker had the slightest acquaintance with that style of head-dress,

of which Miss Henning's own knowledge was now so complete. She could see Miss Pynsent was looking at her hat, which was a wonderful composition of flowers and ribbons; her eyes had traveled up and down Millicent's whole person, but they rested in fascination upon that ornament. The girl had forgotten how small the dressmaker was; she barely came up to her shoulder. She had lost her hair, and wore a cap, which Millicent noticed, in return, wondering if that were a specimen of what she thought the fashion. Miss Pynsent stared up at her as if she had been six feet high; but she was used to that sort of surprised admiration, being perfectly conscious that she was a magnificent young woman.

"Won't you take me into your shop?" she asked. "I don't want to order anything; I only want to inquire after your 'ealth: and is n't this rather an awkward place to talk?" She made her way further in, without waiting for permission, seeing that her startled hostess had not yet guessed.

"The show-room is on the right hand," said Miss Pynsent, with her professional manner, which was intended, evidently, to mark a difference. She spoke as if on the other side, where the horizon was bounded by the partition of

the next house, there were labyrinths of apartments. Passing in after her guest, she found the young lady already spread out upon the sofa, the everlasting sofa, in the right-hand corner as you faced the window, covered with a light, shrunken shroud of a strange yellow stuff, the tinge of which revealed years of washing, and surmounted by a colored print of Rebekah at the Well, balancing, in the opposite quarter, with a portrait of the Empress of the French, taken from an illustrated newspaper, and framed and glazed in the manner of 1853. Millicent looked about her, asking herself what Miss Pynsent had to show, and acting perfectly the part of the most brilliant figure the place had ever contained. The old implements were there on the table: the pincushions and needle-books; the pink measuring-tape with which, as children, she and Hyacinth used to take each other's height; and the same collection of fashion-plates (she could see in a minute), crumpled, sallow, and fly-blown. The little dressmaker bristled, as she used to do, with needles and pins (they were stuck all over the front of her dress), but there were no rustling fabrics tossed in heaps about the room — nothing but the skirt of a shabby dress (it might have been her own), which she was evidently repairing, and had slung upon the table when she came to the door. Miss Henning speedily arrived at the conclusion that her hostess's business had not increased, and felt a kind of good-humored, luxurious scorn of a person who knew so little what was to be got out of London. It was Millicent's belief that she herself was already perfectly acquainted with the resources of the metropolis.

"Now tell me, how is Hyacinth? I should like so much to see him," she remarked, extending a pair of large, protrusive feet, and supporting herself on the sofa by her hands.

"Hyacinth?" Miss Pynsent repeat-

ed, with majestic blankness, as if she had never heard of such a person. She felt that the girl was cruelly, scathingly, well dressed; she could not imagine who she was, nor with what design she could have presented herself.

"Perhaps you call him Mr. Robinson, to-day — you always wanted him to hold himself so high. But to his face, at any rate, I'll call him as I used to: you see if I don't!"

"Bless my soul, you must be the little 'Enning!" Miss Pynsent exclaimed, planted before her, and going now into every detail.

"Well, I'm glad you have made up your mind. I thought you'd know me directly. I had a call to make in this part, and it came into my head to look you up. I don't like to lose sight of old friends."

"I never knew you — you've improved so," Miss Pynsent rejoined, with a candor justified by her age and her consciousness of respectability.

"Well, *you* have not changed; you were always calling me something horrid."

"I dare say it does not matter to you now, does it?" said the dressmaker, seating herself, but quite unable to take up her work, absorbed as she was in the examination of her visitor.

"Oh, I'm all right now," Miss Henning replied, with the air of one who had nothing to fear from human judgments.

"You were a pretty child — I never said the contrary to that: but I had no idea you'd turn out like this. You're too tall for a woman," Miss Pynsent added, much divided between an old prejudice and a new appreciation.

"Well, I enjoy beautiful 'ealth," said the young lady; "every one thinks I'm twenty." She spoke with a certain artless pride in her bigness and her bloom, and as if, to show her development, she would have taken off her jacket or let you feel her fore-arm. She was very

handsome, with a shining, bold, good-natured eye, a fine, free, facial oval, an abundance of brown hair, and a smile which showed the whiteness of her teeth. Her head was set upon a fair, strong neck, and her tall young figure was rich in feminine curves. Her gloves, covering her wrists insufficiently, showed the redness of those parts, in the interstices of the numerous silver bracelets that encircled them, and Miss Pynsent made the observation that her hands were not more delicate than her feet. She was not graceful, and even the little dressmaker, whose preference for distinguished forms never deserted her, indulged in the mental reflection that she was common, for all her magnificence; but there was something about her indescribably fresh, successful, and satisfying. She was, to her blunt, expanded finger-tips, a daughter of London, of the crowded streets and hustling traffic of the great city; she had drawn her health and strength from its dingy courts and foggy thoroughfares, and peopled its parks and squares and crescents with her ambitions; it had entered into her blood and her bone, the sound of her voice and the carriage of her head; she understood it by instinct and loved it with passion; she represented its immense vulgarities and curiosities, its brutality and its knowingness, its good-nature and its impudence, and might have figured, in an allegorical procession, as a kind of glorified townswoman, a nymph of the wilderness of Middlesex, a flower of the accumulated parishes, the genius of urban civilization, the muse of cockneyism. The restrictions under which Miss Pynsent regarded her would have cost the dressmaker some fewer scruples if she had guessed the impression she made upon Millicent, and how the whole place seemed to that prosperous young lady to smell of poverty and failure. Her childish image of Miss Pynsent had represented her as delicate and dainty, with round loops of

hair fastened on her temples by combs, and associations of brilliancy arising from the constant manipulation of precious stuffs — tissues, at least, which Millicent regarded with envy. But the little woman before her was bald and white and pinched; she looked shrunk and sickly and insufficiently nourished; her small eyes were sharp and suspicious, and her hideous cap did not disguise her meagreness. Miss Henning thanked her stars, as she had often done before, that she had not been obliged to get her living by drudging over needlework year after year in that undiscoverable street, in a dismal little room where nothing had been changed for ages; the absence of change had such an exasperating effect upon her vigorous young nature. She reflected with complacency upon her good fortune in being attached to a more exciting, a more dramatic, department of the dressmaking business, and noticed that, though it was already November, there was no fire in the neatly-kept grate beneath the chimney-piece, on which a design, partly architectural, partly botanical, executed in the hair of Miss Pynsent's parents, was flanked by a pair of vases, under glass, containing muslin flowers.

If she thought Miss Pynsent's eyes suspicious, it must be confessed that this lady felt very much upon her guard in the presence of so unexpected and undesired a reminder of one of the least honorable episodes in the annals of Lomax Place. Miss Pynsent esteemed people in proportion to their success in constituting a family circle — in cases, that is, when the materials were under their hand. This success, among the various members of the house of Henning, had been of the scantiest, and the domestic broils in the establishment adjacent to her own, whose vicissitudes she was able to follow, as she sat at her window at work, by simply inclining an ear to the thin partition behind her — these scenes, amid which the crash of crockery and the

imprecations of the wounded were frequently audible, had long been the scandal of a humble but harmonious neighborhood. Mr. Henning was supposed to occupy a place of confidence in a brush-factory, while his wife, at home, occupied herself with the washing and mending of a considerable brood, mainly of sons. But economy and sobriety, and indeed a virtue more important still, had never presided at their councils. The freedom and frequency of Mrs. Henning's relations with a stove-polisher in the Euston Road were at least not a secret to a person who lived next door, and looked up from her work so often that it was a wonder it was always finished so quickly. The little Hennings, unwashed and unhidden, spent most of their time either in pushing each other into the gutter, or in running to the public house at the corner for a penny-worth of gin, and the borrowing propensities of their elders were a theme for exclamation. There was no object of personal or domestic use which Mrs. Henning had not at one time or another endeavored to elicit from the dressmaker; beginning with a mattress, on an occasion when she was about to take to her bed for a considerable period, and ending with a flannel petticoat and a pewter teapot. Lomax Place had, eventually, from its overpeeping windows and doorways, been present at the seizure, by a long-suffering landlord, of the chattels of this interesting family, and at the ejectment of the whole insolvent group, who departed in a straggling, jeering, unabashed, cynical manner, carrying with them but little of the sympathy of the street. Millicent, whose childish intimacy with Hyacinth Robinson Miss Pynsent had always viewed with vague anxiety — she thought the girl a "nasty little thing," and was afraid she would teach the innocent orphan tricks — Millicent, with her luxuriant tresses, her precocious beauty, her staring, mocking manner on the doorstep, was at this

time twelve years of age. She vanished with her vanishing companions. Lomax Place saw them turn the corner, and returned to its occupations with a conviction that they would make shipwreck on the outer reefs. But neither spar nor splinter floated back to their former haunts, and they were engulfed altogether in the fathomless depths of the town. Miss Pynsent drew a long breath; it was her conviction that none of them would come to any good, and Millicent least of all.

When, therefore, this young lady reappeared, with all the signs of accomplished survival, she could not fail to ask herself whether, under a specious seeming, the phenomenon did not simply represent the triumph of vice. She was alarmed, but she would have given her silver thimble to know the girl's history, and between her alarm and her curiosity she passed an uncomfortable half hour. She felt that the familiar, mysterious creature was playing with her; revenging herself for former animadversions, for having been snubbed and miscalled by a peering little spinster who now could make no figure beside her. If it were not the triumph of vice, it was at least the triumph of impertinence, as well as of youth, health, and a greater acquaintance with the art of dress than Miss Pynsent could boast, for all her ridiculous signboards. She perceived, or she believed she perceived, that Millicent wanted to scare her, to make her think she had come after Hyacinth; that she wished to inveigle, to corrupt him. I should be sorry to impute to Miss Henning any motive more complicated than the desire to amuse herself, of a Saturday afternoon, by a ramble which her vigorous legs had no occasion to deprecate; but it must be confessed that when it occurred to her that Miss Pynsent regarded her as a ravening wolf and her early playmate as an unspotted lamb, she laughed out, in her hostess's anxious face, ir-

relevantly and good-humoredly, without deigning to explain. But what, indeed, had she come for, if she had not come after Hyacinth? It was not for the love of the dressmaker's pretty ways. She remembered the boy and some of their tender passages, and in the wantonness of her full-blown freedom — her attachment, also, to any tolerable pretext for wandering through the streets of London and gazing into shop-windows — she had said to herself that she would dedicate an afternoon to the pleasures of memory, would revisit the scenes of her childhood. She considered that her childhood had ended with the departure of her family from Lomax Place. If the tenants of that obscure locality never learned what their banished fellows went through, Millicent retained a deep impression of those horrible intermediate years. The family, as a family, had gone down-hill, to the very bottom; and in her humbler moments Millicent sometimes wondered what lucky star had checked her own descent, and indeed enabled her to mount the slope again. In her humbler moments, I say, for as a general thing she was provided with an explanation of any good fortune that might befall her. What was more natural than that a girl should do well when she was at once so handsome and so clever? Millicent thought with compassion of the young persons whom a niggardly fate had endowed with only one of these advantages. She was good-natured, but she had no idea of gratifying Miss Pynsent's curiosity; it seemed to her quite a sufficient kindness to stimulate it.

She told the dressmaker that she had a high position at a great haberdasher's in the Buckingham Palace Road; she was in the department for jackets and mantles; she put on all these articles to show them off to the customers, and on her person they appeared to such advantage that nothing she took up ever failed to go off. Miss Pynsent could imagine,

from this, how highly her services were prized. She had had a splendid offer from another establishment, in Oxford Street, and she was just thinking whether she should accept it. "We have to be beautifully dressed, but I don't care, because I like to look nice," she remarked to her hostess, who at the end of half an hour, very grave, behind the clumsy glasses which she had been obliged to wear of late years, seemed still not to know what to make of her. On the subject of her family, of her history during the interval that was to be accounted for, the girl was large and vague, and Miss Pynsent saw that the domestic circle had not even a shadow of sanctity for her. She stood on her own feet, and she stood very firm. Her staying so long, her remaining over the half hour, proved to the dressmaker that she had come for Hyacinth; for poor Amanda gave her as little information as was decent, told her nothing that would encourage or attract. She simply mentioned that Mr. Robinson (she was careful to speak of him in that manner) had given his attention to bookbinding, and had served an apprenticeship at an establishment where they turned out the best work of that kind that was to be found in London.

"Bookbinding? Laws!" said Miss Henning. "Do you mean they get them up for the shops? Well, I always thought he would have something to do with books." Then she added, "But I didn't think he would ever follow a trade."

"A trade?" cried Miss Pynsent. "You should hear Mr. Robinson speak of it. He considers it one of the fine arts."

Millicent smiled, as if she knew how people often considered things, and remarked that very likely it was tidy, comfortable work, but she could not believe there was much to be seen in it. "Perhaps you will say there is more than there is here," she went on, find-

ing at last an effect of irritation, of repression, an implication of aggressive respectability, in the image of the patient dressmaker, sitting for so many years in her close brown little dress, with the foggy familiarities of Lomax Place on the other side of the pane. Millicent liked to think that she herself was strong, and she was not strong enough for that.

This allusion to her shrunken industry seemed to Miss Pynsent very cruel; but she reflected that it was natural one should be insulted if one talked to a vulgar girl. She judged this young lady in the manner of a person who was not vulgar herself, and if there was a difference between them, she was right in feeling it to be in her favor. Miss Pynsent's "cut," as I have intimated, was not truly fashionable, and in the application of gimp and the distribution of ornament she was not to be trusted; but, morally, she had the best taste in the world. "I haven't so much work as I used to have, if that's what you mean. My eyes are not so good, and my health has failed with advancing years."

I know not to what extent Millicent was touched by the dignity of this admission, but she replied, without embarrassment, that what Miss Pynsent wanted was a smart young assistant, some nice girl with a pretty taste, who would brighten up the business and give her new ideas. "I can see you have got the same old ones, always: I can tell that by the way you have stuck the braid on that dress," and she directed a poke of her neat little umbrella to the drapery in the dressmaker's lap. She continued to patronize and exasperate her, and to offer her consolation and encouragement with the heaviest hand that had ever been applied to Miss Pynsent's sensitive surface. Poor Amanda ended by gazing at her as if she were a public performer of some kind, a ballad-singer or a conjurer, and went so far as to ask herself whether

the hussy could be (in her own mind) the "nice girl" who was to regild the tarnished sign. Miss Pynsent had had assistants, in the past — she had even, once, for a few months, had a "forewoman;" and some of these damsels had been precious specimens, whose misdemeanors lived vividly in her memory. Never, all the same, in her worst hour of delusion, had she trusted her interests to such an extravagant baggage as this. She was quickly reassured as to Millicent's own views, perceiving more and more that she was a tremendous highflyer, who required a much larger field of action than the musty bower she now honored, Heaven only knew why, with her presence. Miss Pynsent held her tongue, as she always did, when the sorrow of her life had been touched, the thought of the slow, inexorable decline on which she had entered that day, nearly ten years before, when her hesitations and scruples resolved themselves into a hideous mistake. The deep conviction of error, on that unspeakably important occasion, had ached and throbbed within her ever since like an incurable disease. She had sown in her boy's mind the seeds of shame and rancor; she had made him conscious of his stigma, of his exquisitely vulnerable spot, and condemned him to know that for him the sun would never shine as it shone for most others. By the time he was sixteen years old she had learned — or believed she had learned — the judgment he passed upon her, and at that period she had lived through a series of horrible months, an ordeal in which every element of her old prosperity perished. She cried her eyes out, on coming to a sense of her aberration, blinded and weakened herself with weeping, so that, for a moment, it seemed as if she should never be able to touch a needle again. She lost all interest in her work, and that artistic imagination which had always been her pride deserted her, together

with the reputation of keeping the tidiest lodgings in Lomax Place. A couple of commercial gentlemen and a Scotch plumber, of religious tendencies, who for several years had made her establishment their home, withdrew their patronage on the ground that the airing of her beds was not what it used to be, and disseminated cruelly this injurious legend. She ceased to notice or to care how sleeves were worn, and on the question of flounces and gores her mind was a blank. She fell into a grievous debility, and then into a long, low, languid fever, during which Hyacinth tended her with a devotion which only made the wrong she had done him seem more bitter, and in which, so soon as she was able to hold up her head a little, Mr. Vetch came and sat with her through the dull hours of convalescence. She re-established to a certain extent, after a while, her connection, so far as the letting of her rooms was concerned (from the other department of her activity the tide had ebbed apparently forever); but nothing was the same again, and she knew it was the beginning of the end. So it had gone on, and she watched the end approach; she felt it was very near indeed when a child she had seen playing in the gutters came to flaunt it over her in silk and lace. She gave a low, inaudible sigh of relief when at last Millicent got up and stood before her, smoothing the glossy cylinder of her umbrella.

"Mind you give my love to Hyacinth," the girl said, with an assurance which showed all her insensibility to tacit protests. "I don't care if you do guess that if I have stopped so long it was in the hope he would be dropping in to his tea. You can tell him I sat an hour, on purpose, if you like; there's no shame in my wanting to see my little friend. He may know I call him that!" Millicent continued, with her show-room laugh, as Miss Pynsent judged it to be; conferring these permissions, successive-

ly, as if they were great indulgences. "Do give him my love, and tell him I hope he'll come and see me. I see you won't tell him anything. I don't know what you're afraid of; but I'll leave my card for him, all the same." She drew forth a little bright-colored pocket-book, and it was with amazement that Miss Pynsent saw her extract from it a morsel of engraved pasteboard — so monstrous did it seem that one of the squalid little Hennings should have lived to display this emblem of social consideration. Millicent enjoyed the effect she produced as she laid the card on the table, and gave another ringing peal of merriment at the sight of her hostess's half-hungry, half-astonished look. "What *do* you think I want to do with him? I could swallow him at a single bite!" she cried.

Poor Amanda gave no second glance at the document on the table, though she had perceived it contained, in the corner, her visitor's address, which Millicent had amused herself, ingeniously, with not mentioning: she only got up, laying down her work with a trembling hand, so that she should be able to see Miss Henning well out of the house. "You need n't think I shall put myself out to keep him in the dark. I shall certainly tell him you have been here, and exactly how you strike me."

"Of course you'll say something nasty — like you used to when I was a child. You let me 'ave it then, you know!"

"Ah, well," said Miss Pynsent, nettled at being reminded of an acerbity which the girl's present development caused to appear ridiculously ineffectual, "you are very different now, when I think what you've come from."

"What I've come from?" Millicent threw back her head, and opened her eyes very wide, while all her feathers and ribbons nodded. "Did you want me to stick fast in this low place for the rest of my days? You have had

to stay in it yourself, so you might speak civilly of it." She colored, and raised her voice, and looked magnificent in her scorn. "And pray what have you come from yourself, and what has *he* come from — the mysterious 'Mr. Robinson,' that used to be such a puzzle to the whole Place? I thought perhaps I might clear it up, but you have n't told me that yet!"

Miss Pynsent turned straight away, covering her ears with her hands. "I have nothing to tell you! Leave my room — leave my house!" she cried, with a trembling voice.

V.

It was in this way that the dressmaker failed either to see or to hear the opening of the door of the room, which obeyed a slow, apparently cautious impulse given it from the hall, and revealed the figure of a young man standing there, with a short pipe in his teeth. There was something in his face which immediately told Millicent Henning that he had heard, outside, her last resounding tones. He entered as if, young as he was, he knew that when women were squabbling men were not called upon to be headlong, and evidently wondered who the dressmaker's brilliant adversary might be. She recognized on the instant her old playmate, and without reflection, confusion, or diplomacy, in the fullness of her vulgarity and sociability, she exclaimed, in no lower pitch, "Gracious, Hyacinth Robinson, is *that* your style?"

Miss Pynsent turned round, in a flash, but kept silent; then, very white and trembling, took up her work again, and seated herself in her window.

Hyacinth Robinson stood staring; then he blushed all over. He knew who she was, but he did n't say so; he only asked, in a voice which struck the girl as quite different from the old one — the

one in which he used to tell her she was beastly tiresome — "Is it of me you were speaking just now?"

"When I asked where you had come from? That was because we 'eard you in the 'all," said Millicent, smiling. "I suppose you have come from your work."

"You used to live in the Place — you always wanted to kiss me," the young man remarked, with an effort not to show all the surprise and agitation that he felt. "Did n't she live in the Place, Pinnie!"

Pinnie, for all answer, fixed a pair of strange, pleading eyes upon him, and Millicent broke out, with her recurrent laugh, in which the dressmaker had been right in discovering the note of affectation, "Do you want to know what you look like? You look for all the world like a little Frenchman! Don't he look like a little Frenchman, Miss Pynsent?" she went on, as if she were on the best possible terms with the mistress of the establishment.

Hyacinth exchanged a look with that afflicted woman; he saw something in her face which he knew very well by this time, and the sight of which always gave him an odd, perverse, unholy satisfaction. It seemed to say that she prostrated herself, that she did penance in the dust, that she was his to trample upon, to spit upon. He did neither of these things, but she was constantly offering herself, and her permanent humility, her perpetual abjection, was a sort of counter-irritant to the soreness lodged in his own heart forever, which had often made him cry with rage at night, in his little room under the roof. Pinnie meant that, to-day, as a matter of course, and she could only especially mean it in the presence of Miss Henning's remark about his looking like a Frenchman. He knew he looked like a Frenchman, he had often been told so before, and a large part of the time he felt like one — like one of those he had

read about in Michelet and Carlyle. He had picked up the French tongue with the most extraordinary facility, with the aid of one of his mates, a refugee from Paris, in the workroom, and of a second-hand dog's-eared dictionary, bought for a shilling in the Brompton Road, in one of his interminable, restless, melancholy, moody, yet all-observant strolls through London. He spoke it (as he believed) as if by instinct, caught the accent, the gesture, the movement of eyebrow and shoulder; so that if it should become necessary, in certain contingencies, that he should pass for a foreigner, he had an idea that he might do so triumphantly, once he could borrow a blouse. He had never seen a blouse in his life, but he knew exactly the form and color of such a garment, and how it was worn. What these contingencies might be which should compel him to assume the disguise of a person of a social station lower still than his own, Hyacinth would not for the world have mentioned to you; but as they were very present to the mind of our imaginative, ingenious youth, we shall catch a glimpse of them in the course of a further acquaintance with him. At the present moment, when there was no question of masquerading, it made him blush again that such a note should be struck by a loud, laughing, handsome girl, who came back out of his past. There was more in Pinnie's weak eyes, now, than her usual profusion; there was a dumb intimation, almost as pathetic as the other, that if he cared to let her off easily he would not detain their terrible visitor very long. He had no wish to do that; he kept the door open, on purpose; he did n't enjoy talking to girls under Pinnie's eyes, and he could see that this one had every disposition to talk. So without responding to her observation about his appearance, he said, not knowing exactly what to say, "Have you come back to live in the Place?"

"Heaven forbid I should ever do that!" cried Miss Henning, with genuine emotion. "I have to live near the establishment in which I'm employed."

"And what establishment is that, now?" the young man asked, gaining confidence, and perceiving, in detail, how handsome she was. He had n't roamed about London for nothing, and he knew that when a girl was so handsome as that, a jocular tone of address, a pleasing freedom, was *de rigueur*; so he added, "Is it the Bull and Gate, or the Elephant and Castle?"

"A public house? Well, you have n't got the politeness of a Frenchman, at all events!" Her good-nature had come back to her perfectly, and her resentment of his imputation of her looking like a bar-maid — a blowzy beauty who handled pewter — was tempered by her more and more curious consideration of Hyacinth's style. He was exceedingly "rum," but this quality took her fancy, and since he remembered so well that she had been fond of kissing him, in their early days, she would have liked to say to him that she stood prepared to repeat this form of attention. But she reminded herself, in time, that her line should be, religiously, the lady-like, and she was content to exclaim, simply, "I don't care what a man looks like so long as he's clever. That's the style I like!"

Miss Pynsent had promised herself the satisfaction of taking no further notice of her brilliant invader; but the temptation was great to expose her to Hyacinth, as a mitigation of her brilliancy, by remarking sarcastically, according to opportunity, "Miss 'Enning would n't live in Lomax Place for the world. She thinks it too abominably low."

"So it is; it's a beastly hole," said the young man.

The poor dressmaker's little dart fell to the ground, and Millicent exclaimed, jovially, "Right you are!" while she

directed to the object of her childhood's admiration a smile that put him more and more at his ease.

"Don't you suppose I'm clever?" he asked, planted before her with his little legs slightly apart, while, with his hands behind him, he made the open door waver to and fro.

"You? Oh, I don't care whether you are or not!" said Millicent Henning; and Hyacinth was at any rate quick-witted enough to see what she meant by that. If she meant he was so good-looking that he might pass on this score alone, her judgment was conceivable, though many women would strongly have dissented from it. He was as small as he had threatened — he had never got his growth — and she could easily see that he was not what she, at least, would call strong. His bones were small, his chest was narrow, his complexion pale, his whole figure almost childishly slight; and Millicent perceived afterward that he had a very delicate hand — the hand, as she said to herself, of a gentleman. What she liked was his face, and something jaunty and entertaining, almost theatrical, in his whole little person. Miss Henning was not acquainted with any member of the dramatic profession, but she supposed, vaguely, that that was the way an actor would look in private life. Hyacinth's features were perfect; his eyes, large and much divided, had as their usual expression a kind of witty candor, and a small, soft, fair mustache disposed itself upon his upper lip in a way that made him look as if he were smiling even when his heart was heavy. The waves of his dense, fine hair clustered round a forehead which was high enough to suggest remarkable things, and Miss Henning had observed that when he first appeared he wore his little soft circular hat in a way that left these frontal locks very visible. He was dressed in an old brown velvet jacket, and wore exactly the bright-

colored necktie which Miss Pynsent's quick fingers used of old to shape out of hoarded remnants of silk and muslin. He was shabby and work-stained, but the observant eye would have noted an idea in his dress (his appearance was plainly not a matter of indifference to himself), and a painter (not of the heroic) would have liked to make a sketch of him. There was something exotic about him, and yet, with his sharp young face, destitute of bloom, but not of sweetness, and a certain conscious cockneyism which pervaded him, he was as strikingly as Millicent, in her own degree, a product of the London streets and the London air. He looked both ingenuous and slightly wasted, amused, amusing, and indefinitely sad. Women had always found him touching; yet he made them — so they had repeatedly assured him — die of laughing.

"I think you had better shut the door," said Miss Pynsent, meaning that he had better shut their departing visitor out.

"Did you come here on purpose to see us?" Hyacinth asked, not heeding this injunction, of which he divined the spirit, and wishing the girl would take her leave, so that he might go out again with her. He should like talking with her much better away from Pinnie, who evidently was ready to stick a bodkin into her, for reasons he perfectly understood. He had seen plenty of them before, Pinnie's reasons, even where girls were concerned who were not nearly so good-looking as this one. She was always in a fearful "funk" about some woman getting hold of him, and persuading him to make a marriage beneath his station. His station! — poor Hyacinth had often asked himself, and Miss Pynsent, what it could possibly be. He had thought of it bitterly enough, and wondered how in the world he could marry "beneath" it. He would never marry at all — to that his mind was absolutely made up; he would never hand

on to another the burden which had made his own young spirit so intolerably sore, the inheritance which had darkened the whole threshold of his manhood. All the more reason why he should have his compensation; why, if the soft society of women was to be enjoyed on other terms, he should cultivate it with a bold, free mind.

"I thought I would just give a look at the old shop; I had an engagement not far off," Millicent said. "But I would n't have believed any one who had told me I should find you just where I left you."

"We needed you to look after us!" Miss Pynsent exclaimed, irrepressibly.

"Oh, you're such a swell yourself!" Hyacinth said, without heeding the dressmaker.

"None of your impudence! I'm as good a girl as there is in London!" And to corroborate this, Miss Henning went on: "If you were to offer to see me a part of the way home, I should tell you I don't knock about that way with gentlemen."

"I'll go with you as far as you like," Hyacinth replied, simply, as if he knew how to treat that sort of speech.

"Well, it's only because I knew you as a baby!" And they went out together, Hyacinth careful not to look at poor Pinnie at all (he felt her glaring whitely and tearfully at him out of her dim corner—it had by this time grown too dusky to work without a lamp), and his companion giving her an outrageously friendly nod of farewell over her shoulder.

It was a long walk from Lomax Place to the quarter of the town in which (to be near the haberdasher's in the Buckingham Palace Road) Miss Henning occupied a modest back-room; but the influences of the hour were such as to make the excursion very agreeable to our young man, who liked the streets at all times, but especially at nightfall, in the autumn, of a Saturday, when, in

the vulgar districts, the smaller shops and open-air industries were doubly active, and big, clumsy torches flared and smoked over hand-carts and costermonger's barrows, drawn up in the gutters. Hyacinth had roamed through the great city since he was an urchin, but his imagination had never ceased to be stirred by the preparations for Sunday that went on in the evening among the toilers and spinners, his brothers and sisters, and he lost himself in all the quickened crowding and pushing and staring at lighted windows, and chaffering at the stalls of fishmongers and hucksters. He liked the people who looked as if they had got their week's wage, and were prepared to lay it out discreetly; and even those whose use of it would plainly be extravagant and intemperate; and, best of all, those who evidently had n't received it at all, and who wandered about, disinterestedly, vaguely, with their hands in empty pockets, watching others make their bargains and fill their satchels, or staring at the striated sides of bacon, at the golden cubes and triangles of cheese, at the graceful festoons of sausage, in the most brilliant of the windows. He liked the reflection of the lamps on the wet pavements, the feeling and smell of the carboniferous London damp; the way the winter fog blurred and suffused the whole place made it seem bigger and more crowded, produced halos and dim radiations, trickles and evaporation, on the plates of glass. He moved in the midst of these impressions this evening, but he enjoyed them in silence, with an attention taken up mainly by his companion, and pleased to be already so intimate with a young lady whom people turned round to look at. She herself affected to speak of the rush and crush of the week's end with disgust: she said she liked the streets, but she liked the respectable ones; she could n't abide the smell of fish, and the whole place seemed full of it, so that she hoped they would

soon get into the Edgware Road, towards which they tended and which was a proper street for a lady. To Hyacinth she appeared to have no connection with the long-haired little girl who, in Lomax Place, years before, was always hugging a smutty doll and courting his society; she was like a stranger, a new acquaintance, and he observed her curiously, wondering by what transitions she had reached her present pitch.

She enlightened him but little on this point, though she talked a great deal on a variety of subjects, and mentioned to him her habits, her aspirations, her likes and dislikes. The latter were very numerous. She was tremendously particular, difficult to please, he could see that; and she assured him that she never put up with anything a moment after it had ceased to be agreeable to her. Especially was she particular about gentlemen's society, and she made it plain that a young fellow who wanted to have anything to say to her must be in receipt of wages amounting at the least to fifty shillings a week. Hyacinth told her that he did n't earn that, as yet; and she remarked again that she made an exception for him, because she knew all about him (or if not all, at least a great deal), and he could see that her good-nature was equal to her beauty. She made such an exception that when, after they were moving down the Edgware Road (which had still the brightness of late closing, but with more nobleness), he proposed that she should enter a coffee-house with him and "take something" (he could hardly tell himself, afterwards, what brought him to this point) she acceded without a demur—without a demur even on the ground of his slender earnings. Slender as they were, Hyacinth had them in his pocket (they had been destined in some degree for Pinnie), and he felt equal to the occasion. Millicent partook profusely of tea and bread and butter, with a relish of raspberry jam, and thought the place

most comfortable, though he himself, after finding himself ensconced, was visited by doubts as to its respectability, suggested, among other things, by photographs, on the walls, of young ladies in tights. Hyacinth himself was hungry, he had not yet had his tea, but he was too excited, too preoccupied, to eat; the situation made him restless and gave him palpitations; it seemed to be the beginning of something new. He had never yet "stood" even a glass of beer to a girl of Millicent's stamp—a girl who rustled and glittered and smelt of musk—and if she should turn out as jolly a specimen of the sex as she seemed it might make a great difference in his leisure hours, in his evenings, which were often very dull. That it would also make a difference in his savings (he was under a pledge to Pinnie and to Mr. Vetch to put by something every week) it did n't concern him, for the moment, to reflect; and indeed, though he thought it odious and insufferable to be poor, the ways and means of becoming rich had hitherto not greatly occupied him. He knew what Millicent's age must be, but felt, nevertheless, as if she were older, much older, than himself—she appeared to know so much about London and about life; and this made it still more of a sensation to be entertaining her like a young swell. He thought of it, too, in connection with the question of the respectability of the establishment; if this element was deficient she would perceive it as soon as he, and very likely it would be a part of the general initiation she had given him an impression of that she should n't mind it so long as the tea was strong and the bread and butter thick. She described to him what had passed between Miss Pynsent and herself (she did n't call her Pinnie, and he was glad, for he would n't have liked it) before he came in, and let him know that she should never dare to come to the place again, as his mother would tear her eyes

out. Then she checked herself. "Of course she ain't your mother! How stupid I am! I keep forgetting."

Hyacinth had long since convinced himself that he had acquired a manner with which he could meet allusions of this kind: he had had, first and last, so many opportunities to practice it. Therefore he looked at his companion very steadily while he said, "My mother died many years ago; she was a great invalid. But Pinnie has been awfully good to me."

"My mother's dead, too," Miss Henning remarked. "She died very suddenly. I dare say you remember her in the Place." Then, while Hyacinth disengaged from the past the wavering figure of Mrs. Henning, of whom he mainly remembered that she used to strike him as dirty, the girl added, smiling, but with more sentiment, "But I have had no Pinnie."

"You look as if you could take care of yourself."

"Well, I'm very confiding," said Millicent Henning. Then she asked what had become of Mr. Vetch. "We used to say that if Miss Pynsent was your mamma, he was your papa. In our family we used to call him Miss Pynsent's young man."

"He's her young man still," Hyacinth said. "He's our best friend — or supposed to be. He got me the place I'm in now. He lives by his fiddle, as he used to do."

Millicent looked a little at her companion, after which she remarked, "I should have thought he would have got you a place at his theatre."

"At his theatre? That would have been no use. I don't play any instrument."

"I don't mean in the orchestra, you guby! You would look very nice in a fancy costume." She had her elbows on the table, and her shoulders lifted in an attitude of extreme familiarity. He was on the point of replying that he

did n't care for fancy costumes, he wished to go through life in his own character; but he checked himself, with the reflection that this was exactly what, apparently, he was destined not to do. His own character? He was to cover that up as carefully as possible; he was to go through life in a mask, in a borrowed mantle; he was to be, every day and every hour, an actor. Suddenly, with the utmost irrelevance, Miss Henning inquired, "Is Miss Pynsent some relation? What gave her any right over you?"

Hyacinth had an answer ready for this question; he had determined to say, as he had several times said before, "Miss Pynsent is an old friend of my family. My mother was very fond of her, and she was very fond of my mother." He repeated the formula now, looking at Millicent with the same inscrutable calmness (as he fancied), though what he would have liked to say to her would have been that his mother was none of her business. But she was too handsome to talk that way to, and she presented her large fair face to him, across the table, with an air of solicitation to be cosy and comfortable. There were things in his heart and a torment and a hidden passion in his life which he should be glad enough to lay open to some woman. He believed that perhaps this would be the cure, ultimately; that in return for something he might drop, syllable by syllable, into a listening feminine ear, certain other words would be spoken to him which would make his pain forever less sharp. But what woman could he trust, what ear would be safe? The answer was not in this loud, fresh, laughing creature, whose sympathy could n't have the fineness he was looking for, since her curiosity was vulgar. Hyacinth objected to the vulgar as much as Miss Pynsent herself; in this respect she had long since discovered that he was after her own heart. He had not taken up the

subject of Mrs. Henning's death; he felt himself incapable of inquiring about that lady, and had no desire for knowledge of Millicent's relationships. Moreover, he always suffered, to sickness, when people began to hover about the question of his origin, the reasons why Pinnie had had the care of him from a baby. Mrs. Henning had been untidy, but at least her daughter could speak of her. "Mr. Vetch has changed his lodgings: he moved out of No. 17, three years ago," he said, to vary the topic. "He could n't stand the other people in the house; there was a man that played the accordeon."

Millicent, however, was but moderately interested in this anecdote, and she wanted to know why people should like Mr. Vetch's fiddle any better. Then she added, "And I think that, while he was about it, he might have put you into something better than a bookbinder's."

"He was n't obliged to put me into anything. It's a very good place."

"All the same, it is n't where I should have looked to find you," Millicent declared, not so much in the tone of wishing to pay him a compliment as of resentment at having miscalculated.

"Where should you have looked to find me? In the House of Commons? It's a pity you could n't have told me, in advance, what you would have liked me to be."

She looked at him, over her cup, while she drank, in several sips. "Do you know what they used to say in the Place? That your father was a lord."

"Very likely. That's the kind of rot they talk in that precious hole," the young man said, without blenching.

"Well, perhaps he was," Millicent ventured.

"He may have been a prince, for all the good it has done me."

"Fancy your talking as if you did n't know!" said Millicent.

"Finish your tea — don't mind how I talk."

"Well, you *ave* got a temper!" the girl exclaimed, archly. "I should have thought you'd be a clerk at a banker's."

"Do they select them for their tempers?"

"You know what I mean. You used to be too clever to follow a trade."

"Well, I'm not clever enough to live on air."

"You might be, really, for all the tea you drink! Why did n't you go in for some high profession?"

"How was I to go in? Who the devil was to help me?" Hyacinth inquired, with a certain vibration.

"Have n't you got any relations?" said Millicent, after a moment.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to make me brag?"

When he spoke sharply she only laughed, not in the least ruffled, and by the way she looked at him seemed to like it. "Well, I'm sorry you're only a journeyman," she went on, pushing away her cup.

"So am I," Hyacinth rejoined; but he called for the bill as if he had been an employer of labor. Then, while it was being brought, he remarked to his companion that he did n't believe she had an idea of what his work was and how charming it could be. "Yes, I get up books for the shops," he said, when she had retorted that she perfectly understood. "But the art of the binder is an exquisite art."

"So Miss Pynsent told me. She said you had some samples at home. I should like to see them."

"You would n't know how good they are," said Hyacinth, smiling.

He expected that she would exclaim, in answer, that he was an impudent wretch, and for a moment she seemed to be on the point of doing so. But the words changed, on her lips, and she replied, almost tenderly, "That's just the way you used to speak to me, years ago, in the Place."

"I don't care about that. I hate all that time."

"Oh, so do I, if you come to that," said Millicent, as if she could rise to any breadth of view. And then she returned to her idea that he had not done himself justice. "You used always to be reading: I never thought you would work with your 'ands."

This seemed to irritate him, and, having paid the bill and given threepence, ostentatiously, to the young woman with a languid manner and hair of an unnatural yellow, who had waited on them, he said, "You may depend upon it, I sha'n't do it an hour longer than I can help."

"What will you do then?"

"Oh, you'll see, some day." In the street, after they had begun to walk again, he went on: "You speak as if I could have my pick. What was an obscure little beggar to do, buried in a squalid corner of London, under a million of idiots? I had no help, no influence, no acquaintance of any kind with professional people, and no means of getting at them. I had to do something; I could n't go on living on Pinnie. Thank God, I help her now, a little. I took what I could get." He spoke as if he had been touched by the imputation of having derogated.

Millicent seemed to imply that he defended himself successfully when she said, "You express yourself like a gentleman" — a speech to which he made no response. But he began to talk again afterwards, and, the evening having definitely set in, his companion took his arm for the rest of the way home. By the time he reached her door he had confided to her that, in secret, he wrote: he had a dream of literary distinction. This appeared to impress her, and she branched off to remark, with an irrelevance that characterized her, that she did n't care anything about a man's family if she liked the man himself; she thought families were all rot. Hyacinth

wished she would leave him alone; and while they lingered in front of her house, before she went in, he said —

"I have no doubt you're a jolly girl, and I am very happy to have seen you again. But you have awfully little tact."

"I have little tact? You should see me work off an old jacket!"

He was silent a moment, standing before her with his hands in his pockets. "It's a good job you're so handsome."

Millicent did n't blush at this compliment, and probably did n't understand all it conveyed, but she looked into his eyes a while, with a smile that showed her teeth, and then said, more inconsequently than ever, "Come now, who are you?"

"Who am I? I'm a wretched little bookbinder."

"I did n't think I ever could fancy any one in that line!" Miss Henning exclaimed. Then she let him know that she could n't ask him in, as she made it a point not to receive gentlemen, but she did n't mind if she took another walk with him, and she did n't care if she met him somewhere — if it were handy. As she lived so far from Lomax Place, she did n't care if she met him half-way. So, in the dusky by-street in Pimlico, before separating, they took a casual tryst; the most interesting, the young man felt, that had yet been — he could scarcely call it granted him.

VI.

One day, shortly after this, at the bindery, his friend Poupin was absent, and sent no explanation, as was customary in case of illness or domestic accident. There were two or three men employed in the place whose non-appearance, usually following close upon pay-day, was better unexplained, and was an implication of moral feebleness; but as a

general thing Mr. Crookenden's establishment was a haunt of punctuality and sobriety. Least of all had Eustache Poupin been in the habit of asking for a margin. Hyacinth knew how little indulgence he had ever craved, and this was part of his admiration for the extraordinary Frenchman, an ardent stoic, a cold conspirator, and an exquisite artist, who was by far the most interesting person in the ranks of his acquaintance, and whose conversation, in the workshop, helped him sometimes to forget the smell of leather and glue. His conversation! Hyacinth had had plenty of that, and had endeared himself to the passionate refugee — Poupin had come to England, early in life, as a victim of the wide proscriptions by which the Second French Empire was ushered in — by the solemnity and candor of his attention. He was a republican of the note of 1848, humanitarian and idealistic, infinitely addicted to fraternity and equality, and inexhaustibly surprised and exasperated at finding so little enthusiasm for them in the land of his exile. Poupin had a high claim upon Hyacinth's esteem and gratitude, for he had been his godfather, his protector, at the bindery. When Theophilus Vetch found something for Miss Pynsent's *protégé* to do, it was through the Frenchman, with whom he had accidentally formed an acquaintance, that he found it.

When the boy was about fifteen years of age Mr. Vetch made him a present of the essays of Lord Bacon, and the purchase of this volume had important consequences for Hyacinth. Theophilus Vetch was a poor man, and the luxury of giving was for the most part denied him; but when, once in a way, he tasted it, he liked the sensation to be pure. No man knew better the difference between the common and the rare, or was more capable of appreciating a book which opened well — of which the margin was not hideously sliced, and of which the lettering on the back was

sharp. It was only such a book that he could bring himself to offer even to a poor little devil whom a fifth-rate dressmaker (he knew Pinnie was fifth rate) had rescued from the workhouse. So when it was a question of fitting the pages of the great Elizabethan with a new coat, a coat of full morocco, discreetly, delicately gilt, he went with his little cloth-bound volume, a Pickering, straight to Mr. Crookenden, whom every one that knew anything about the matter knew to be a prince of binders, though they also knew that his work, limited in quantity, was mainly done for a particular bookseller and only through the latter's agency. Theophilus Vetch had no idea of paying the bookseller's commission, and though he could be lavish (for him) when he made a present, he was capable of taking an immense deal of trouble to save sixpence. He made his way into Mr. Crookenden's workshop, which was situated in a small, superannuated square in Soho, and where the proposal of so slender a job was received at first with coldness. Mr. Vetch, however, insisted, and explained with irresistible frankness the motive of his errand: the desire to obtain the best possible binding for the least possible money. He made his conception of the best possible binding so vivid, so exemplary, that the master of the shop at last confessed to that disinterested sympathy which, under favoring circumstances, establishes itself between the artist and the connoisseur. Mr. Vetch's little book was put in hand as a particular favor to an eccentric gentleman, whose visit had been a smile-stirring interlude (for the circle of listening workmen) in a merely mechanical day; and when he went back, three weeks later, to see whether it were done, he had the pleasure of finding that his injunctions, punctually complied with, had even been bettered. The work had been accomplished with a perfection of skill which made him ask whom he was to

thank for it (he had been told that one man should do the whole of it), and in this manner he made the acquaintance of the most brilliant craftsman in the establishment, the incorruptible, the imaginative, the unerring Eustache Poupin.

In response to an appreciation which he felt not to be *banal*, M. Poupin remarked that he had at home a small collection of experiments in morocco, Russia, parchment, of fanciful specimens, with which, for the love of the art, he had amused his leisure hours, and which he should be happy to show his interlocutor, if the latter would do him the honor to call upon him at his lodgings in Lisson Grove. Mr. Vetch made a note of the address, and, for the love of the art, went one Sunday afternoon to see the binder's esoteric studies. On this occasion he made the acquaintance of Madame Poupin, a small, fat lady with a bristling mustache, the white cap of an *ouvrière*, a knowledge of her husband's craft that was equal to his own, and not a syllable of English save the words, "What you think, what you think?" which she introduced with startling frequency. He also discovered that his new acquaintance was a political proscrip-
t, and that he regarded the iniquitous fabric of church and state with an eye scarcely less reverent than the fiddler's own. M. Poupin was a socialist, which Theophilus Vetch was not, and a constructive democrat (instead of being a mere scoffer at effete things), and a theorist, and an optimist, and a visionary; he believed that the day was to come when all the nations of the earth would abolish their frontiers and armies and custom-houses, and embrace on both cheeks, and cover the globe with boulevards, radiating from Paris, where the human family would sit, in groups, at little tables, according to affinities, drinking coffee (not tea, *par exemple*!) and listening to the music of the spheres. Mr. Vetch neither prefigured nor desired this

organized felicity: he was fond of his cup of tea, and only wanted to see the British constitution a good deal simplified; he thought it a much overrated system. But his heresies rubbed shoulders, so-
ciably, with those of the little book-binder, and his friend in Lisson Grove became for him the type of the intelligent foreigner whose conversation completes our culture. Poupin's humanitary zeal was as unlimited as his English vocabulary was the reverse, and the new friends agreed with each other enough, and not too much, to discuss, which was much better than an unspeakable harmony. On several other Sunday after-
noons the fiddler went back to Lisson Grove, and having, at his theatre, as a veteran, a faithful servant, an occasional privilege, he was able to carry thither, one day in the autumn, an order for two seats in the second balcony. Madame Poupin and her husband passed a lugubrious evening at the English comedy, where they did not understand a word that was spoken, and consoled themselves by gazing at their friend in the orchestra. But this adventure did not arrest the development of a friendship into which, eventually, Amanda Pyn-
sent was drawn. Madame Poupin, among the cold insularies, lacked female society, and Mr. Vetch proposed to his amiable friend in Lomax Place to call upon her. The little dressmaker, who in the course of her life had known no Frenchwoman but the unhappy Florentine (so favorable a specimen till she began to go wrong), adopted his sugges-
tion, in the hope that she should get a few ideas from a lady whose appearance would doubtless exemplify (as Florentine's originally had done) the fine taste of her nation; but she found the book-binder and his wife a bewildering mixture of the brilliant and the undressed, and was haunted, long afterwards, by the memory of the lady's calico jacket, her uncorseted form, and her carpet slip-
pers.

The acquaintance, none the less, was sealed three months later by a supper, one Sunday night, in Lisson Grove, to which Mr. Vetch brought his fiddle, to which Amanda presented to her hosts her adoptive son, and which also revealed to her that Madame Poupin could dress a Michaelmas goose, if she could n't dress a fat Frenchwoman. This lady confided to the fiddler that she thought Miss Pynsent exceedingly *comme il faut — dans le genre anglais*; and neither Amanda nor Hyacinth had ever passed an evening of such splendor. It took its place, in the boy's recollection, beside the visit, years before, to Mr. Vetch's theatre. He drank in the conversation which passed between that gentleman and M. Poupin. M. Poupin showed him his bindings, the most precious trophies of his skill, and it seemed to Hyacinth that on the spot he was initiated into a fascinating mystery. He handled the books for half an hour; Theophilus Vetch watched him, without giving any particular sign. When, therefore, presently, Miss Pynsent consulted her friend, for the twentieth time, on the subject of Hyacinth's "career" — she spoke as if she were hesitating between the diplomatic service, the army, and the church — the fiddler replied with promptitude, "Make him, if you can, what the Frenchman is." At the mention of a handicraft poor Pinnie always looked very solemn, yet when Mr. Vetch asked her if she were prepared to send the boy to one of the universities, or to pay the premium required for his being articulated to a solicitor, or to make favor, on his behalf, with a bank-director or a mighty merchant, or, yet again, to provide him with a comfortable home while he should woo the muse and await the laurels of literature — when, I say, he put the case before her with this cynical, ironical lucidity, she only sighed, and said that all the money she had ever saved was ninety pounds, which, as he knew perfectly well, it would cost her

his acquaintance forevermore to take out of the bank. The fiddler had, in fact, declared to her, in a manner not to be mistaken, that if she should divest herself, on the boy's account, of this sole nest-egg of her old age, he would wash his hands of her and her affairs. Her standard of success for Hyacinth was vague, save on one point, as regards which she was passionately, fiercely firm; she was perfectly determined he should never go into a small shop. She would rather see him a bricklayer or a costermonger than dedicated to a retail business, tying up candles at a grocer's, or giving change for a shilling across a counter. She would rather, she declared on one occasion, see him articulated to a shoemaker or a tailor.

A stationer in a neighboring street had affixed to his window a written notice that he was in want of a smart errand boy, and Pinnie, on hearing of it, had presented Hyacinth to his consideration. The stationer was a dreadful bullying man, with a patch over his eye, who seemed to think the boy would be richly remunerated with fifteen pence a week; a contemptible measure, as it seemed to the dressmaker, of his rare abilities and acquirements. His schooling had been desultory, precarious, and had had a certain continuity mainly in his early years, while he was under the care of an old lady, who combined with the functions of pew-opener at a neighboring church the manipulation, in the Place itself, where she resided with her sister, a monthly nurse, of such pupils as could be spared (in their families) from the more urgent exercise of holding the baby and fetching the beer. Later, for a twelvemonth, Pinnie had paid five shillings a week for him at an "Academy" in Maida Vale, where there was an "instructor in the foreign languages," a platform for oratory, and a high social standard, but where Hyacinth suffered from the fact that almost all his mates were the sons of dealers in edible arti-

cles — pastry-cooks, grocers, and fish-mongers — and in this capacity subjected him to pangs and ignominious contrasts by bringing to school, for their exclusive consumption, or for exchange and barter, various buns, oranges, spices, and marine animals, which the boy, with his hands in his empty pockets, and the sense of a savorless home in his heart, was obliged to see devoured without his participation. Miss Pynsent would not have pretended that he was highly educated, in the technical sense of the word, but she believed that at fifteen he had read almost every book in the world. The limits of his reading were, in fact, only the limits of his opportunity. Mr. Vetch, who talked with him more and more as he grew older, knew that, and lent him every volume he possessed or could pick up for the purpose. Reading was his happiness, and the absence of any direct contact with a library his principal source of discontent, that is, of that part of his discontent which he could speak out. Mr. Vetch knew that he was really clever, and therefore thought it a woful pity that he could n't have furtherance in some liberal walk; but he would have thought it a greater pity still that so bright a lad should be condemned to measure tape or cut slices of cheese. He himself had no influence which he could bring into play, no connection with the great world of capital or the market of labor. That is, he touched these mighty institutions at but one very small point — a point which, such as it was, he kept well in mind.

When Pinnie replied to the stationer round the corner, after he had mentioned the "terms" on which he was prepared to receive applications from errand-boys, that, thank Heaven, she had n't sunk so low as that — so low as to sell her darling into slavery for fifteen pence a week — he felt that she only gave more florid expression to his own sentiment. Of course, if Hyacinth did

not begin by carrying parcels, he could not hope to be promoted, through the more refined nimbleness of tying them up, to a position as accountant or book-keeper; but both the fiddler and his friend — Miss Pynsent, indeed, only in the last resort — resigned themselves to the forfeiture of this prospect. Mr. Vetch saw clearly that a charming handicraft was a finer thing than a vulgar "business," and one day, after his acquaintance with Eustache Poupin had gone a considerable length, he inquired of the Frenchman whether there would be a chance of the lad's obtaining a footing, under his own wing, in Mr. Crookenden's workshop. There could be no better place for him to acquire a knowledge of the most delightful of the mechanical arts; and to be received into such an establishment, and at the instance of such an artist, would be a real start in life. M. Poupin meditated, and that evening confided his meditations to the companion who reduplicated all his thoughts, and understood him better even than he understood himself. The pair had no children, and had felt the defect; moreover, they had heard from Mr. Vetch the dolorous tale of the boy's entrance into life. He was one of the disinherited, one of the expropriated, one of the exceptionally interesting; and, moreover, he was one of themselves, a child, as it were, of France, an offshoot of the sacred race. It is not the most authenticated point in this voracious history, but there is strong reason to believe that tears were shed that night, in Lisson Grove, over poor little Hyacinth Robinson. In a day or two M. Poupin replied to the fiddler that he had now been for years in Mr. Crookenden's employ; that during that time he had done work for him that he would have had *bien du mal* to get done by another, and had never asked for an indulgence, an allowance, a remission, an augmentation. It was time, if only for the dignity of the thing, he should

ask for something, and he would make their little friend the subject of his demand. "La société lui doit bien cela," he remarked afterwards, when, Mr. Crookenden proving dryly hospitable, and the arrangement being formally complete, Mr. Vetch thanked him, in his kindly, casual, bashful English way. He was paternal when Hyacinth began to occupy a place in the malodorous chambers in Soho; he took him in hand, made him a disciple, the recipient of a precious tradition, discovered in him a susceptibility to philosophic as well as technic truth. He taught him French and socialism, encouraged him to spend his evenings in Lisson Grove, invited him to regard Madame Poupin as a second, or rather as a third, mother, and in short made a very considerable mark on the boy's mind. He elicited the latent Gallicism of his nature, and by the time he was twenty, Hyacinth, who had completely assimilated his influence, regarded him with a mixture of veneration and amusement. M. Poupin was the person who consoled him most when he was miserable; and he was very often miserable.

His staying away from his work was so rare that, in the afternoon, before he went home, Hyacinth walked to Lisson Grove to see what ailed him. He found his friend in bed, with a plaster on his chest, and Madame Poupin making *tisane* over the fire. The Frenchman took his indisposition solemnly but resignedly, like a man who believed that all illness was owing to the imperfect organization of society, and lay covered up to his chin, with a red cotton handkerchief bound round his head. Near his bed sat a visitor, a young man unknown to Hyacinth. Hyacinth, naturally, had never been to Paris, but he always supposed that the *intérieur* of his friend's in Lisson Grove gave rather a vivid idea of that city. The two small rooms which constituted their establishment contained a great many mirrors,

as well as little portraits (old-fashioned prints) of revolutionary heroes. The chimney-piece, in the bedroom, was muffled in some red drapery, which appeared to Hyacinth extraordinarily magnificent; the principal ornament of the salon was a group of small and highly decorated cups, on a tray, accompanied by gilt bottles and glasses, the latter still more diminutive — the whole intended for black coffee and liqueurs. There was no carpet on the floor, but rugs and mats, of various shapes and sizes, disposed themselves at the feet of the chairs and sofas; and in the sitting-room, where there was a wonderful gilt clock, of the Empire, surmounted with a "subject" representing Virtue receiving a crown of laurel from the hands of Faith, Madame Poupin, with the aid of a tiny stove, a handful of charcoal, and two or three saucepans, carried on a triumphant *cuisine*. In the windows were curtains of white muslin, much fluted and frilled, and tied with pink ribbon.

VII.

"I am suffering extremely, but we must all suffer, so long as the social question is so abominably, so iniquitously neglected," Poupin remarked, speaking French, and rolling toward Hyacinth his salient, excited-looking eyes, which always had the same proclaiming, challenging expression, whatever his occupation or his topic. Hyacinth had seated himself near his friend's pillow, opposite the strange young man, who had been accommodated with a chair at the foot of the bed.

"Ah, yes; with their filthy politics, the situation of the *pauvre monde* is the last thing they ever think of!" his wife exclaimed, from the fire. "There are times when I ask myself how long it will go on."

"It will go on till the measure of their imbecility, their infamy, is full.

It will go on till the day of justice, till the reintegration of the despoiled and disinherited, is ushered in with an irresistible force."

"Oh, we always see things go on; we never see them change," said Madame Poupin, making a very cheerful clatter with a big spoon in a saucepan.

"We may not see it, but *they*'ll see it," her husband rejoined. "But what do I say, my children? I do see it," he pursued. "It's before my eyes, in its luminous reality, especially as I lie here—the revendication, the rehabilitation, the rectification."

Hyacinth ceased to pay attention, not because he had a differing opinion about what M. Poupin called the *avènement* of the disinherited, but, on the contrary, precisely on account of his familiarity with that prospect. It was the constant theme of his French friends, whom he had long since perceived to be in a state of chronic spiritual inflammation. For them the social question was always in order, the political question always abhorrent, the disinherited always present. He wondered at their zeal, their continuity, their vivacity, their incorruptibility; at the abundant supply of conviction and prophecy which they always had on hand. He believed that at bottom he was sorer than they, yet he had deviations and lapses, moments when the social question bored him, and he forgot not only his own wrongs, which would have been pardonable, but those of the people at large, of his brothers and sisters in misery. They, however, were perpetually in the breach, and perpetually consistent with themselves, and, what is more, with each other. Hyacinth had heard that the institution of marriage in France was rather lightly considered, but he was struck with the closeness and intimacy of the union in Lisson Grove, the passionate identity of interest: especially on the day when M. Poupin informed him, in a moment of extreme but not indiscreet expansion,

that the lady was his wife only in a spiritual, transcendental sense. There were hypocritical concessions and debasing superstitions of which this exalted pair wholly disapproved. Hyacinth knew their vocabulary by heart, and could have said everything, in the same words, that on any given occasion M. Poupin was likely to say. He knew that "they," in their phraseology, was a comprehensive allusion to every one in the world but the people—though who, exactly, in their length and breadth, the people were was less definitely established. He himself was of this sacred body, for which the future was to have such compensations; and so, of course, were the Frenchman and his consort, and so was Pinnie, and so were most of the inhabitants of Lomax Place and the workmen in old Crookenden's shop. But was old Crookenden himself, who wore an apron rather dirtier than the rest of them and was a master-hand at "forwarding," but who, on the other side, was the occupant of a detached villa in Kentish Town, with a wife known to have secret aspirations toward a page in buttons? Above all, was Mr. Vetch, who earned a weekly wage, and not a large one, with his fiddle, but who had mysterious affinities of another sort, reminiscences of a phase in which he smoked cigars, had a hat-box, and used cabs, besides visiting Boulogne? Theophilus Vetch had interfered in his life, atrociously, in a terrible crisis; but Hyacinth, who strove to cultivate justice in his own conduct, believed he had acted conscientiously and tried to esteem him, the more so as the fiddler evidently felt that he had something to make up to him, and had treated him with marked benevolence for years. He believed, in short, that Mr. Vetch took a sincere interest in him, and if he should meddle again would meddle in a different way: he used to see him sometimes looking at him with the kindest eyes. It would make a difference, therefore,

whether he were of the people or not, inasmuch as in the day of the great revenge it would only be the people who should be saved. It was for the people the world was made: whoever was not of them was against them; and all others were cumberers, usurpers, exploiters, *accapareurs*, as M. Poupin used to say. Hyacinth had once put the question directly to Mr. Vetch, who looked at him a while through the fumes of his eternal pipe, and then said, "Do you think I'm an aristocrat?"

"I did n't know but you were a *bourgeois*," the young man answered.

"No, I'm neither. I'm a Bohemian."

"With your evening dress, every night?"

"My dear boy," said the fiddler, "those are the most confirmed."

Hyacinth was only half satisfied with this, for it was by no means definite to him that Bohemians were also to be saved; if he could be sure, perhaps he would become one himself. Yet he never suspected Mr. Vetch of being a "spy," though Eustache Poupin had told him that there were a great many who looked a good deal like that: not, of course, with any purpose of incriminating the fiddler, whom he had trusted from the first and continued to trust. The middle-class spy became a very familiar type to Hyacinth, and though he had never caught one of the infamous brotherhood in the act, there were plenty of persons to whom, on the very face of the matter, he had no hesitation in attributing the character. There was nothing of the Bohemian, at any rate, about the Poupins, whom Hyacinth had now known long enough not to be surprised at the way they combined the socialistic passion, a red-hot impatience for the general ratification, with an extraordinary decency of life and a worship of proper work. The Frenchman spoke, habitually, as if the great swindle practiced upon the people were too

impudent to be endured a moment longer, and yet he found patience for the most exquisite "tooling," and took a book in hand with the deliberation of one who should believe that everything was immutably constituted. Hyacinth knew what he thought of priests and theologies, but he had the religion of conscientious craftsmanship, and he reduced the boy, on his side, to a kind of prostration before his delicate, wonder-working fingers. "What will you have? J'ai la main parisienne," M. Poupin would reply modestly, when Hyacinth's admiration broke out; and he was good enough, after he had seen a few specimens of what our hero could do, to inform him that *he* had the same happy conformation. "There is no reason why you should n't be a good workman, *il n'y a que ça*;" and his own life was practically governed by this conviction. He delighted in the use of his hands and his tools, and the exercise of his taste, which was faultless, and Hyacinth could easily imagine how it must torment him to spend a day on his back. He ended by perceiving, however, that consolation was, on this occasion, in some degree conveyed by the presence of the young man who sat at the foot of the bed, and with whom M. Poupin exhibited such signs of acquaintance as to make our hero wonder why he had not seen him before, nor even heard of him.

"What do you mean by an irresistible force?" the young man inquired, leaning back in his chair, with raised arms and his interlocked hands behind him, supporting his head. M. Poupin had spoken French, which he always preferred to do, the insular tongue being an immense tribulation to him; but his visitor spoke English, and Hyacinth immediately perceived that there was nothing French about *him* — M. Poupin could never tell him he had *la main parisienne*.

"I mean a force that will make the bourgeois go down into their cellars and

hide, pale with fear, behind their barrels of wine and their heaps of gold!" cried M. Poupin, rolling terrible eyes.

"And in this country, I hope, in their coal-bins. *Là, là*, we shall find them even there," his wife remarked.

"'89 was an irresistible force," said M. Poupin. "I believe you would have thought so if you had been there."

"And so was the *coup d'état*, which sent you over here, seventeen years ago," the young man rejoined. He saw that Hyacinth was watching him, and he met his eyes, smiling a little, in a way that added to our hero's interest.

"*Pardon, pardon*, I resist!" cried Eustache Poupin, glaring, in his improvised nightcap, out of his sheets; and Madame repeated that they resisted—she believed well that they resisted! The young man burst out laughing; whereupon his host declared, with a dignity which even his recumbent position did not abate, that it was really frivolous of him to ask such questions as that, knowing as he did—what he did know.

"Yes, I know—I know," said the young man, good-naturedly, lowering his arms and thrusting his hands into his pockets, while he stretched his long legs a little. "But everything is yet to be tried."

"Oh, the trial will be on a great scale—*soyez tranquille!* It will be one of those experiments that constitute a proof."

Hyacinth wondered what they were talking about, and perceived that it must be something important, for the stranger was not a man who would take an interest in anything else. Hyacinth was immensely struck with him—he could see that he was remarkable—and felt slightly aggrieved that he should be a stranger; that is, that he should be, apparently, a familiar of Lisson Grove, and yet that M. Poupin should not have thought his young friend from Lomax Place worthy, up to this time, to be made acquainted with him. I know not

to what degree the visitor in the other chair discovered these reflections in Hyacinth's face, but after a moment, looking across at him, he said in a friendly yet just slightly diffident way, a way our hero liked, "And do you know, too?"

"Do I know what?" asked Hyacinth, wondering.

"Oh, if you did, you would!" the young man exclaimed, laughing again. Such a rejoinder, from any one else, would have irritated our sensitive hero, but it only made Hyacinth more curious about his interlocutor, whose laugh was loud and extraordinarily gay.

"*Mon ami*, you ought to present *ces messieurs*," Madame Poupin remarked.

"*Ah ça*, is that the way you trifle with state secrets?" her husband cried out, without heeding her. Then he went on, in a different tone: "M. Hyacinthe is a gifted child, *un enfant très-doué*, in whom I take a tender interest—a child who has an account to settle. Oh, a thumping big one! Is n't it so, *mon petit?*"

This was very well meant, but it made Hyacinth blush, and, without knowing exactly what to say, he murmured, shyly, "Oh, I only want them to let me alone!"

"He is very young," said Eustache Poupin.

"He is the person we have seen in this country whom we like the best," his wife added.

"Perhaps you are French," suggested the strange young man.

The trio seemed to Hyacinth to be waiting for his answer to this; it was as if a listening stillness had fallen upon them. He found it a difficult moment, partly because there was something exciting and embarrassing in the attention of the other visitor, and partly because he had never yet had to decide that important question. He did n't really know whether he were French or English, or which of the two he should prefer to be. His mother's blood, her

suffering in an alien land, the unspeakable, impenetrable misery that consumed her, in a place, among a people, she must have execrated — all this made him French; yet he was conscious at the same time of qualities that did n't mix with it. He had evolved, long ago, a legend about his mother, built it up slowly, adding piece to piece, in passionate musings and broodings, when his cheeks burned and his eyes filled; but there were times when it wavered and faded, when it ceased to console him and he ceased to trust it. He had had a father, too, and his father had suffered as well, and had fallen under a blow, and had paid with his life; and him also he felt in his mind and his body, when the effort to think it out did not simply end in darkness and confusion, challenging still even while they baffled, and inevitable freezing horror. At any rate, he seemed rooted in the place where his wretched parents had expiated, and he knew nothing about any other. Moreover, when old Poupin said, "M. Hyacinthe," as he had often done before, he did n't altogether enjoy it; he thought it made his name, which he liked well enough in English, sound like the name of a hair-dresser. Our young friend was over-clouded and stigmatized, but he was not yet prepared to admit that he was ridiculous. "Oh, I dare say I ain't anything," he replied in a moment.

"En v'là des bêtises!" cried Madame Poupin. "Do you mean to say you are not as good as any one in the world? I should like to see!"

"We all have an account to settle, don't you know?" said the strange young man.

He evidently meant this to be encouraging to Hyacinth, whose quick desire to avert M. Poupin's allusions had not been lost upon him; but our hero could see that he himself would be sure to be one of the first to be paid. He would make society bankrupt, but he would be

paid. He was tall and fair and good-natured looking, but you could n't tell — or at least Hyacinth could n't — whether he were handsome or ugly, with his large head and square forehead, his thick, straight hair, his heavy mouth and rather vulgar nose, his admirably clear, bright eye, light-colored and set very deep; for though there was a want of fineness in some of its parts, his face had a marked expression of intelligence and resolution, and denoted a kind of joyous moral health. He was dressed like a workman in his Sunday toggery, having evidently put on his best to call in Lisson Grove, where he was to meet a lady, and wearing in particular a necktie which was both cheap and pretentious, and of which Hyacinth, who noticed everything of that kind, observed the crude, false blue. He had very big shoes — the shoes, almost, of a country laborer — and spoke with a provincial accent, which Hyacinth believed to be that of Lancashire. This did n't suggest cleverness, but it did n't prevent Hyacinth from perceiving that he was the reverse of stupid; that he probably, indeed, had a tremendous head. Our little hero had a great desire to know clever people, and he interested himself on the spot in this strong, humorous fellow, who had the complexion of a ploughboy and the glance of a commander-in-chief, and who might have been (Hyacinth thought) a distinguished young *savant* in the disguise of an artisan. The disguise would have been very complete, for he had several brown stains on his fingers. Hyacinth's curiosity, on this occasion, was both excited and gratified; for after two or three allusions, which he did n't understand, had been made to a certain place where Poupin and the stranger had met and expected to meet again, Madame Poupin exclaimed that it was a shame not to take in M. Hyacinthe, who, she would answer for it, had in him the making of one of the pure.

"All in good time, in good time, *ma*

bonne," the invalid replied. "M. Hyacinth knows that I count upon him, whether or no I make him an *interne* to-day, or wait a while longer."

"What do you mean by an *interne*?" Hyacinth asked.

"Mon Dieu, what shall I say?" and Eustache Poupin stared at him solemnly, from his pillow. "You are very sympathetic, but I am afraid you are too young."

"One is never too young to contribute one's *obole*," said Madame Poupin.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked the other visitor, smilingly.

"Is it a plot — a conspiracy?" Hyacinth broke out.

"He asks that as if he were asking if it's a plum-pudding," said M. Poupin. "It is n't good to eat, and we don't do it for our amusement. It's terribly serious, my child."

"It's a kind of society, to which he and I and a good many others belong. There is no harm in telling him that," the young man went on.

"I advise you not to tell it to *Made-moiselle*; she is quite in the old ideas," Madame Poupin suggested to Hyacinth, tasting her tisane.

Hyacinth sat baffled and wondering, looking from his fellow-laborer in Soho to his new acquaintance opposite. "If you have some plan, something to which one can give one's self, I think you might have told me," he remarked, in a moment, to Poupin.

The latter merely gazed at him a while; then he said to the strange young man, "He is a little jealous of you. But there is no harm in that; it's of his age. You must know him, you must like him. We will tell you his history some other day; it will make you feel that he belongs to us, in fact. It is an accident that he has n't met you here before."

"How could *ces messieurs* have met, when M. Paul never comes? He does n't spoil us!" Madame Poupin cried.

"Well, you see I have my little sister at home to take care of, when I ain't at the shop," M. Paul explained. "This afternoon it was just a chance; there was a lady we know came in to sit with her."

"A lady — a real lady?"

"Oh, yes, every inch," said M. Paul, laughing.

"Do you like them to thrust themselves into your apartment like that, because you have the *désagrément* of being poor? It seems to be the custom in this country, but it would n't suit me at all," Madame Poupin continued. "I should like to see one of *ces dames* — the real ones — coming in to sit with me!"

"Oh, you are not a cripple; you have got the use of your legs!"

"Yes, and of my arms!" cried the Frenchwoman.

"This lady looks after several others in our court, and she reads to my sister."

"Oh, well, you are patient, you English."

"We shall never do anything without that," said M. Paul, with undisturbed good-humor.

"You are perfectly right; you can't say that too often. It will be a tremendous job, and only the strong will prevail," his host murmured, a little wearily, turning his eyes to Madame Poupin, who approached slowly, holding the tisane in a rather full bowl, and tasting it again and yet again as she came.

Hyacinth had been watching his fellow-visitor with deepening interest; a fact of which M. Paul apparently became aware, for he said, presently, giving a little nod in the direction of the bed, "He says we ought to know each other. I'm sure I have nothing against it. I like to know folk, when they're worth it!"

Hyacinth was too pleased with this even to take it up; it seemed to him,

for a moment, that he could n't touch it gracefully enough. But he said, with sufficient eagerness, "Will you tell me all about your plot?"

"Oh, it's no plot. I don't think I care much for plots." And with his mild, steady, light-blue English eye, M. Paul certainly had not much the appearance of a conspirator.

"Is n't it a new era?" asked Hyacinth, rather disappointed.

"Well, I don't know; it's just a little movement."

"Ah bien, voilà du propre; between us we have thrown him into a fever!" cried Madame Poupin, who had put down her bowl on a table near her husband's bed and was bending over him, with her hand on his forehead. Eustache was flushed, he had closed his eyes, and it was evident there had been more than enough conversation. Madame Poupin announced as much, with the addition that if the young men wished to make acquaintance they must do it outside; the invalid must be perfectly quiet. They accordingly withdrew, with apologies and promises to return for further news on the morrow, and two minutes afterward Hyacinth found himself standing face to face with his new friend on the pavement in front of M. Poupin's residence, under a street-lamp which struggled ineffectually with the brown winter dusk.

"Is that your name—M. Paul?" he asked, looking up at him.

"Oh, bless you, no; that's only her Frenchified way of putting it. My name is Paul, though—Paul Muniment."

"And what's your trade?" Hyacinth demanded, with a jump into familiarity; for his companion seemed to have told him a great deal more than was usually conveyed in that item of information.

Paul Muniment looked down at him from above broad shoulders. "I work at a wholesale chemist's, at Lambeth."

"And where do you live?"

"I live over the water, too; in the far south of London."

"And are you going home now?"

"Oh, yes, I am going to toddle."

"And may I toddle with you?"

Mr. Muniment considered him further; then he gave a laugh. "I'll carry you, if you like."

"Thank you; I expect I can walk as far as you," said Hyacinth.

"Well, I admire your spirit, and I dare say I shall like your company."

There was something in his face, taken in connection with the idea that he was concerned in a little movement, which made Hyacinth feel the desire to go with him till he dropped; and in a moment they started away together, and took the direction Muniment had mentioned. They discoursed as they went, and exchanged a great many opinions and anecdotes; but they reached the southeasterly court in which the young chemist lived with his infirm sister before he had told Hyacinth anything definite about his little movement, or Hyacinth, on his side, had related to him the circumstances connected with his being, according to M. Poupin, one of the disinherited. Hyacinth did n't wish to press him; he would not for the world have appeared to him indiscreet; and, moreover, though he had taken so great a fancy to Muniment, he was not quite prepared, as yet, to be pressed. Therefore it did not become very clear to him how his companion had made Poupin's acquaintance, and how long he had enjoyed it. Paul Muniment, nevertheless, was, to a certain extent, communicative about himself, and forewarned Hyacinth that he lived in a very poor little corner. He had his sister to keep—she could do nothing for herself; and he paid a low rent, because she had to have doctors, and doses, and all sorts of little comforts. He spent a shilling a week for her on flowers. It was better, too, when you

got upstairs, and from the back windows you could see the dome of St. Paul's. Audley Court, with its pretty name, which reminded Hyacinth of Tennyson, proved to be a still dingier nook than Lomax Place; and it had the further drawback that you had to pass through a narrow alley, a passage between high, black walls, to enter it. At the door of one of the houses the young men paused, lingering a little, and then Muniment said, "I say, why should n't you come up? I like you well enough for that, and you can see my sister; her name is Posy." He spoke as if this would be a great privilege, and added, humorously, that Posy enjoyed a call from a gentleman, of all things. Hyacinth needed no urging, and he groped his way, at his companion's heels, up a dark staircase, which appeared to him — for they stopped only when they could go no further — the longest and steepest he had ever ascended. At the top Paul Muniment pushed open a door, but exclaimed, "Hullo, have you gone

to roost?" on perceiving that the room on the threshold of which they stood was unlighted.

"Oh dear, no; we are sitting in the dark," a small, bright voice instantly replied. "Lady Aurora is so kind; she's here still."

The voice came out of a corner so pervaded by gloom that the speaker was indistinguishable. "Dear me, that's beautiful!" Paul Muniment rejoined. "You'll have a party, then, for I have brought some one else. We are poor, you know, but I dare say we can manage a candle."

At this, in the dim firelight, Hyacinth saw a tall figure erect itself — a figure angular and slim, crowned with a large, vague hat, surmounted, apparently, with a flowing veil. This unknown person gave a singular laugh, and said, "Oh, I brought some candles; we could have had a light if we had wished it." Both the tone and the purport of the words announced to Hyacinth that they proceeded from the lips of Lady Aurora.

Henry James.

THE FIRST ABBÉ GALANT.

THROUGHOUT French memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there is one figure who is never out of sight, — a black-coated, close-shaven figure, sometimes dapper, sometimes stately; now appearing as a dandy, now as a courtier, again as a confessor, often as a statesmanikin. One day he is seen on the front seat of a royal coach, another in the secret cabinet where official assassinations are decided, on a third behind the door of a lady's boudoir. At every turn, under any disguise, he can be recognized by a quick, bright glance, a ready smile, an insinuating manner, a prompt, discreet use of his wit. He glides into French society with

the Medici, — Catherine brought him in her baggage; he disappears with the French Revolution. He is called Monsieur l'Abbé, not because he is necessarily in holy orders, though always supposed to be looking that way. The title may mean that he is abbot of an abbey, or it may be merely conventional, as a duke's sons are "lords by courtesy;" he often exchanges it for a higher one, — bishop, or cardinal; sometimes he returns to the secular dress and style. His name is legion, not all devils by any means. La Bruyère gives us a classification: Théocrine, Théodate, Théodule, Théodore, Théodime, Théonas. He appeared in France as the Abbé de Gondy,

and vanished as the Abbé Galiani. But he was soon naturalized, for he is known as Marolles, Bernis, Chaulieu, Prévost, Morellet, and by many more surnames of Gallic growth, and whatever there may have been of sinister about him originally evaporated in the adopted climate.

At first acquaintance this personage strikes us as essentially modern, not much older than the seventeenth century certainly; but he is another proof that there is nothing new under the sun in any age, for his prototype may be found in the sixth. He too came from Italy into France, — or Gaul, as it then was, — flourished in the congenial atmosphere, and took root there; for he was a sort of air-plant, a rare butterfly-orchid of the human species. His baptismal names were Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, and he was best known by the last, of happy augury, given him in honor of an early martyr of the ancient patriarchate of Aquileia. His family name is supposed to have been Titium or Titian, and his ancestors were driven by the incursion of Attila from Aquileia to the Trevisan marches, where Fortunatus was born, in sight of the riven blue mountains which a thousand years later made backgrounds for the pictures of a Titian Verelli. Of his parentage or his early childhood in this borderland between expiring Roman civilization and outer barbarism there is no record; but every instinct of the man betrays long-descended love of culture and luxury. He was sent when very young to Ravenna, the last seat of Roman art and letters, and already under the influence of the East, to be educated by a dignitary known as the Deacon Paul, and there he continued to live after schooldays were over. His studies were grammar, rhetoric, prosody, classical literature, and jurisprudence, with at least an inkling of the Apostolic Fathers, to judge by his own writings. He hurt his eyes by over-study, but they were cured by applying the oil from

a votive lamp which burned before an altar dedicated to St. Martin of Tours in one of the Ravennese basilicas. Fortunatus set this down as a miracle, and it inspired him with a gratitude and veneration which fixed from afar the turning-point of his career. He made a vow to pay his thanks and devotions at the tomb of St. Martin, who had been dead about a century and a half, and in course of time he kept his word. He was past thirty, however, before he started on the long and dangerous journey which lay between him and the fulfillment of his pledge. Up to that time there is nothing to show that he had taken any step towards the priesthood, but his native bent and early training had given him that ecclesiastical bias which was part of the social abbé's outfit. With this, added to his real talents and accomplishments, he set forth to cross the Alps.

It was an undertaking full of risks. With the disintegration of the Roman Empire Europe was fast relapsing into chaos. Fortunatus had hardly got safely out of Ravenna before it was seized by Alboin and the Lombards, who spread over Upper Italy, quenching such lingering sparks of enlightenment as had survived the successive floods of invasion, though they were to kindle new altar fires of religion, patriotism, and art which would glow for a few centuries, and be stamped out in their turn by the race of Charlemagne. The France of our days, from the Alps to the Pyrenees, from the Rhone to the Loire, from the Meuse to the Mediterranean, was the prey of the wolfish breed of Clovis, the Frankish kings. These Merovingians were parricides, fratricides, regicides, savage and lustful as wild beasts. One day they would enforce conformity to their new-found Christianity by the bloodiest tyranny; the next they would rend the nets which the Church had drawn over them, woven chiefly out of their own superstition, and send their bishops to join the noble army of mar-

tyrs. There was no respite from war in its most horrible forms, — the warfare of barbarians, whose laws were perfidy, carnage, rapine, and pillage. Along the great river-valleys, the natural highways of the country, the arts, agriculture, and legislation of those grand, civilizing conquerors, the Romans, were being torn up and flung to the winds. Here and there one man, better than his race and beyond his age, a wolf-hound rather than a wolf, held a court in which the primitive virtues and some glimmer of meaning from his new faith made an island in this ocean of blood. Such was that of Sigebert, king of Austrasia, whose chief seat was at Metz. Fortunatus, coming by way of the Rhine, reached that stage of his pilgrimage while the town was rejoicing over the marriage of Sigebert with Brunehilde, or Brunehaut, daughter of the Visigothic king of Spain. She was a princess of great beauty and strong character, who brought with her from beyond the Pyrenees learning, dignity of manners, and a purer morality than belonged to the Franks, and who protected and prolonged for half a century the traditions of Roman rule. Fortunatus composed an epithalamium for the occasion, beginning, —

"Sun! ope the happy day and spread thy locks
Of rays serene."

Sigebert desired to elevate his life and his dynasty by marriage with a royal bride, instead of falling into the base concubinage and polygamy usual among the Merovingians. He gave many proofs of a generous nature, above the common pitch, and raised higher by Brunehilde, whose influence in the early years of their long union was only for good. His brother Chilperic, king of Neustria, of very different clay, had disposed of one or two wives, and was in the toils of the infamous Fredegonde; but not to be outdone by Sigebert, he broke with her for a time, and sued for the hand of Galeswinthe, Brunehilde's

sister. The Visigothic king demurred, knowing Chilperic's habits and character, and the princess held him in horror. The father's objections were overcome at last by the promise of a magnificent wedding - present, — nothing less than the principal Pyrenean towns which had fallen to Chilperic's share of the paternal inheritance. The match was arranged, and a large escort of Frankish chiefs, with horsemen and charioteers, came to bring Galeswinthe to Neustria. The poor bride put off her departure from day to day, and when she could delay no longer set out with a heavy heart. Her parents shared her grief. The king went with her the first stage of the journey, bidding her farewell where the road crossed the Tagus. The queen, with her attendants, went on from day to day, constantly deferring the moment of parting, until they reached the mountains, when she was forced to turn back. There was a last embrace between the mother and child, and the queen stood watching from a height until the last Frank disappeared beyond the further ridge.

The marriage was celebrated at Rouen with a splendor and solemnity which were meant to outshine the nuptials of Sigebert. The religious ceremony was Christian, but the secular rites were pagan and national; the new queen was saluted by the Franks according to their custom of swearing fealty to their king, surrounding her in a circle and brandishing their drawn swords. The story is short. After a few months of satisfaction in his bride and the treasures of her dower, Chilperic grew tired of her gentle companionship, and Fredegonde, who was biding her time, saw and seized the chance. The old ties were renewed, at first secretly, then so publicly that the low-born woman treated the young queen with open insolence and contempt. Galeswinthe was a mild, yielding creature, unfit for her era or her destiny; she took this turn of fortune as no more

than she had foreseen from the first, and made no stand, only asking leave to go back to her parents. This request was not easily granted: the dower might have to be returned, or the wedding-gift might be claimed, and the Pyrenean towns become part of the Hispano-Gothic kingdom. There were simpler ways of settling the difficulty, and before the first year of her marriage was over, Galeswinthe was found dead in her bed, strangled. Soon afterwards Chilperic openly espoused the triumphant Fredegonde, the mistress of his fate, who ruled him and Gaul through many bloody years, and brought him at length to a violent death, ending her own execrable life peacefully in old age.

Venantius Fortunatus, while on his travels, fell in with Galeswinthe and her train on the ill-starred journey to Rouen, and heard the details of her leaving Toledo from her attendants. The story and her early doom affected him deeply, and he recorded them in a poem, the most touching and true to nature he ever wrote, and which has been accepted by modern French historians as a trustworthy chronicle. The lament of the Gothic queen when she loses sight of her daughter among the mountains has the pathos of Andromache's lamentations in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*.

But although Fortunatus was tender-hearted, he liked to pipe to those who danced better than to mourn with those who wept. He had the art of pleasing, and excelled in that of getting himself petted. His halt at Metz was a long one. Sigebert gave him a house, horses, servants, and the post of laureate, and he lived there in clover for a year or two. He had not forgotten his vow, however, and most likely had gained a taste for seeing the world, so he set off again. Wherever he went he always stayed at the best house, at the palace if there were one, if not, at the next best. The rude Frankish chiefs were delighted

to see him, and treated him with honor. He explains it with needless modesty by saying that they welcomed him because he had seen their Germany, but Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims, writing of Fortunatus a couple of hundred years later, when information about him was still plentiful, tells us that his fame preceded him everywhere. To the Gallo-Roman nobles and prelates, in whose homes literature and the arts of life found their last refuge, he must have been indeed the favored guest. He was in no haste to reach the tomb of St. Martin, but he kept that goal always in view. In his versified life of the saint he describes the devious ways by which he reached it; noting the natural beauties of the provinces through which he passed, the various methods of agriculture, the strongholds, churches, villas, and monuments of ancient art, and setting down his impressions and enjoyment of all that he saw. Bishops, princes, chieftains, and patricians received him with cordiality, and he never failed to make a friend of his host. After bidding good-by and going on his way, he would courteously write back to ask for those he had left and to give news of himself. They replied, and he kept up the correspondence by sending verses, in which he praised the home and hospitality he had found with them, complimenting each on his foible,—the Frankish lord on his fluent use of Latin, the Gallo-Roman on his refinement and knowledge of law and politics, the churchman on his munificence and public spirit. He was a flatterer, but he was charming and thoroughly amiable. In this wise he traversed France in her length and breadth, remembering that whichever road he took he might go back the same way.

Fortunatus never retraced his steps. He sometimes bewailed his lengthened absence from his native country, and sang his homesickness, as miles and years widened the separation. At last

news came that the Lombards had left his part of Italy, and that he could go back in safety. Did he return, or not? It is uncertain, but if he did so it was by the most direct way, and his stay was short. When he had reached Tours and acquitted himself of his vow, his pilgrimage was beginning, not ending, but this time the saint was a woman.

Tours, so venerable to this day as the former abode of many holy men, had already, A. D. 567, been hallowed as the hiding-place of a remarkable lady, a runaway princess, a future saint, whose history is the most romantic and least painful that has come down to us from that period, — Radegonde, who has stood in the Roman Catholic calendar for thirteen hundred years as St. Radegonde. She was the daughter of one of the last kings of Thuringia, a twig of the many-branched Frankish royal tree, and her family and country had been overthrown by her distant kinsman, Lothair, the father of Sigebert and Chilperic. Most of her nearest relations had perished, but she and a brother, both under ten years of age, were kept as captives and hostages by the conqueror. The little girl's beauty and intelligence made such an impression on Lothair that he set her apart as his future wife. She was taken to one of his seats in the Vermandois, where she was brought up not only to ride and spin like a child of the Teutonic tribes, but to read and enjoy the Bible, the fathers of the church, the classic poets, and even the Roman historians and legists. She was an apt scholar in whatever she was taught, but her preference was for the Scriptures and lives of the saints and martyrs, whose day was not very long past. She had a natural bent towards religion, and a dreamy, enthusiastic German temperament. The terrible scenes and sorrows of her childhood had done much to kill the joy of youth in her, and the intended marriage to Lothair, who had several wives, hung darkly over her horizon.

During her girlhood the horrible condition of the outer world offered no relief from her sad preoccupations, and she turned more and more upon herself and the love of God. Her most ardent wish was to be a martyr, and failing that to withdraw into a religious seclusion. The thought of marrying the man who had destroyed her country, murdered her family, and torn her from her home became a fixed idea of hatred and repugnance, and as she grew towards womanhood the horror increased. Lothair had not lost sight of her meanwhile, and at length named a time for the marriage. At this news Radegonde fled, but was soon caught and taken to Soissons, which Lothair made his capital, and there she became one of his queens.

For about five years she bore this detested yoke, trying by every means in her power to disgust her husband. She gave up her time to prayer, to active charity, and to personal austerities; she took no pleasure in the pastimes of the court, but if a religious or learned man came by chance among the noisy barbarians she treated him as her particular guest, and found an unwonted enjoyment in talking to him. It is probably to this part of her life that the touching legend belongs which makes her in sacred art the patroness of captives. Walking one day in the court-yard or inclosure of the palace, she heard the sighs and sobs of the captives on the other side of the wall. She, also "a captive in the land of Egypt," was moved by an immense compassion, and prayed so fervently for their deliverance that their bonds were suddenly loosened, and they found themselves free. The beauty of this story is that it may be an allegory, and that her intercession may have gained liberty for the prisoners and slaves about the court.

There are some striking coincidences between the history of this Thuringian princess and that of the well-known

saint of Thuringia, Elizabeth of Hungary. Brought from her native country in early childhood to be the bride of a foreign prince, and educated in his land for that purpose; pensive, devout, ecstatic; longing to dedicate herself to the service of God; spending herself in prayer, fasts, and vigils; paying the most menial and repulsive offices to the poor; leaving her husband's banquet table and couch to mortify her flesh in penance; at last forsaking her state for poverty and obscurity, — so far the lives of the two young women run nearly parallel, with the great difference that Elizabeth was a cherished and adopted child, and loved her betrothed husband, both before and after their marriage, with her whole heart. But Radegonde was not a mystic, and had a different force from that of the sweet victim of Marburg; she had a practical side, which developed strongly as she grew older, and she already had a notion of bringing about what she wished should happen. When she got up at night to lie on the stone floor, she would creep back a chilly, uncomfortable bedfellow, and she made a practice of being unpunctual at meals, not coming until she had been called several times, habits which must have tried the temper of an uncivilized husband. But Lothair either was indifferent to trifles, or his beautiful wife's perversity kept alive his fancy for her; he gave proof, not of fidelity, to be sure, but of a constancy unusual to his disposition and to the manners of his family and nation. Her penances gave him a sort of rude amusement, and he sometimes said, "That wife of mine is more of a nun than a queen."

The fetters galled her more and more, until the intolerable life came to an end suddenly. Her young brother and fellow captive, to whom she had clung with not a mere sisterly affection, but with the passionate love for her own people which never died in her, was put to death for some whim or rage of Lo-

thair's. Radegonde, struck to the heart by this blow, took an instant and final resolution, which she had the self-command to carry out with prudence. She begged for permission to go with her attendants to seek consolation of St. Médard, Bishop of Noyon, who, although he had not yet attained his posthumous miraculous celebrity, was already widely venerated. The journey was not a long or hard one, and Lothair, who had the masculine inconsistency of caring nothing for a woman's sorrow, but being unable to endure her tears, allowed her to go without opposition, "hoping," says one historian, "that she would come back in better spirits." The queen found the saint in church officiating at the altar, and, boldly coming forward, she announced her intention of taking up a religious life, and claimed consecration and protection at his hands. The bishop was startled, and saw the full danger to them both in granting her wish. An agitated discussion arose, and Radegonde's followers, who had remained without, hearing of the crisis, crowded into the church, threatening to drag her and St. Médard forth if they should proceed a step further in the matter. The queen defied them, and as they were about to use force, she and her women rushed into the sacristy and the bishop took refuge at the altar. The tumult was still raging when she reappeared, having hastily drawn a nun's dress over her royal robes, and again coming to the altar adjoined St. Médard to admit her to the religious life. Overborne by her appeals and by the fervor of martyrdom which still coursed in Christian veins, he proclaimed the marriage of Lothair and Radegonde null, and consecrated her deaconess of the church. The Frankish attendants, awed by the solemnity of the moment and by the intensity of emotions of which they blindly felt the sway, assisted in silence at the ceremony, and retired peaceably, carrying back the news to Soissons.

Radegonde's first act was to lay her regal ornaments as a gift upon the altar; she then made all speed to reach the Loire and embark for Tours, where she trusted to find safeguard in one of the sanctuaries of St. Martin.

Behind the wreck of the noble abbey of Marmoutier, where the arches of the ruined nave form an open screen for the spacious, quiet flower-garden which the ladies of the Sacred Heart have planted on this reconsecrated spot, the hillside rises abruptly, looking over the lofty skeletons of the twin towers and the great trees of a former convent to the wide-spreading river, split by shoals and islets, and the sun as it goes down glows on the shrub-grown cliff and lights up the mouth of a grotto. This is cherished by tradition as one of the hiding-places of Radegonde. Another is pointed out further along the ridge, where the steep little street leading from Marmoutier to St. Symphorien, a suburb of Tours, gives access to the beautiful, tiny Romanesque church of St. Radegonde, which conceals a ladder-like staircase cut in the rocks and another small cave. Earlier fugitives had been there before her, — St. Gatien, an apostle of the Gauls, and the Seven Sleepers,¹ — and the sacredness of the places gave her a greater sense of security. Lothair, infuriated at her escape, sent to order her home, threatening to pursue her if she did not obey. The Church took up her cause with zeal and discretion, raising obstacles and delays, while she sought shelter in these dens. As one stands on the very sites, and reckons the lapse of ages backwards by the ruins of successive sanctuaries, each many centuries older than the last, remembering that Radegonde came and went before the first stone was laid, it carries her into a very distant past. But the broken fragments are links in a chain that holds her and us together, and her hopes, fears, and

daring thrill us yet; she was so courageous and steadfast, so truly a heroine. She did not feel safe enough even in the asylum of St. Martin, and made her way to Poitiers.

The Loire must have been the same broad, slow, perilous river as to-day, sallow with shoals and quicksands, making great bends through green stretches of solitude broken by sparse trees, under a low, gray sky; the Vienne the same lively stream, winding briskly through cheerful valleys and between widely spaced bluffs, on which the sun seems pleased to shine. The same abrupt humps or long, low chimes of rock rose from the level, but then they were saddled by broken Druidical circles or by the remains of Roman camps, while the arched miles of the aqueducts crossed the verdant desolation on their endless journey. Poitiers stood on the same craggy knob, with the Clain and the Boivre twisting round its base, fortified centuries before, and a better stronghold than the grottoes of Touraine. Radegonde had not left them too soon, for Lothair made good his threat, and burst into Tours, determined to take her back with him. St. Germanus, the Bishop of Paris, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Germain des Près, St. Germain-en-Laye, the most prominent churchman in Gaul, interfered in her behalf. He had great influence with the Merovingians, and by his moral ascendancy he pacified the king, and induced him to relinquish his claims to his wife and permit her to found a convent at Poitiers, in which she should pass the rest of her days. Radegonde asked nothing better; it was the fulfillment of her life-long dream, and it came when her fate seemed desperate. Lothair had the generosity to leave her in possession of her wedding-gift, which she dedicated to the erection of her convent, and he troubled her no more.

The queen's plans for her future abode and mode of life were by no means simple; it is wonderful how such a mag-

¹ Not they of Ephesus, but seven emulous inhabitants of Touraine.



nificent and elaborate conception found place in her mind, torn and tormented as she had been. It took several years to complete the buildings, which had every appointment of a Roman villa, gardens, fish-ponds, porticoes, baths, surrounded by an outer wall like a fortress. Meanwhile she had collected a congregation of young girls and trained them to a religious routine, and with them she solemnly and publicly entered this chosen retreat, named the Convent of the Holy Cross, from a fragment of the true cross which had been sent to her, it is said, by the Emperor Justinian. Her sisterhood belonged to the Augustinian order, and the rule she adopted for it was that of St. Caesaria of Arles. But the existence she organized was of her own devising, and shows extraordinary intelligence and scope, a refinement and appreciation of letters and luxury worthy of a daughter of the fifteenth century, and a humane, genial, gracious disposition, besides the most genuine piety. If she had been a Roman, or even a Gaul, by birth, this would have been remarkable enough, though less astonishing; but for the child of a half-civilized tribe, brought up among people of the same race, with only education to elevate her to a higher grade, the way in which she had absorbed and appropriated all that antiquity and Christianity could do for her is a proof of genius. The religious exercises, to which the chief part of the day was given, were varied by study, by transcribing valuable books, by reading aloud, and by needlework. Among the recreations were bathing, gardening, and several games, including dice. Great stress was laid on cleanliness, Radegonde being intolerant of bad smells, in which she was so much beyond her age that the superiors of most religious houses have not yet caught up with her. The clergy and laity of distinction were welcome visitors, and were regaled with sumptuous feasts, for although the rule of the order forbade meat, every other sort of

good cheer abounded; meat and wine, too, which the sisters did not taste themselves, were served by them to their guests. Among the diversions offered to these friends were private theatricals, acted in costume by young ladies of the town, assisted by the novices. Whether the performances were from the ancient drama, or were mystery plays, the chronicler does not tell, but it sounds amazingly like the boarders at modern French convents acting Corneille and Racine before the bishop and curé and other worshipful company.

It took some time to establish this rational and delightful mode of life systematically and solidly. When Radegonde felt sure of it, she resigned the direction to a beautiful young woman named Agnes, of noble Gallic family, whom she had educated for the purpose, and caused her to be elected abbess. There existed an almost maternal relation between herself and this youthful coadjutor, and to confirm the latter's authority Radegonde laid aside all outward token of rank, and took her turn with the rest in the kitchen and household. But as long as she lived she was the soul and brain of the community.

During the vicissitudes of Radegonde's early career Fortunatus was leading an unknown and uneventful life at Ravenna. Long before he started on his travels she was settled in her convent at Poitiers. By the time he reached Tours Lothair was dead; his sons reigned in his stead, Chilperic being master of Touraine and Poitou. The ex-queen's flight and hiding were an old story; her reputation for piety and wisdom had gone abroad; the literary studies and innocent amusements of St. Cross drew visitors to it from all parts of Christendom. Fortunatus was bound to see everything and everybody of note, if possible; he was eager to make the acquaintance of two ladies who joined so much sanctity and learning to beauty, rank, and a hearty en-

joyment of this world's delights. It is likely that some of his epithalamiums and elegies had been read at Poitiers; the poem on Galeswinthe, whose fate was fresh in everybody's memory, must have gone deep into Radegonde's heart. She was delighted to meet the most accomplished stranger in Gaul, the last representative of the literature and cultivation in which she had been brought up. Ladies in your middle lustre, think of your first meeting with a celebrated Englishman of letters, when such a bird was rarer in this land than now, and you can imagine her feelings. Fortunatus's early associations with the church, the pious errand which he had kept in sight throughout his pleasant vagrancy, were additional recommendations. He was received with great warmth, and his polished manners, the charms of his conversation, did the rest. Radegonde and Agnes feasted him, flattered him; they had a thousand things to say to him, they could not see or hear enough of him; they pressed him to stay, to come again. He came continually; he could not come too often. The attraction was mutual; the triple conquest was complete; how was he ever to part from them? What should they do without him? Every household, still more every community of women absolutely requires one male retainer, be he only man-of-all-work. These devout ladies were greatly in want of such an ally; they needed a man of business, a legal adviser, and a director. They had found their factotum, Fortunatus had found his niche; he accepted his evident and delightful vocation, gave up his country, said "no" to St. Germanus, who wanted him at Paris, took orders, became parish priest of the metropolitan church at Poitiers, chaplain and almoner of St. Cross, and solicitor, agent, and ambassador for the convent to the many powers and violences ready to take advantage of feminine inexperience.

From this time forward, somewhere

about the year 567, Fortunatus was stationed at Poitiers. His life was neither idle nor sedentary, as it obliged him to make frequent journeys and to keep up a large correspondence, besides his regular religious duties and his literary work, which he never neglected. He was born for the position, to exercise the diplomatic qualities by which Italians were already distinguished, and the delicate discretion needful to settle questions among women. Wielding a gentle supremacy over the entire convent, and especially over the two strong spirits at its head, whom he managed as a man of the world can always control women even of more force than himself; passing from chapter to chapter and from court to court, honored and caressed at all, the undisputed prince of living poets; strengthening his ecclesiastical position by intercourse with churchmen on church matters, he was in his element, and no gold-fish in a fountain was ever more contented. Radegonde and the abbess Agnes pampered him absurdly: every day, at the time of the convent meals, they sent him his, with many dishes not on their own bill of fare, and they plied him with dainties at odd hours. He acknowledged these attentions by little poems, still extant; thanking sometimes Radegonde, sometimes Agnes, for milk, chestnuts, fresh eggs, butter, plums, greengages, and other delicacies (*alias delicias*). He sent them in return flowers in osier baskets which he himself made, either for themselves or to adorn the altar, and verses generally went with the offering. There were frequent repasts shared by the three friends at the convent, when the room was hung with garlands of leaves and flowers, and the marble table was strewn with rose petals; the poultry and vegetables were served in silver dishes, the honey and fruit in crystal ones, and the wine was in precious goblets wreathed with ivy. Fortunatus had taken no vow of abstinence, it is clear, but the women ob-

served theirs, as he wrote verses urging Radegonde to drink wine, making use, no doubt, of St. Paul's arguments to Timothy.

The ex-queen was about the poet's age, possibly a little older than he, — they were not far from forty when their intimacy began; the abbess was under thirty, and very handsome. The three were soon knit together by the tenderest affection: between the two women it was like that of elder and younger sister, or of mother and daughter; what was it with him? Fortunatus habitually called Radegonde mother, and Agnes sister; but when they were cosily breakfasting together he ventured on more affectionate epithets with Italian diminutives, such as "my life," "my light," "joy of my soul," harmless familiarities for which Madame Necker would have rebuked the Abbé Galiani with a tap of her fan. Their conversation turned chiefly upon intellectual topics, and when the three were together it was apt to be gay. No doubt the poet's sprightly turn was acceptable to Radegonde, who had no animal spirits herself, though so strong a vein of sociability; but when they two were alone their intercourse was grave. She could not recover from the effect of her misfortunes; they had stamped melancholy into her core. In the midst of her active administrative cares, her important plans, her devotions, and her pleasures, she was secretly sad. In religion a Christian, by training a Roman of the latest and most civilized type, by instinct an æsthetic, her heart remained inalienably German; the rustle of the Thuringian forest haunted her ears, and the love of country, home, and family to the end of her life would sometimes burst out in passionate regret. She could not help dwelling on the frightful scenes she had passed through, and on the destruction and dispersion of her race; she turned with deep yearning towards distant kinsfolk whom she had never seen; she lived

in perpetual exile. She found solace in talking about it to Fortunatus, who embodied her recollections in a poem supposed to be her story told by herself, and entitled *De Excidio Thuringiæ*; he also wrote an address in her name to a distant cousin of hers who had taken refuge in Constantinople. There are passages of great pathos in both.

Fortunatus likewise had lost his country and kindred, and called himself an exile, —

"*Tristius erro nimis, patriis exul ab oris;*"

but he bore it cheerfully, like many a poet since, not going back when he had the chance, but consoling himself by sentimental verse. He had enough serious writing to do in the multifarious correspondence which the interests of the convent required, and with the homilies and commentaries called for by his sacred office. On important public occasions he was to the fore. The council of Braine was convened in 580 by Chilperic to investigate charges of treason against the saintly Gregory of Tours. It was a mixed assembly of wild, long-haired warriors, with battle-axes and spiked maces, and Christian missionaries, calling themselves bishops, priests, and deacons of somewhat imaginary dioceses and benefices. They met in a vast hall of rough-hewn timber, hung with the skins of wild beasts, and were presided over by Chilperic, an assassin, polygamist, and savage. They were about to begin their deliberations, when in walked the debonair abbé with a low bow and a long poem in his hand, in which politic praises of Chilperic and Fredegonde alternate with Utopian descriptions of the condition of Neustria. It is a figure of speech to say that Fortunatus was there, but he had sent his poem, which the king, with a true savage's vanity, caused to be read aloud before proceeding to business, and it probably put him into a good humor, and helped in the acquittal of Gregory. The situation is laughable, almost in-

credible, and what Gregory, whose character and life were at stake, thought of his friend's airy way of taking things we can but guess, as he makes no allusion to it in his admiring notices of his brother clerk.

Such was the course of Fortunatus's life at Poitiers. There was no relaxation in the graceful offices of the ladies of St. Cross to him, nor in his services to them; the wine and milk and honey of their bounty flowed without stint, and his verse ran in a parallel stream. The flowers and fruits of St. Cross must have been perennial, to judge by his pretty little rhymes. Elegies and epitaphs continued to spring from his pen, with epigrams and curious anagrams like the *concetti* of a thousand years later, or the twisted posies of Quarles and Herbert, and the *vers d'occasion* and *vers de société* of modern literature. And there were more tender addresses at leave-takings, absences, and separations, as when, for instance, Radegonde was not at home to her visitor during the whole of Lent.

There were gossips and evil tongues in those days, and the excessive intimacy of the poet-priest and the two women gave rise to tattle; slander did not spare Radegonde's age or Agnes's official dignity. Fortunatus felt it more for their sakes than for his own, and he indignantly and solemnly repelled the accusations in lines of some vigor and elevation:—

"An honored mother, a sweet sister's love,
With truth and faith and heart and soul I
cherish;
Affections blameless, fit for heaven above,
Born of the spirit, pure of fleshly blemish,
Be Christ my witness and the spotless Dove."

Not a single contemporary writer has left the smallest blot on the conduct of Fortunatus. The holiest and most ascetic men held him and his two friends in the highest esteem. The standard of Christian practice was perforce exalted and rigid, as it had to bear the strain of contrast with the heathenish habits of

new converts, and of consistency with an occasional fierceness of orthodoxy which would not pull together with loose living. No subsequent historian has dared to raise a doubt as to the innocence of the tie. Even the puritanical M. Guizot acquits their memory of unworthy charges. He is too hard on their self-indulgence and trifling, and cites Fortunatus's verses to prove that from the earliest ages to the present day convent life has fostered only gluttony and futility, and to confirm the testimony of old *fabliaux* and modern satires against it on this score. M. Guizot's Calvinistic prejudices make him too severe in this case, at any rate. Renard the Fox and Vert-Vert personify the vices and follies of the orders, but not their serious side, which, as has been shown, was not absent from the existence of St. Cross. To worldly-minded people the irreproachable nature of the friendship of Fortunatus, Radegonde, and Agnes is best proved by its never having been broken; no jealousy or mistrust ever disturbed it. The women were plainly superior to the man in many ways, and more earnest than he was. The light, mundane temper which he brought from Italy, his friendly and obliging disposition, his love of pleasure and desire to please, were precisely the unmonastic qualities which make him the antitype of the drawing-room priest, the *abbé galant*, and preserve him to us not in the aspect of a robed and corded friar, nor of a bishop in his canonicals, but as an elegant, versatile, agreeable ecclesiastic, at home in every society.

There is little known of his life after the council of Braine, except by his writings. One of his biographers in the seventeenth century thinks that he spent some time in England, which could only have been on an important religious mission. It was even said that one of his fair friends followed him there, when people might have been excused for talking; but this episode is obscure and

doubtful. Radegonde died on August 13, 587; she was soon canonized, and the day belongs to her; Poitou still keeps it in her memory. The Abbess Agnes vanishes with her like her shadow. Now Fortunatus might say with truth, "Tristius erro." His friend Gregory of Tours soon followed. Of all the patrons of his outset in Gaul not one was left but the royal Brunehilde, a furious old woman, maddened by the perfidy and cruelty that had robbed her of her husband and children, and grown barbarous by living with barbarians; it is to be hoped he did not live to know her fate. Like most old people for whom life has been happy, he lived chiefly in the past, and found interest and a labor of love in writing the life of St. Radegonde. Some ten years after her death he was made Bishop of Poitiers. He lingered into the next century, when he gently fades from view on a December day. The 14th is kept in memory of St. Fortunatus, but the year is not known.

Fortunatus, in one of his later works, speaks slightly of his attainments, but this was mock modesty; they were not thought little of either by himself

or by others. The days of profound scholarship and classic perfection of style were over, and his writings are not models either of prose or verse, but they display talent, descriptive power, truth to human nature, grace, and sprightliness. He ranked very high among his contemporaries for learning and culture, and has been classed by posterity with the great Gallo-Roman literary men of the declining Empire. To appreciate his completely civilized and modern character we must not forget the condition of Europe during his life. If he had died young, or even in middle age, he might be dismissed with his peccadilloes of vanity and epicurism, his curiosity and his little verses, —

"Dans l'Élysée des héros perroquets;"

but he deserves a better place. He lived to be a man of weight and value; he is the author of a noble hymn, *Vexilla Regis*, the common property of the Roman and Anglican churches; and as he is last seen, in his dignified old age, fulfilling his episcopal duties, and devoting his lonely leisure to writing the life of his sainted friend, he is worthy of reverence.

TACITA.

SHE roves through shadowy solitudes,
Where scentless herbs and fragile flowers
Pine in the gloom that ever broods
Around her sylvan bowers.

No winds amid the branches sigh,
No footfall wakes the sodden ground;
And the cold streams that hurry by
Flow on without a sound.

Strange, voiceless birds from spray to spray
Flit silently; and all day long
The dancing midges round her play,
But sing no elfin song.

The haunting twilight ebbs and flows;
 Chill is the night, wan is the morn;
 Through this dim wood no minstrel goes,
 No hunter winds his horn.

No panting stag seeks yon dark pool;
 No shepherd calls his bleating sheep
 From sunburnt meads to shadows cool,
 And grasses green and deep.

Across her path, from reed to reed,
 The spider weaves his gossamer;
 She recks not where her footsteps lead,
 The world is dead to her.

Her eyes are sad, her face is pale,
 Her head droops sidewise wearily;
 Her dusky tresses, like a veil,
 Down ripple to her knee.

How many a cycle hath she trod
 Each mossy aisle, each leafy dell!
 Alas, her feet with silence shod
 Ne'er flee the hateful spell!

James B. Kenyon.

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND ART.

II.

It was the saying of the Swedish seer Count Swedenborg that a Day of Judgment was to come upon men at the time of the French Revolution. Then were the spirits to be judged. In whatever terms we may express the fact, clear it is to us that the close of the last century marks a great epoch in the history of Christendom, and the farther we withdraw from the events which gather about our own birth as an organized nation, and those which effected such enormous changes in European life, the more clearly do we perceive that the movements of the present century are mainly along lines which may be traced back to genetic beginnings then. There

was indeed a great awakening, a renaissance, a new birth.

The French Revolution was a sign of the times: it furnishes a convenient name for an epoch, not merely because important changes in Christendom were contemporaneous with it, but because they were intimately associated with it. Then appeared the portent of Democracy, and the struggle of humanity has ever since been for the realization of dreams which came as visions of a great hope. Then began that examination of the foundation of things in science and philosophy which has become a mighty passion in intellectual life.

I have said that every great renaissance has left its record in the recognition which childhood receives in litera-

ture and art. I add that the scope and profundity of that renaissance may be measured by the form which this recognition takes. At the birth of Christianity the pregnant sentences, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven," "For of such is the kingdom of heaven," "Verily I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father in heaven," sound a depth unreached before. They were, like other words from the same source, veritable prophecies, the perfect fulfillment of which waits the perfect manifestation of the Son of Man. At the Renaissance, when mediævalism gave way before modern life, art reflected the hopes of mankind in the face of a divine child. At the great Revolution, when, amidst fire and blood, the new life of humanity stood revealed, an unseen hand again took a little child and placed him in the midst of men. It was reserved for an English poet to be the one who most clearly discerned the face of the child. Himself one of the great order of angels, he beheld in the child the face of God. I may be pardoned, I trust, for thus reading in Western fashion, the meaning of that Oriental phrase which I find has perplexed theologians and biblical critics. Was it any new disclosure which the Christ made if he merely said that the attendant ministers of children always beheld the face of the Father in heaven? Was it not the very property of such angelic nature that it should see God? But was it not rather a revelation to the crass minds of those who thrust children aside, that the angels who moved between the Father of spirits and these new-comers into the world saw in their faces a witness to their divine origin? They saw the Father repeated in the child.

When Wordsworth published his *Lyrical Ballads*, a storm of ridicule fell upon them. In that age, when the old and the new were clashing with each

other on every hand, so stark a symbol of the new as these ballads presented could not fail to furnish an objective point for criticism which was born of the old. Wordsworth, in his defensive Preface, declares, "The principal object proposed in these Poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting, by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature; chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature."

Every one of these reasons, unless the last, which I do not understand, be excepted, applies with additional force to the use of forms and images and incidents drawn from childhood; and though Wordsworth takes no account of this in his Preface, it is more to the point that he does freely and fully recognize

the fact in his poetry. The Preface, with its dry formality, was like much of Wordsworth's poetry, — Pegasus on a walk, his wings impeding free action. It is one of the anomalies of nature that a poet with such insight as Wordsworth should never apparently have discovered his own pragmatical dullness. It seems to me that Wordsworth's finer moods were just those of which he never attempted to give a philosophic account, and that he did not refer to childhood in his Preface is an evidence of his inspiration when dealing with it.

All the same, his treatment of childhood accords with his manifesto to the British public. Could anything be more trivial, as judged by the standards of the day, than his ballad of *Alice Fell*, or *Poverty*? — of which he has himself said, "The humbleness, meanness if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my *Poems*, till it was restored at the request of some of my friends, in particular my son-in-law, Edward Quillinan." What is the motive of a poem which excited such derision that the poet in a moment of alarm withdrew it from publication, and when he restored it held his son-in-law responsible? Simply the grief of a poor child, who had stolen a ride behind the poet's post-chaise, upon finding that her tattered cloak had become caught in the wheel and irretrievably ruined. The poet makes no attempt to dignify this grief; the incident is related in poetic form, but without any poetic discovery beyond the simple *worth* of the grief. It is, perhaps, the most audaciously matter of fact of all Wordsworth's poems; and yet, such is the difference in the audience to-day from what it was in Wordsworth's time that *Alice Fell* appears as a matter of course in all the anthologies for children, and is read by men and women with positive sympathy,

with a tenderness for the forlorn little girl, and without a question as to the poem's right of existence. The misery, the grief of childhood, is conceived of as a real thing, measured by the child's mind into which we enter, and not by our own standards of pain and loss.

Again, recall the poem of *Lucy Gray*, or *Solitude*. The story is far more pathetic, and has an appeal to more catholic sensibility: a child, sent with a lantern to town from the moor on which she lives, that she may light her mother back through the snow, is lost among the hills, and her footsteps are traced at length to the fatal bridge through which she has fallen. The incident was one from real life; Wordsworth seized upon it, reproducing each detail, and with a touch or two of genius made a wraith. He discovered, as no one before had done, the element of solitude in childhood, and invested it with a fine spiritual, ethereal quality, quite devoid of any ethical property, — a subtle community with nature.

How completely Wordsworth entered the mind of a child and identified himself with its movements is consciously betrayed in his pastoral, *The Pet Lamb*. He puts into the mouth of Barbara Lewthwaite the imaginary song to her lamb, and then says for himself, —

"As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.
Again and once again did I repeat the song;
Nay, said I, more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look and she spake with such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own."

His second thought was best: more than half did belong to the child, for he himself was but the wise interpreter.

Wordsworth's incidents of childhood are sometimes given a purely objective character, as in *Rural Architecture*, *The*

Anecdote for Fathers, The Idle Shepherd Boys; but more often childhood is to him the occasion and suggestion of the deeper thought of life. A kitten, playing with falling leaves before the poet and his child Dora, leads him on by exquisite movement to the thought of his own decay of life. But what impresses us most is the twofold conception of childhood as a part of nature, and as containing within itself not only the germ of human life, but the echo of the divine. There are poems of surpassing beauty which so blend the child and nature that we might almost fancy, as we look upon the poetical landscape, that we are mistaking children for bushes, or bushes for children. Such is that one beginning

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,"
and

"Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!"

He drew images from his children and painted a deliberate portrait of his daughter Catharine, solemnly entitled, *Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old*.

Yet, though Wordsworth drew many suggestions from his own children and from those whom he saw in his walks, it is remarkable how little he regards children in their relation to parents in comparison of their individual and isolated existence. Before Wordsworth, the child, in literature, was almost wholly considered as one of a group, as a part of a family, and only those phases of childhood were treated which were obvious to the most careless observer. Wordsworth — and here is the notable fact — was the first deliberately to conceive of childhood as a distinct, individual element of human life. He first, to use a truer phrase, apprehended the personality of childhood. He did this and gave it expression in artistic form in some of the poems already named; he did it methodically and with philosophic intent in his autobiographic poem *The Prelude*, and also in *The Excursion*. Listen how he speaks of his infancy

even, giving it by anticipation a life separate from mother and nurse. "Was it for this?" he asks, —

"Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst
thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves."

Still more minutely does he disclose the consciousness of childhood in his record of the mind of the Wanderer in *The Excursion*, in the lines beginning: —

"From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak
In summer tended cattle on the hills."

It may be said that in all this Wordsworth is simply rehearsing and expanding an exceptional experience; that his recollection of his own childhood passed through the alembic of a fervid poetic imagination. Be it so; we are not so much concerned to know how the poet came by this divination, as to know that he should have treated it as universal and common to the period of childhood. Again and again in descriptive poem, in direct address, in indirect allusion, he so uses this knowledge as to forbid us to regard it as peculiar and exceptional in his own view; and a poet's attestation to a universal experience is worth more than any negation which comes from our individual blurred recollection. Wordsworth discovers in childhood the germ of humanity; he sees there thoughts, emotions, activities, sufferings, which are miniatures of the maturer life, — but, he sees more than this and deeper. To him the child is not a pigmy man; it has a life of its own, out of which something even may pass, when childhood is left behind. It is not the ignorant innocence of childhood, the infantile grace, which holds him, but a certain childish possession, in which he

sees a spiritual presence obscured in conscious youth. Lander in one of his *Imaginary Conversations* stoutly asserts a similar fact when he says, "Children are not men or women; they are almost as different creatures, in many respects, as if they never were to be one or the other; they are as unlike as buds are unlike flowers, and almost as blossoms are unlike fruits."¹

In all this again, in this echo of the divine which Wordsworth hears in the voice of childhood, there is reference, psychologically, to his own personal experience. Yet why should we treat that as ruled out of evidence, which only one here and another there acknowledges as a part of his history? Is it not fairer, more reasonable, to take the experience of a profound poet as the basis of spiritual truth than the negative testimony of those whose eyes lack the wondrous power of seeing? In the preface to his ode, *Intimations of Immortality* from the *Recollections of Early Childhood*, Wordsworth declares with great earnestness:—

"To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in advertising here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind, on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere—

‘A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!’

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that my difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of

¹ Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa.

the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in my own immaterial nature. Many times, while going to school, have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from the abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we all have reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character."

Here Wordsworth defends the philosophy of the poem by making it an induction from his own experience. There will be found many to question its truth because they have no recollections which correspond with the poet's; and others who will claim that the poem is but a fanciful argument in behalf of the philosophic heresy of a preëxistent state. In my judgment, Wordsworth's preface is somewhat misleading by its reference to this theory, although he has furnished hints in the same preface of his more integral thought. As I have noticed before, his artistic presentation is truer and more final than his exegesis. Whoever reads this great ode is aware of the rise and fall of the tide of thought; he hears the poet reasoning with himself; he sees him passing in imagination out of childhood into age, yet constantly recovering himself to fresh perception of the immortality which transcends earthly life. It is visible childhood with its intimation of immortality which brings to the poet, not regret for what is irretrievably lost, but firmer faith in the reality of the unseen and eternal. The confusion into which some have been cast by the ode arises from their bringing to the idea of immortality the time conception; they conceive the poet to be hinting of an indefinite time antedating the child's birth, an indefinite time extending beyond the man's death, whereas Wordsworth's conception of immortality rests in the indestructibility

of spirit by any temporal or earthly conditions, — an indestructibility which even implies an absence of beginning as well as of ending.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy"

he declares. It is the investment of this visible life by an unseen, unfelt, yet real spiritual presence for which he contends, and he maintains that the inmost consciousness of childhood bears witness to this truth; this consciousness fades as the earthly life penetrates the soul, yet it is there and recurs in sudden moments.

"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

In thus connecting childhood with the highest hope of the human race, Wordsworth was repeating the note which twice before had been struck in great epochs of history. This third renaissance was the awaking of the human soul to a sense of the common rights and duties of humanity, the dignity and worth of the Person.

The poetic form, while most perfectly inclosing these divinations of childhood, and especially suited to the presentation of the faint and elusive elements, is less adapted to the philosophic and discursive examination of the subject of childhood. It is, then, an indication of the impression which the idea had made upon men that a prose writer of the period, of singular insight and subtlety, should have given some of his most characteristic thought to an examination of the essential elements of childhood. De Quincey was undoubtedly strongly affected by Wordsworth's treatment of the subject; he has left evidence upon this point. Nevertheless, he appears to have sounded his own mind and appealed to his own memory for additional and corroborative testi-

mony. In his *Suspiria de Profundis*, a sequel to the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, he offers an account of his recollections of infancy, together with many reflections upon the experience which he then underwent. If it be said that the opium-eater was an untrustworthy witness, since his dreaming might well lead him to confuse the subtle workings of a mature mind with the vivid remembrance of one or two striking events of childhood, we may consider that De Quincey's imagination was a powerful one, and capable of interpreting the incidents and emotions brought to it by memory, as a more prosaic mind could not. We are compelled, of course, in all such cases, to submit the testimony of such a man to the judgment of our own reason, but that reason ought, before pronouncing a final verdict, to be educated to perceive the possibilities of a wider range of observation than may have fallen to us individually, and to submit the results to a comparison with known operations of the human mind. Above all, it should be borne in mind that a distinction clearly exists between a child's consciousness and its power of expression. De Quincey himself in a note says with acuteness and justice: —

"The reader must not forget in reading this and other passages that though a child's feelings are spoken of, it is not the child who speaks. I decipher what the child only felt in cipher. And so far is this distinction or this explanation from pointing to anything metaphysical or doubtful, that a man must be grossly unobservant who is not aware of what I am here noticing, not as a peculiarity of this child or that, but as a necessity of all children. Whatsoever in a man's mind blossoms and expands to his own consciousness in mature life must have preëxisted in germ during his infancy. I, for instance, did not, as a child, consciously read in my own deep feelings these ideas. No, not at all; nor was it

possible for a child to do so. I, the child, had the feelings; I, the man, decipher them. In the child lay the hand-writing mysterious to him; in me, the interpretation and the comment."

Assuredly this is reasonable, and since we are looking for the recognition of childhood in literature, we may wisely ask how it presents itself to a man like De Quincey, who had peculiar power in one form of literature—the autobiographic-imaginative. He entitles the first part of his *Suspiria, The Affliction of Childhood*. It is the record of a child's grief, interpreted by the man when he could translate into speech the emotion which possessed him in his early suffering; and near its close, De Quincey, partially summing up his philosophy of the subject, declares:—

"God speaks to children, also, in dreams and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things when made vocal by the truths and services of a national church, God holds communion undisturbed with children. Solitude, though silent as light, is like light the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass: reflex of one solitude, prefiguration of another.

"Deeper than the deepest of solitudes is that which broods over childhood, bringing before it, at intervals,

the final solitude which watches for it, within the gates of death. Reader, I tell you in truth, and hereafter I will convince you of this truth, that for a Grecian child solitude was nothing, but for a Christian child it has become the power of God and the mystery of God. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast and art and art to be! thou, kindling under the touch of Christian revelations, art now transfigured forever, and hast passed from a blank negation into a secret hieroglyphic from God, shadowing in the hearts of infancy the very dimmest of his truths!"

I must refer the reader to the entire chapter for a full exposition of De Quincey's views on this subject. Despite the bravura style which makes us in our soberer days listen a little incredulously to these far-fetched sighs and breathings, the passage quoted bears testimony to that apprehension of childhood which De Quincey shared with Wordsworth. Both of these writers were looked upon in their day as somewhat reactionary in their poetical philosophy; so much the more valuable is their declaration of a poetical and philosophical faith which was fundamentally in unison with the political faith that lay behind the outburst of the French Revolution. The discovery of this new continent of childhood by such explorers of the spiritual world marks the age as distinctly as does the discovery of new lands and explorations in the earlier renaissance. It was indeed one of the great signs of the period ushered in by the French Revolution and the establishment of the American republic, that the bounds of the spiritual world were extended. When poverty and childhood were annexed to the poet's domain, the world of literature and art suddenly became larger.

At such times there are likely to be singular exhibitions of genius, which are ill-understood in contemporary life, but

are perceived by later observers to be part and parcel of the age in which they occur. Something like this may be said of the pictures and poems of William Blake, who was a visionary in a time when a red flame along the horizon made his spiritual fires invisible. He has since been rediscovered, and has been for a generation so potent an influence in English art that we may wisely attend to him, not merely as a person of genius, but as furnishing an illustration of some of the deep things of our subject.

No one acquainted with Blake's work has failed to observe the recurrence of a few types drawn from elemental figures. The lamb, the child, the old man, — these appear and reappear, carrying the prevalent ideas in this artist's imagination. Of all these the child is the most central and emphatic, even as the Songs of Innocence is the most perfect expression of Blake's vision of life. It may be said that in his mind childhood was largely resolvable into infancy, and that when he looked upon a babe, he saw life in its purest form, and that most suggestive of the divine, as in the exquisite cradle song, into which is woven the weeping of the child Jesus for all the human race. The two short antithetical poems, *The Little Boy Lost* and *The Little Boy Found*, reveal the depths which Blake penetrated when engaged in his solitary voyage of discovery to the little known shores of childhood. They have, to be sure, the teasing property of parables, and it would be hard to render them into the unmistakable language of the understanding; but they could be set to music, and like the Duke we exclaim: —

"That strain again! it had a dying fall."

It must always be borne in mind that Blake's contribution to the literature of childhood is through highly idealized forms. It is spiritual or angelic childhood which floats before his eyes, so that the little creatures who dance on

the green, the little chimney sweep, the children filing into St. Paul's, are translated by his visionary power into the images of an essential childhood: they cease to be individual illustrations.

We are told that in the fearful days of the French Revolution there was an eruption from the secret places of Paris of a vast horde of poor, ignorant, and vicious people, who had been kept out of sight by lords and ladies. One may accept the fact as symbolical of that emergence into the light of Christianity of poverty and degradation. The poor had always been with the world, but it is not too much to say that now for the first time did they begin to be recognized as part and parcel of humanity. Wordsworth's poems set the seal upon this recognition. Dickens's novels naturalized the poor in literature, and as in the case of Wordsworth, poverty and childhood went hand in hand.

Dickens, however, though he made a distinct addition to the literature of childhood, rather registered a presence already acknowledged than acted as a prophet of childhood. The great beneficent and humanitarian movement of the century was well under way, and had already found abundant expression in ragged schools and Sunday-schools and in education generally, when Dickens, with his quick reporter's sight, seized upon salient features in this new exhibition of humanity. He was quite aside from the ordinary organized charities, but he was moved by much the same spirit as that which was briskly at work among the poor and the young. He was caught by the current, and his own personal experience was swift to give special direction to his imagination.

Besides innumerable minor references, there are certain childish figures in the multitude of the creations of Dickens, which at once rise to mind, — Paul Dombey, Little Nell, Tiny Tim, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield in his earliest

days, and the Marchioness. Dickens found out very soon that the power to bring tears into the eyes of people was a surer road to success than even the power to amuse. When he was drawing the figures of children, their tenderness, their weakness, their susceptibility presented themselves as the material in which he could skillfully work. Then he used the method which had served him so well in his larger portraiture; he seized upon the significant feature and emphasized it until it became the unmistakable mark of the person. Childhood suggests weakness, and weakness is more apparent when there is a foil of mental prematurity; so he invented the hydrocephalic Paul Dombey. It suggests tenderness; he appealed to an unhesitating sympathy and drew for us Little Nell, intensifying her nature by bringing her into contrast and subtle companionship with her imbecile grandfather. It is the defect of Dickens that by such characters he displayed his skill in morbid conceptions. The little old man in Paul Dombey is not without its prototype in real life, but Dickens appears to have produced it as a type of tender childhood, much as one might select a consumptive for an illustration of extreme refinement. Tiny Tim is a farther illustration of this unhealthy love, on Dickens's part, of that which is affecting through its infirmity. That art is truest which sees children at play or in their mothers' arms, not in hospitals or graveyards. It is the infirmity of humanitarianism and of Dickens, its great exponent, that it regards death as the great fact of life; that it seeks to ward it off as the greatest of evils, and when it comes, hastens to cover it out of sight with flowers. This conception of death is bound up with an overweening sense of the importance of these years of life. There is a nobler way, and literature and art are slowly confessing it, as they devote their strength to that which is eternal in life, not to that which is per-

ishable. Wordsworth's maiden in *We are Seven*, with her simple, unhesitating belief in the continuity of life, the imperishability of the person, holds a surer place in literature than Paul Dombey, who makes the ocean with its tides wait for him to die.

It is only fair to say, however, that the caricature to be found in Dickens is scarcely more violent an extreme to some minds than is the idealism to be found in Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Blake an opposite extreme to minds otherwise constituted. The early life of Wordsworth, passed, as he tells us, in the solitude of nature, explains much of his subsequent attitude toward childhood and youth. It is out of such an experience that *Lucy Gray* was written. In like manner the early life of Dickens discloses something of a nature which reappears afterward in his pictures of childhood. A wounded sensibility is unquestionably the pathetic history of many, and Dickens has contributed to the natural history of childhood a distinct account of this feature.

The first appearance of a new form in literature produces an impression which can never be repeated. However freshly readers in this decade may come to the works of Dickens, it is impossible that they should have the same distinct sensation which men and women had who caught up the numbers of *The Old Curiosity Shop* as they fell from the press for the first time. There can never again be such a lamentation over Little Nell, when men like Jeffrey, a hardened old critic, made no concealment of their tears. Yet I am disposed to think that this does not give a complete account of the phenomenon. Just as Wordsworth's *Alice Fell* is now but one of a procession of forlorn maidens, though at the head of it, so the children of Dickens are merely somewhat more vivid personages in a multitude of childish creations. The child is no longer a novelty either in poetry or in fiction.

It is an accepted character, one of the *dramatis personæ* of literature.

For when all is said of Dickens's work, taken only as the product of a mind singularly gifted with reporting what it has seen, there remains the noticeable fact that scarcely had the echoes died away from the voice of Wordsworth, who ushered in the literature of the new age, when a great man of the people came forward, in the person of Dickens, and found it the most natural thing in the world to give men pictures of child-life, and that after the first surprise attendant upon novelty was over, writers of all sorts were busy modeling these small figures.

The child once introduced into literature, the significance of its appearance thereafter is not so much in individual instances as in the general and familiar acceptance of the phenomenon. At least so it appears from our near view. It is not impossible that later students may perceive notes in our literature of more meaning than we now surmise. They may understand better than we why Tennyson should have made a babe the heroine of *The Princess*, as he acknowledges to Mr. Dawson that he did, though only one or two critics had discovered the fact, and why Mr. Swinburne, who is supposed to scoff at a literature *virginibus puerisque*, should have devoted so much of his lyric energy to childhood. The stream which ran with so broken a course down to Wordsworth has spread now into a broad, full river. Childhood is part and parcel of every poet's material; children play in and out of fiction, and readers are accustomed to meeting them in books, and to finding them often as finely discriminated by the novelist as are their elders.

Meanwhile from the time when childhood was newly discovered, that is to say, roughly, in the closing years of the last century, there has been a literature in process of formation which has

for its audience children themselves. I called attention briefly, at the beginning of this series of papers, to the interesting fact that there was a correlation in time, at least, between childhood in literature and a literature for children. A nearer study of the literature of this century shows very clearly that while the great constructive artists have been making room for the figures of infancy and youth, and even consciously explaining their presence, a host of minor writers, without much thought of art, have been busy over the same figures for other purposes. Not only so, but in several instances the great artists themselves have distinctly turned aside from their ordinary audience and appealed directly to children.

Where was the child in English literature before Goldsmith? and where before Goldsmith's time was there a book for children? There have been, it is true, nursery tales in all ages; ditties, and songs, and lullabies; unwritten stories, which mothers in England told when they themselves could have read nothing; but there came a time when children were distinctly recognized as the occasion of formal literature, when authors and publishers began to heed a new public. It was impossible that there should be this discovery of childhood without a corresponding effort on the part of men and women to get at it, and to hold very direct intercourse with it.

By a natural instinct writers for children began at once to write about children. They were moved by educational rather than by artistic impulses, so that their creations were subordinate to the lessons which they conveyed. During the period when Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, and Blake were idealizing childhood, and seeing in it artistic possibilities, there flourished a school of writing for the young which also dealt with childhood, but with a sturdy realism. This school had its representa-

tives in Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Day, the Aikens, Maria Edgeworth, Ann and Jane Taylor, and holds a place still with *Evenings at Home*, *The Parent's Assistant*, *Hymns in Prose for Children*, *Hymns for Infant Minds*, Frank, and Sandford and Merton. The characteristics of this literature are simple, and will be recalled by many who dwell with an affectionate and regretful regard upon books which they find it somewhat difficult to persuade their children to read.

These books were didactic; they assumed in the main the air of wise teachers; they were sometimes condescending; they appealed to the understanding rather than to the imagination of the child, and they abounded in stores of useful information upon all manner of subjects. They contained precursors of a long series of juvenile monitors, and the grandfathers who knew Mr. Barlow had children who knew Mr. Holiday, Rollo, Jonas, and Mr. George, and grandchildren who may be suspected of an acquaintance with Mr. Bodley and his much traveled and very inquisitive family.

Yet, the earlier works, though now somewhat antiquated, were not infrequently lively and even humorous in their portraiture of children. They were written in the main out of a sincere interest in the young, and by those who were accustomed to watch the unfolding of childish nature. If they reflected a somewhat formal relation between the old and the young, it must be remembered that the actual relation was a formal one; that the young had not yet come into familiar and genial relation with the old. Indeed, the books themselves were somewhat revolutionary in a small way. Much that seems stiff and even unnatural to us now was quite easy and colloquial to their first readers, and in their eagerness to lure children into ways of pleasant instruction, the authors broke down

something of the reserve which existed between fathers and sons in the English life which they portrayed. Yet we cannot help being struck by the contrast between the sublimated philosophy of Wordsworth and the prosaic applications of the Edgeworth school. Heaven lies about us in our infancy? Oh, yes, a heaven that is to be looked at through a spy-glass and explained by means of a home-made orrery. It would seem as if the spirit of childhood had been discerned with all its inherent capacity, but that the actual children of this matter-of-fact world had not yet been fairly seen by the light of this philosophy.

The literature which we are considering was indeed a serious attempt at holding intercourse with childish minds. It had the embarrassment of beginnings; there was about it an uncertain groping in the dark of childhood, and it was desperately theory-ridden. But it had also the mark of sincerity, and one feels in reading it that the writers were genuinely indifferent in most cases to the figure they might be cutting before the world; they were bent upon reaching this audience, and were unobservant of the larger world behind. In most cases, I say. I suspect that Mrs. Barbauld, with her solemn dullness, was the victim of a notion that she was producing a new order of literature, and in this she was encouraged by a circle of older readers; the children probably stared at her with sufficient calmness to keep her ignorant of their real thoughts.

How real literature looked upon the dusty high-road laid out across the fields by some of these writers may be read in the letters of the day. Coleridge jibed at that "pleonasm of nakedness," Mrs. Bare-bald, and Lamb in a letter to Coleridge speaks his mind with refreshing frankness: "Goody Two Shoes," he says, "is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newberry's hardly deigned

to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B.'s and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learned that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think of what you would have been now, if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history! Hang them! I mean the cursed reasoning crew, those blights and blasts of all that is human in man and child." Yet Lamb and his sister both took a lively interest in genuine books for the young, and their own contributions have, alas! gone the way, for the most part, of other worn-out literature. It was mainly as a direct educative power that this new interest in children first found expression; with it, however, was mingled a more artistic purpose, and the two streams of tendency have ever since been recognizable, sometimes separate, oftener combined. The Lambs' own work was illustrative of this union of the didactic and the artistic. It is outside the scope of these articles to dwell at length upon this phase of literature. It is enough to point out the fact that there is a distinct class of books which has grown up quite within the memory of men now living. It is involved with industrial and commercial interests; it invites the attention of authors, and the infrequent criticism of reviewers; it has its own subdivisions like the larger litera-

ture; it boasts of cyclopædias and commentaries; it includes histories, travels, poems, works in science, theological treatises. It is a distinct principality of the Kingdom of Letters. It is idle to complain of the present abundance of children's books, as if somebody were to blame for it. There has been no conspiracy of publishers and authors. It is worse than folly to look with contempt upon the movement; the faithful student will seek rather to study this new force, and if possible to guide it into right channels.

The distinction between books for the young and books for the old is a somewhat arbitrary one, and many have discovered for themselves and their children that instead of one poor corner of literature being fenced off for the lamb, planted with tender grass which is quickly devoured, and with many medicinal but disagreeable herbs which are nibbled at when the grass is gone, the whole wide pasture land is their native home, and the grass more tender where fresh streams flow than it possibly can be in the paddock, however carefully planted and watched. This community of possession is more recognizable in the higher than in the lower forms of literature. It is still more clear in pictorial art. Art is by its nature more closely representative of childhood than literature can be, and Gainsborough and Reynolds made no innovation when they painted children, although the latter, by his evident partiality for these subjects, does indicate a susceptibility to the new knowledge which was coming upon the world. There are other influences which reinforce the artistic pleasure, such as the domestic sense, the pride of family, the ease of procuring unconscious models. No one can visit an English exhibition of paintings without being struck by the extraordinary number of subjects taken from childhood. It is in this field that Millais has won famous laurels,

and when the great body of book illustrations is scanned, what designs have half the popularity of Doyle's fairies and Miss Greenaway's idyllic children? I sometimes wonder and speculate why this should be the case in England, while in America, the paradise of children, there is a conspicuous absence of these subjects from our galleries.

When all is said, what is the meaning of this movement in literature and art and education? How are we to account for this new advent of the child and for this multitudinous illustration of the subject in great and in little ways? for Wordsworth and the latest contributor to a child's magazine have something in common which was wanting in earlier art. There seems something half grotesque in speaking of childhood and the French Revolution in one breath, but I think that the incongruity is only superficial. There is a close, a vital connection; the perception that the child had divine relationships was one form of the new consciousness of the worth and dignity of man; the sense of the child's need was a part of that new cry for the rights of man. Above and beyond the accidents of social life the man stood revealed to the opening understanding. The fierce democracy of the French Revolution was a wild, passionate bursting of old bonds, but beneath all the turbulence of the period one may discover the solemn, resistless movement of the idea of essential equality, which has become the latest birth in the soul of man. Again, as before, those who took heed might find the new truth which was intoxicating men to be but a new reading of the eternal principle which had been declared by the Son of Man.

"A man 's a man for a' that,"

rings out as the refrain of the songs of the time, but the whole life of the Christ had been in witness to it. To make good this vision of equality has been

the struggle of the nations ever since, and in it is involved the conception of childhood as possessing rights and claims. It is true that the tares have grown up with the wheat, and an insolent, braggart counterfeit of equality, which in reality is an assumption of superiority for the base and ignoble, has challenged the honor of men. So, too, in this confused, struggling development of the principle, there has been a conspicuous travesty of childhood, and we have been forced to see a vulgar, noisy youth which elbows age out of the way, and a thoughtless, indulgent generation which suffers itself to be overridden by a pushing, precocious crowd of the young. These things are sufficiently reflected in books, and we are too well acquainted with the offensive young American, whose speech is as slovenly as his morals, and whose feverish imitation of maturity indicates the utter ignorance of what youth means on the part of the literary copyist who has transplanted the living objects into the pages of his books.

These coarse travesties of a true equality and freedom should not blind our sight to that which is genuine and abiding. We turn again to a childhood which represents the hopes and wishes of men, a childhood which retains the gift of heaven, and is constantly inspiring men with the promise of a better life for this world. It is noticeable that a philosophy of the day, which professes to have gone beyond the bounds of Christianity, is disposed to rest its hopes in children, and to find in them the immortality which it has cast off for itself. The instinct by which we turn to childhood is as old as the human race, but this age has embodied its hopes and its labors in the child with a passionate earnestness. We are told that when the Christ was on earth mothers brought their children to him to bless; that his disciples would have thrust them back as out of place, but that he forbade

them, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The mothers of that day did not need

the word; they never have needed it, but to-day I think we may say that the disciples also have come into some recognition of the truth.

Horace E. Scudder.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

XXX.

On the mantelpiece of the little lodging-house drawing-room in Half Moon Street, supported against the gilt group that decorated the timepiece, was a note containing an invitation. "Why, here is the whirl beginning already," Mrs. Warrender said. "Don't you feel that you are in the vortex, Chatty?" Her mother laughed, and was a little excited even by this mild matter; but Chatty did not feel any excitement. To the elder woman, the mere sense of the population about her, the hurry in the street, the commotion in the air, was an excitement. She would have liked to go out at once, to walk about, to get into a hansom like a man, and drive through the streets, and see the lights and the glimmer of the shops, and the crowds of people. To be within reach of all that movement and rapidity went into her veins like wine. After the solitude and silence of so many years, — nothing but the rustle of the leaves, the patter of the rain, the birds or the wind in the branches, and the measured voices, indoors, to vary the quiet, — the roar of Piccadilly mingling with everything was a sort of music to this woman. To many others, perhaps the majority, the birds and breezes would be the thing to long for; but Mrs. Warrender was one of the people who love a town and all that seems like a larger life in the collection together of many human lives. Whether it is so or not is another question, or if the massing to-

gether of a multitude of littles ever can make a greatness. It seems to do so, which is enough for most people; and though the accustomed soul is aware that no desert can be more lone than London, to the unaccustomed its very murmur sounds like a general consent of humanity to go forth and do more than is possible in any other circumstances. It is the constitution of the ear which determines what it hears. For Chatty took the commotion rather the other way. She said, "One can't hear one's self speak," and wanted to close the windows. But Mrs. Warrender liked the very noise.

The dinner to which they were invited was in Curzon Street, in a house which was small in reality, but made the most of every inch of its space, and which was clothed and curtained and decorated in a manner which made the country people open their eyes. The party was very small, their hostess said; but it would have been a very large party at the Warren, where all the rooms were twice as big. Chatty was a little fluttered by her first party in London; but it did not appear in her aspect, which was always composed and simple, not demanding any one's regard, yet giving to people who were *blasé* or tired of being attracted (as sometimes happens) a sense of repose and relief. She must have been more excited, however, than was at all usual with her; for though she thought she had remarked everybody in the dim drawing-room, — where the ladies in their pretty toilets

and the men in their black coats stood about in a perplexing manner, chiefly against the light, which made it difficult to distinguish them, instead of sitting down all round the room, which in the country would have seemed the natural way,—it proved that there was one very startling exception, one individual, at least, whom she had not remarked. She went down to dinner with a gentleman, whose name of course she did not make out, and whose appearance, she thought, was exactly the same as that of half the other gentlemen in the procession down the narrow staircase. Chatty, indeed, made disparaging reflections to herself as to society in general, on this score; the thought flashing through her mind that in the country there was more difference between even one curate and another (usually considered the most indistinguishable class) than between these men of Mayfair. She was a little bewildered, too, by the appearance of the dining-room, for at that period the *diner à la Russe* was just beginning to establish itself in England, and a thicket of flowers upon the table was novel to Chatty, filling her first with admiration, then with a little doubt whether it would not be better to see the people more distinctly on the other side. Dinner had gone on a little way, and her companion had begun to put the usual questions to her about where she had been, and where she was going, questions to which Chatty, who had been nowhere, and had not as yet one other invitation (which feels a little humiliating when you hear of all the great things that are going on), could make but little reply, when suddenly, in one of the pauses of the conversation, she was aware of a laugh, which made her start slightly, and opened up an entirely new interest in this as yet not very exciting company. It was like the opening of a window to Chatty: it seemed to let in pure air, new light. And yet it was only a laugh, no more. She looked about her with a little

eagerness, and then it was that she began to find the flowers and the ferns, which had filled her with enthusiasm a moment before, to be rather in the way.

"I suppose you go to the Row every morning," said her entertainer. "Don't you find that always the first thought when one comes to town? You ride, of course. Oh, why not in the Row? there is nothing alarming about it. A little practice, that is all that is wanted, to know how to keep your horse in hand. But you hunt? then you are all right and can ride anywhere"—

"Oh no, we never hunted." It struck Chatty with a little surprise to be talked to as if she had a stud at her command. Should she tell him that this was a mistake; that there were only two horses beside Theo's, and that Minnie and she had once had a pony between them—which was very different from hunting, or having nerve to ride in the Row? Chatty found afterwards that horses and carriages, and unbounded opportunities of amusing yourself, and a familiar acquaintance with the entire peerage were always taken for granted in conversation whenever you dined out; but at first she was unacquainted with this peculiarity and did not feel quite easy in her mind about allowing it to be supposed that she was so much greater a person. Her little hesitations, however, as to how she should reply, and the pause she made when she heard that laugh, arrested the current of her companion's talk, and made it necessary for her, to her own alarm, to originate a small observation, which, as often happens to a shy speaker, occurred just at the moment when there was a lull in the general talk. What she said was, "Do you ride often in the Row?" in a voice which though very soft was quite audible. Chatty retired into herself with the sensation of having said something very ridiculous when she caught a glance or two of amusement, and heard a suppressed titter from somebody on

the other side of the fashionable young man to whom she had addressed this very innocent question. She thought it was at her they were laughing, whereas the fact was that Chatty was supposed by those who heard her to be a satirist of more than usual audacity, setting down a coxcomb with deserved but ruthless contempt. Naturally she knew nothing of this, and blushed crimson at her evidently foolish remark, and drew back in great confusion, not conscious even of the stumbling reply. She was almost immediately conscious, however, of a face which suddenly appeared on the other side of the table round the corner of a bouquet of waving ferns, lit up with smiles of pleasure and eager recognition. "Oh, Mr. Cavendish! then it was you," she said, unawares; but the tumult of the conversation had arisen again, and it seemed very doubtful whether her exclamation could have reached his ear.

When the gentlemen came upstairs, Chatty endeavored to be looking very earnestly the other way; not to look as if she expected him; but Dick found his way to her immediately. "I can't think how I missed you before. I should have tried hard for the pleasure of taking you down, had I known you were here," he said, with that look of interest which was the natural expression in his eyes when he addressed a woman. "When did you come to town, and where are you staying? I do not know anything that has been going on, I have heard nothing of you all for so long. There must be quite a budget of news."

Chatty faltered a little, feeling that Mr. Cavendish had never been so intimate in the family as these questions seemed to imply. "The Wilberforces were quite well when we left," she said, with the honesty of her nature, for to be sure it was the Wilberforces rather than the Warrenders who were his friends.

"Oh, never mind the Wilberforces,"

he said; "tell me something about you."

"There is something to tell about us, for a wonder," said Chatty. "My sister Minnie is just married: but perhaps you would hear of that?"

"I think I saw it in the papers, and was very glad" — here he stopped and did not finish his sentence. A more experienced person than Chatty would have perceived that he meant to express his satisfaction that it was not she: but Chatty had no such insight.

"Yes, he has a curacy quite near, for the moment, and he will have an excellent living, and it is a very nice marriage. We came to town for a little change, mamma and I."

"That is delightful news. And Theo? I have not heard from Theo for ages. Is he left behind by himself?"

"Oh! Theo is very well. Theo is — Oh, I did not mean to say anything about that."

Chatty did not know why she was so completely off her guard with Dick Cavendish. She had almost told him everything before she was aware.

"Not in any trouble I hope? Don't let me put indiscreet questions."

"It is not that. There is nothing indiscreet: only I forgot that we had not meant to say anything."

"I am so very sorry," cried Cavendish. "You must not think I would ask what you don't wish to tell me."

"But I should like to tell you," said Chatty, "only I don't know what mamma will say. I will tell her it came out before I knew, and you must not say anything about it, Mr. Cavendish."

"Not a syllable, not even to your mother. It shall be something between you and me."

The way in which this was said made Chatty's eyes droop for a moment: but what a pleasure it was to tell him! She could not understand herself. She was not given to chatter about what happened in the family, and Dick was

not so intimate with Theo that he had a right to know; but still it was delightful to tell him. "We don't know whether to be glad or sorry," she said. "It is that perhaps Theo, after a while, is going to marry."

"That is always interesting," said Dick; but he took the revelation calmly. "What a lucky fellow! No need to wait upon fortune, like the rest of us. To marry — whom? Do I know the lady? I hope she is all that can be desired."

"Oh, Mr. Cavendish, that is just the question. There is mamma coming; perhaps she will tell you herself, which would be so much better than if you heard it from me."

Mrs. Warrender came up at this moment, very glad to see him, and quite willing to disclose their number in Half Moon Street, and to grant a gracious permission that he should call and be "of use," as he offered to be. "I am not a gentleman at large, like Warrender: I am a toiling slave, spending all my life in Lincoln's Inn. But in the evening I can spare a little time — and occasionally at other moments," he added, with a laugh, "when I try. A sufficient motive is the great thing. And of course you will want to go to the play, and the opera, and all that is going on."

"Not too much," said Mrs. Warrender. "The air of London is almost enough at first. But come, and we shall see."

She said nothing, however, about Theo, nor was there any chance of saying more. But when Cavendish took Chatty downstairs to put her in the carriage (only a cab, but that is natural to country people in town), he hazarded a whisper as they went downstairs, "Remember there is still something to tell me." "Oh, yes," she replied, "but mamma herself, I am sure" — "No," he said, "she has nothing to do with it. It is between you and me." This little conference made her wonderfully bright

and smiling when she took her place beside her mother. She did not say anything for a time, but when the cab turned into Piccadilly, with its long lines of lights, — an illumination which is not very magnificent now, and was still less magnificent then, but new and fine to Chatty, accustomed to little more guidance through the dark than that which is given by the light of a lantern or the oil lamp in Mrs. Bagley's shop, — she suddenly said, "Well! London is very pleasant!" as if that was a fact of which she was the first discoverer.

"Is it not?" said her mother, who was far more disinterested and had not had her judgment biased by any whisper on the stairs. "I am very glad that you like it, Chatty. That will make my pleasure complete."

"Oh, who could help liking it, mamma?" She blushed a little when she said this, but the night was kind and covered it; and how could Mrs. Warrender divine that this gentle enthusiasm related to the discovery of what Chatty called a friend among so many strangers, and not to the mere locality in which this meeting had taken place. Who could help liking it? To be talked to *like that*, with eyes that said more than even the words, with that sudden look of pleasure, with the delightful little mystery of a special confidence between them, and with the prospect of meetings hereafter, — who could tell how many? — of going to the play. Chatty laughed under her breath with pleasure in the thought. It was a most admirable idea to come to London. After all, whatever Minnie might say, there was nobody for understanding how to make people happy like mamma!

Dick's sensations were not so innocent nor so sweet. He walked home to his chambers, smoking his cigar, and chewing the cud of fancy, which was more bitter than sweet. What right

had he to bend over that simple girl, to lay himself out to please her, to speak low in her ear? Dick knew, unfortunately too well, what was apt to come of such a beginning. Without being more of a coxcomb than was inevitable, he was aware that he had a way of pleasing women. And he had a perception that Chatty was ready to be pleased, and that he himself wished — oh, very much, if he dared — to please her. In these circumstances it was perfectly evident that he should peremptorily take himself out of all possibility of seeing Chatty. But this was utterly contrary to the manner in which he had greeted her, the fervor with which he had immediately flung himself into the affairs of the family. It was his occupation as he walked home to defend and excuse himself for this to himself. In the first place, which was perfectly true, he had not known at all that the Warrenders were to be of the party; he had thus fallen into the snare quite innocently, without any fault of his. Had he known, he might have found an excuse and kept away. But then he asked himself, why in the name of Heaven should he have kept away? Was he so captivating a person that it would be dangerous to Miss Warrender to meet him — once; or such a fool as to be unable to meet a young lady whom he admired — once, without harm coming of it? To be sure he had gone further: he had thrown himself, as it were, at the feet of the ladies, with enthusiasm, and had made absurd offers of himself to be “of use.” There could be no doubt that as things stood this was mad enough, and culpable, too; but it was done without premeditation, by impulse, as he was too apt to act, especially in such matters; and it could be put a stop to. He was pledged to call, it was true; but that might be once, and no more. And then there was the play, the opera, to which he had pledged himself to attend them; once there could

not do much harm, either. Indeed, so long as he maintained, which he ought to do always, full control over himself, what harm could it do to be civil to Theo Warrender’s mother and sister, who were, so to speak, after a sort, old friends? He was not such an ass (he said to himself) as to think that Chatty was at his disposal if he should lift up his finger; and there was her mother to take care of her; and they were not people to be asking each other what he “meant,” as two experienced women of society might do. Both mother and daughter were very innocent; they would not think he meant anything except kindness. And if he could not take care of himself, it was a pity! Thus in the course of his reflections Dick found means to persuade himself that there was nothing culpable in pursuing the way which was pleasant, which he wanted to pursue; a result which unfortunately very often follows upon reflection. The best way in such an emergency is not to reflect, but to turn and fly at once. But that, he said to himself, not without some complaisance, would be impulse, which he had just concluded to be a very bad thing. It was impulse which had got him into the scrape; he must trust to something more stable to get him out.

In the course of his walking, and, indeed, before these thoughts had gone very far, he found himself at the corner of Half Moon Street, and turned along with the simple purpose of seeing which was No. 22. There were lights in several windows, and he lingered a moment, wondering which might be Chatty’s. Then with a stamp of his foot, a laugh of utter self-ridicule, which astounded the passing cabmen (for he was not surely such a confounded sentimental ass as *that*), he turned on his heel and went straight home without lingering anywhere. It was hard upon him that he should be such a fool; that he should not be able to restrain him-

self from making idiotic advances, which he could never follow out, and for a mere impulse place himself at the mercy of fate! But he would not be led by impulse now, in turning his back. It should be reason that should be his guide, reason and reflection and a calm working out of the problem, how far and no further he could with safety go.

And yet if it had been possible that he could have availed himself of the anxiety of his family to get "a nice girl" to take an interest in him, where could there be a nicer girl than Chatty? There were prettier girls, but as for beauty, that was not a thing to be spoken of at all in the matter. Beauty is rare, and it is often (in Dick's opinion) attended by qualities not so agreeable. It is often inanimate, apt to rest upon its natural laurels, to think it does enough when it consents to look beautiful. He did not go in, himself, for the sublime. But to see the light come over Chatty's face as if the sun had suddenly broken out in the sky; to see the pleased surprise in her eyes as she lifted them quickly, without any affectation, in all the sweetness of nature! She was not clever either; all that she said was very simple. She was easily pleased, not looking out for wit as some girls do, or insisting upon much brilliancy in conversation. In short, if he had been writing a poem or a song about her (with much secret derision he recognized that to be the sort of thing of which in the circumstances foolish persons were capable), the chief thing that it occurred to him any one could say was that she was Chatty. And quite enough, too! he added, to himself, with a curious warmth under his waistcoat, which was pleasant. Was n't there a song that went like that? Though this was fair, and that was something else, and a third was so-and-so, yet none of them was Mary Something-or-other. He was aware that the verse was not very correctly quoted, but that was the gist of

it; and a very sensible fellow, too, was the man who wrote it, whoever he might be.

With this admirable conclusion, showing how much reason and reflection had done for him, Dick Cavendish wound up the evening — and naturally called at 22 Half Moon Street, next day.

XXXI.

Dick Cavendish called at Half Moon Street next day, and found the ladies just returned from a walk, and a little tired and very glad to see a friendly face, which his was in the most eminent degree. They had been out shopping, that inevitable occupation of women, and they had been making calls, and informing their few acquaintances of their arrival. Mrs. Benson, at whose house the dinner had been, was one of the few old friends with whom Mrs. Warrender was in habits of correspondence, and thus had known of their coming beforehand. Dick found himself received with the greatest cordiality by Mrs. Warrender, and by Chatty with an air of modest satisfaction which was very sweet. Mrs. Warrender was desirous of a little guidance in their movements, and took so sincerely his offer to be of use that Dick found no means at all of getting out of it. Indeed, when it came to that, he was by no means so sure that it was necessary to get out of it, as when he had begun his reflections on the subject. He even proposed — why not? — that they should all go to the play that very evening, there being nothing else on hand. In those days the theatre was not so popular an institution as at present, and it was not necessary to engage places for weeks in advance. This sudden rush, however, was too much for the inexperienced country lady. "We are not going to be so prodigal as that," she said, "it would deprive us of all the pleasure of thinking about it: and as

everything is more delightful in anticipation than in reality" —

"Oh, mamma!" said Chatty, shocked by this pessimistic view.

"And what am I to do with myself all the evening," said Dick, with mock dismay, "after anticipating this pleasure all day? If anticipation is the best part of it, you will allow that disappointment after anticipation is doubly" —

"If you have nothing better to do, stay and dine with us," Mrs. Warrender said. This proposal made Chatty look up with pleasure, and then look down again lest she should show more than was expedient how glad she was. And Dick, who had reflected and decided that to call once and go to the theatre once could do no harm, accepted with enthusiasm, without even pausing to ask himself whether to dine with them once might be added without further harm to his roll of permissions. The dinner was a very commonplace, lodging-house dinner, and Chatty got out her muslin work afterwards, and had a quiet industrious evening, very much like her evenings at home. She was like a picture of domestic happiness personified, as she sat in the light of the lamp with her head bent over her work, the movement of her arm making a soft rustle as she worked. She wore a muslin gown after the fashion of the time, which was not in itself a beautiful fashion, but pretty enough for the moment, and her hair, which was light brown, fell in little curls over her soft cheek. She looked up now and then, while the others talked, turning from one to another, sometimes saying a word, most frequently with only a smile or look of assent. Let us talk as we will of highly educated women and of mental equality and a great many other fine things: but as a matter of fact, this gentle auditor and sympathizer, intelligent enough to understand without taking much part, is a more largely accepted symbol of what the woman ought to be than anything more prominent and in-

dividual. Just so Eve sat and listened when Adam discoursed with the angel, putting by in her mind various questions to ask when that celestial but rather long-winded visitor was gone. Perhaps this picture is not quite harmonious with the few facts in our possession in respect to our first mother, and does scant justice to that original-minded woman: but the type has seized hold upon the imagination of mankind. Dick thought of it vaguely, as he looked (having secured a position in which he could do so without observation) at this impersonation of the woman's part. He thought if another fellow should look in*for a talk, which was his irreverent way of describing to himself the visit of the angel, it would be highly agreeable to have her there listening, and to clear up the knotty points for her when they should be alone. He had little doubt that Eve would have an opinion of her own, very favorable to *his* way of stating the subject, and would not mind criticising the other fellow, with a keen eye for any little point of possible ridicule. He kept thinking this as he talked to Mrs. Warrender, and also that the little cluster of curls was pretty, and the bend of her head, and, indeed, everything about her; not striking, perhaps, or out of the common, but most soothing and sweet.

And next evening, having had those pleasures of anticipation which Mrs. Warrender thought so much of, he went with them to the play, and spent an exceedingly pleasant evening, pointing out such people as he knew (who were anybody) to Mrs. Warrender between the acts, and enjoying the sight of Chatty's absorption in the play, which made it twice as interesting to himself. The play was one in which there was a great deal of pretty love-making along with melodramatic situations of an exciting kind. The actors, except one, were not of sufficient reputation to interest any reader save those with a special inclination to the study of the stage. But

though it was on the very highest level, there was a great deal in it that thrilled this young man and woman sitting next to each other, and already vaguely inclined towards each other in that first chapter of mutual attraction which is, perhaps, in its vagueness and irresponsibility the most delightful of all. Dick would have laughed at the idea of feeling himself somehow mixed up with the lover on the stage, who was not only a good actor, but a much handsomer fellow than he was; but Chatty had no such feeling, and with a blush and quiver felt herself wooed in that romantic wooing, with a half sense that the lights should be lowered and nobody should see, and at the same time an enchantment in the sight which only that sense of a personal share in it could have given.

After this beginning Dick's reflections went to the wind. He felt injured when he found that, not knowing their other friends in town, he had no invitation to accompany them, when those persons did their duty by their country acquaintances, and asked them, one to dinner, another — oh, happiness to Chatty — to a dance. But it did not turn out unmingled happiness for Chatty after all, though she got a new dress for it, in which she looked prettier (her mother thought, who was no flattering mother) than she had ever done in her life. Mrs. Warrender saw the awakening in Chatty's face which gave to her simple good looks a something higher, a touch of finer development; but the mother neither deceived herself as to the cause of this, nor was at all alarmed by it. Dick was a quite suitable match for Chatty; he was well connected, he was not poor, he was taking up his profession, if somewhat late, yet with good prospects. If there had been escapades in his youth, these were happily over, and as his wild oats had been sown on the other side of the Atlantic, no one knew anything about them. Why, then, should she be

alarmed to see that Chatty opened like a flower to the rising of this light which was on Dick, too, so evident as to be unmistakable? In such circumstances as these the course of true love would be the better of a little obstacle or two; the only difficulty was that it might run too smooth. Mrs. Warrender thought that perhaps it was well to permit such a little fret in the current as this dance proved to be. She could have got Dick an invitation had she pleased, but was hard-hearted and refrained. Chatty did not enjoy it. She said (with truth) that there was very little room for dancing; that to sit outside upon the stairs with a gentleman you did not know, among a great many other girls and men whom you did not know, was not her idea of a ball; and that if this was the London way, she liked a dance in the country much better. The time when she did enjoy it was next day, when she gave her impressions of it to Dick, who exulted, as having not been there, secretly over Mrs. Warrender, who would not have him asked. Chatty grew witty in the excitement of her little revenge on society and fate, which had drifted her into that strange country without the ever ready aid to which she had grown accustomed of "some one she knew." "Yes, I danced," she said, "now and then, as much as we could. It was not Lady Ascot's fault, mamma; she introduced a great many gentlemen to me: but sometimes I could not catch their names, and when I did, how was I to remember which was Mr. Herbert and which was Mr. Sidney, when I had never seen either of them before? and gentlemen," she added, with a little glance (almost saucy: Chatty had developed so much) at Dick, "are so like each other in London."

At which Dick laughed, not without gratification, with a secret consciousness that though this little arrow was apparently leveled at him, he was the exception to the rule, the one man who

was recognizable in any crowd. "Yes," he said, "we should wear little labels with our names. I have heard that suggested before."

"They put down initials on my programme—I don't know what half of them meant: and I suppose they came and looked for me when the dance was going to begin, or perhaps in the middle of the dance, or towards the end; they did n't seem to be very particular," proceeded Chatty, with a certain exhilaration in the success of her description. "And how were they to find me among such a lot of girls? I saw two or three prowling about looking for me."

"And never made the smallest sign?"

"Oh, it is not the right thing for a girl to make any sign, is it, mamma? One can't say, Here I am! If they don't manage to find you, you must just put up with it, though you may see them prowling all the time. It is tiresome when you want very much to dance; but when you are indifferent"—

"The pleasures of society are all for the indifferent," said Dick; "everything comes to you, so the wise people say, when you don't care for it: but my brothers, who are dancing men, don't know how malicious ladies are, who make fun of their prowling. I shall remember it next time when I can't find my partner, and imagine her laughing at me in a corner."

"The amusement is after," said Chatty, with candor. "It is funny now when I think of it, but it seemed stupid at the time. I don't think I shall care to go to a dance in London again."

But as she said these words there escaped a mutual glance from two pairs of eyes, one of which said in the twitching of an eyelash, "Unless I am there!" while the other, taken unawares, gave an answer in a soft flash, "Ah, if you were there!" But there was nothing said: and Mrs. Warrender, though full of observation, never noticed this tele-

graphic, or shall we say heliographic, communication at all.

This little hindrance only made them better friends. They made expeditions to Richmond, where Dick took the ladies out on the river; to Windsor and Eton, where Theo and he had both been to school. Long before now he had been told the secret about Theo, which in the mean time had become less and less of a secret, though even now it was not formally made known. Lady Markland! Dick had been startled by the news, though he declared afterwards that he could not tell why: for that it was the most natural thing in the world. Had not they been thrown together in all kinds of ways; had not Theo been inevitably brought into her society, almost compelled to see her constantly?

"The compulsion was of his own making," Mrs. Warrender said. "Perhaps Lady Markland, with more experience, should have perceived what it was leading to."

"It is so difficult to tell what anything is leading to, especially in such matters. What may be but a mutual attraction one day becomes a bond that never can be broken the next."

Dick's voice changed while he was speaking. Perhaps he was not aware himself of the additional gravity in it, but his audience were instantly aware. That was the evening they had gone to Richmond; the softest summer evening, twilight just falling; Chatty, very silent, absorbed (as appeared) in the responsibilities of steering; the conversation going on entirely between her mother and Dick, who sat facing them, pulling long, slow, meditative strokes. Even when one is absorbed by the responsibilities of the steerage, one can enter into all the lights and shades of a conversation kept up by two other people, almost better than they can do themselves.

"That is true in some cases. Not in Theo's, I think. It seems to me that he

gave himself over from the first. I am not sure that I think her a very attractive woman."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" from Chatty, in an undertone.

"I am not talking of looks. She has a good deal of power about her, she will not be easily swayed; and after having suffered a great deal in her first marriage, I think she has very quickly developed the power of acting for herself, which some women never attain."

"So much the better," said Dick. "Theo does n't want a puppet of a wife."

"But he wants a wife who will give in to him," said Mrs. Warrender, slightly shaking her head.

"I suppose we all do that, in theory: then glide into domestic servitude, and like it, and find it the best for us."

"Let us hope you will do that," she said with a smile; "but not Theo, I fear. He has been used to be made much of. The only boy in a family I fear is always spoiled. You have brothers, Mr. Cavendish:—and he has a temper which is a little difficult."

"Oh, mamma!" from Chatty again. "Theo is always kind."

"That does not make much difference, my dear. When a young man is accustomed to be given in to, it is easy to be kind. But when he meets for the first time one who will not give in, who will hold her own. I do not blame her for that; she is in a different position from a young girl."

"And how is it all to be settled?" asked Dick; "where are they to live? how about the child?"

"All these questions make my heart sink. He is not in the least prepared to meet them. Her name even; she will of course keep her name."

"That always seems a little absurd: that a woman should keep her own name, as they do more or less everywhere but in England, yes:—well, a Frenchwoman says *née* So-and-so; an

Italian does something still more distinct than that, I am not quite clear what. That's quite reasonable, I think: for why should she wipe out her own individuality altogether when she marries? But to keep one husband's name when you are married to another" —

"It is because of the charm of the title. I suppose when a woman has been once called my lady, she objects to coming down from those heights. But I think if I were a man, I should not like it, and Theo will not like it. At the same time there is her son, you know, to be considered. I don't like complications in marriages. They bring enough trouble without that."

"Trouble!" cried Dick, in a tone of lively protest, which was a little fictitious. And Chatty, although she did not say anything, gave her mother a glance.

"Yes, trouble. It breaks as many ties as it makes. How much shall I see of Theo, do you think, when this marriage takes place? and yet by nature you would say I had some right to him. Oh, I do not complain. It is the course of nature. And Minnie is gone; she is entering into all the interests of the Thynnes, by this time, and a most bigoted Thynne she will be, if there are any special opinions in the family. Fancy giving up one's child to become bigoted to another family, whom one does n't even know!"

"It seems a little hard, certainly. The ordinary view is that mothers are happy when their daughters marry."

"Which is also true in its way: for the mother has a way of being older than her daughter, Mr. Cavendish, and knows she cannot live always; besides, marriage being the best thing for a woman, as most people think, it should be the mother's duty to do everything she can to secure it for her daughter. Yes, I go as far as that—in words," Mrs. Warrender, added, with a little laugh.

"But not for her son?"

"I don't say that: no, not at all. I should rejoice in Theo's marriage — but for the complications, which I think he is not the right person to get through, with comfort. You, now, I think," she added cheerfully, "might marry Lady — Anybody, with a family of children, and make it succeed."

"Thank you very much for the compliment. I don't mean to try that mode of success," he said, quickly.

"Neither did Theo mean it until he was brought in contact with Lady Markland: and who can tell but you, too — Oh, yes, marriage almost always makes trouble; it breaks as well as unites; it is very serious; it is like the measles when it gets into a family." Mrs. Warrender felt that the conversation was getting much too significant, and broke off with a laugh. "The evening is delightful, but I think we should turn homewards. It will be quite late before we can get back to town."

Dick obeyed without the protest he would have made half an hour before. He resumed the talk when he was walking up with the ladies to the hotel, where they had left their carriage. "One laughs, I don't know why," he said, "but it is very serious in a number of ways. A man when he is in love does n't ask himself whether he's the sort of man to make a girl happy. There are some things, you know, which a man has to give up, too. Generally, if he hesitates, it seems a sort of treason; and often he cannot tell the reason why. Now Theo will have a number of sacrifices to make."

"He is like Jacob, he will think nothing of them for the love he bears to Rachel," said Theo's mother. "I wish that were all."

"But I wish I could make you see it from a man's point of view." Dick did not himself know what he meant by this confused speech. He wanted to make some sort of plea for himself, but

how, or in what words, he did not know. She paused for a moment, expecting more, and Chatty, on the other side of her mother, felt a little puncture of pain, she could scarcely tell why. "There are some things which a man has to give up, too." What did he mean by that? A little vague offense which flew away, a little pain which did not, a sort of needle point, which she kept feeling all the rest of the evening, came to Chatty from this conversation. And Mrs. Warrender paused, thinking he was going to say more. But he said no more, and when he had handed them into the carriage, broke out into an entirely new subject, and was very gay and amusing all the way home.

The two ladies did not say a syllable to each other on this subject, neither had they said anything to each other about Dick, generally, except that he was very nice, that it was kind of him to take so much trouble, and so forth. Whether experienced mothers do discuss with their daughters what So-and-so means, or whether he means anything, as Dick supposed, is a question I am not prepared to enter into. But Mrs. Warrender had said nothing to Chatty on the subject, and did not now: though it cannot be said that she did not ponder it much in her heart.

XXXII.

The ladies were in town three weeks, which brought them from June into July, when London began to grow hot and dusty, and the season to approach its close. They were just about to leave town, though whether to continue their dissipations by going to the seaside, or to return to Highcombe and put their future residence in order, they had not as yet made up their minds. Cavendish gave his vote for the seaside. "Of course you mean to consult me, and to give great weight to my opinion," he

said. "What I advise is the sea, and I will tell you why: I am obliged to go to Portsmouth about some business. If you were at the Isle of Wight, say, or Southsea" —

"That would be very pleasant: but we must not allow ourselves to be tempted, not even by your company," said Mrs. Warrender, who began to fear there might be enough of this. "We are going home to set our house in order, and to see if perhaps Theo has need of us. And then the Thynnes are coming home."

"Is it Miss Warrender who has developed into the Thynnes?"

"Indeed it is; that is how everybody inquires for her now. I have got quite used to the name. That is one of the drawbacks of marrying one's daughters, which I was telling you of. One's Minnie becomes in a moment the Eustace Thynnes!"

They were not a smiling party that evening, and Mrs. Warrender's little pleasantry fell flat. It flew, perhaps, across the mind of all that Chatty might be changed, in a similar way, into the Cavendishes. Dick grew hot and cold when the suggestion flashed through him. Then it was that he recollected how guilty he had been, and how little his reflections had served him. He who had determined to call but once, to go with them once to the play, had carried out his resolution so far that the once had been always. And now the time of recompense was coming. The fool's paradise was to be emptied of its tenants. He went away very gloomy, asking himself many troubled questions. It was not that he had been unaware, as time went on, what it was that went along with it, — a whole little drama of simple pleasure, of days and evenings spent together, of talks and expeditions. Innocent? Ah, more than innocent, the best and sweetest thing in his life, if — But that little monosyllable makes all the difference. It was coming to an end

now, they were going away; and Dick had to let them go, without any conclusion to this pretty play in which he had played his part so successfully. Oh, he was not the first man who had done it! not the first who had worn a lover's looks and used all a lover's assiduities, and then — nothing more. Perhaps that was one of the worst features in his behavior, to himself. To think that he should be classed with the men who are said to have been amusing themselves! and Chatty placed in the position of the victim, on whose behalf people were sorry or indignant! When he thought that there were some who might presume to pity her, and who would say of himself that he had behaved ill, the shock came upon him with as much force as if he had never thought of it before; although he had thought of it, and reflected upon how to draw out of the intercourse which was so pleasant, before he gave himself up to it with an abandon which he could not account for, which seemed now like desperation. Desperation was no excuse. He saw the guilt of it fully, without self-deception, only when he had done all the harm that was possible, yielded to every temptation, and now had himself arrived at the end of possibility. To repent in these circumstances is not uncommon; there is nothing original in it. Thousands of men have done it before him, — repented when they could sin no more. For a moment it flashed across his mind to go and throw himself on Mrs. Warrender's mercy and tell her all, and make what miserable excuse he could for himself. Was it better to do that, to part himself forever from Chatty: or to let them think badly of him, to have it supposed that he had trifled or amused himself, or whatever miserable words the gossips chose to use, and yet leave a door open by which he might some time, perhaps, some time approach her again? Some time! after she had forgotten him, after his unworthiness had been proved to her, and some other fel-

low, some happier man who had never been exposed to such a fate as had fallen upon him, some smug Pharisee (this fling at the supposed rival of the future was very natural and harmed nobody) had cut him out of all place in her heart! It was so likely that Chatty would go on waiting for him, thinking of him for years, perhaps, the coxcomb that he was!

"I said very suddenly that we must go home," said Mrs. Warrender, after he was gone. "You did not think me hard, Chatty? It seemed to me the best."

"Oh, no, mamma," said Chatty, with a slight faltering.

"We have seen a great deal of Mr. Cavendish, and he has been very nice, but I did not like the idea of going to the Isle of Wight."

"Oh, no, mamma," Chatty repeated, with more firmness. "I did not wish it at all."

"I am very glad you think with me, my dear. He has been very nice; he has made us enjoy our time in town much more than we should have done. But of course that cannot last forever, and I do really think now that we should go home."

"I have always thought so," said Chatty. She was rather pale, and there was a sort of new-born dignity about her, with which her mother felt that she was unacquainted. "It has been very pleasant, but I am quite ready. And then Minnie will be coming back as you said."

"Yes." Then Mrs. Warrender burst into a laugh which might as well have been a fit of crying. "But you must prepare yourself to see not Minnie, only the Eustace Thynnes," she said. And then the mother and daughter kissed one another and retired to their respective rooms, where Chatty was a long time going to bed. She sat and thought, with her pretty hair about her shoulders, going over a great many things, recalling a great many simple little scenes and

words said, which were but words after all; and then of a sudden the tears came, and she sat and cried very quietly, even in her solitude making as little fuss as possible, with an ache of wonder at the trouble that had come upon her, and a keen pang of shame at the thought that she had expected more than was coming, more perhaps than had ever been intended. A man is not ashamed of loving where he is not loved, however angry he may be with himself or the woman who has beguiled him; but the sharpest smart in a girl's heart is the shame of having given what was not asked for, what was not wanted. When those tears had relieved her heart, Chatty put up her hair very neatly for the night, just as she always did, and after a while slept, — much better than Dick.

He came next day, however, for a final visit, and the day after to see them away, without any breach in the confidence and friendship with which they regarded each other. There might be, perhaps, a faint, almost imperceptible difference in Chatty, a little dignity like that which her mother had discovered in her, something that was not altogether the simple girl, younger than her years, whom Mrs. Warrender had brought to town. On the very last morning of all, Dick had also a look which was not very easy to be interpreted. While they were on their way to the station he began suddenly to talk of Underwood and the Wilberforces, as if he had forgotten them all this time, and now suddenly remembered that there were such people in the world. "Did I ever tell you," he said, "that one of the houses in the parish belongs to an uncle of mine, who bought it merely as an investment, and let it?"

"We were talking of that," said Mrs. Warrender. "Mr. Wilberforce hoped you had persuaded your uncle to leave the drainage alone in order to make a nuisance and drive undesirable tenants away."

He laughed in a hurried, breathless

way, then said quickly, "Is it true that the people who were there are gone?"

"Quite true. They seem to have melted away without any one knowing, in a single night. They were not desirable people."

"So I heard: and gone without leaving any sign?"

"Have they not paid their rent?" said Mrs. Warrender.

"Oh, I don't mean to say that. I know nothing about that. My uncle"—and here he stopped, with an embarrassment which, though Mrs. Warrender was an unsuspicious woman, attracted her notice. "I mean," said Cavendish, perceiving this, and putting force upon himself, "he will of course be glad to get rid of people who apparently could have done his property no good."

And after this his spirits seemed to rise a little. He told them that he had some friends near Highcombe, who sometimes in the autumn offered him a few days' shooting. If he got such an invitation this autumn might he come? "It is quite a handy distance from London, just the Saturday-to-Monday distance," he added, looking at Mrs. Warrender with an expression which meant a great deal, which had in it a question, a supplication. And she was so imprudent a woman! and no shadow of Minnie at hand to restrain her. It was on her very lips to give the invitation he asked. Some good angel, of a class corresponding in the celestial world to that of Minnie in this, only stopped her in time, and gave a little obliqueness to the response.

"I hope we shall see you often," she said, which was pleasant but discouraging; and then began to talk about the Eustace Thynnes, who were at present of great use to her as a diversion from any more embarrassing subject of conversation. Chatty scarcely spoke during this drive, which seemed to her the last they would take together: the streets flying behind them, the scenes of the brief drama falling back into distance,

the tranquillity of home before, and all this exciting episode of life becoming as if it had never been, were the thoughts that occupied her mind. She had settled all that in her evening meditation. It was all over; this was what she said to herself. She must not allow even to her own heart any thought of renewal, any idea that the break was temporary. Chatty was aware that she had received all his overtures, all his amiabilities (which was what it seemed to come to), with great and unconcealed pleasure. To think that he had nothing but civility in his mind all the time gave a blow to her pride which was mortal. She did not wear her pride upon her sleeve, though she had worn her heart upon it. Her nature, indeed, was full of the truest humility; but there was a latent pride which, when it was reached, vibrated through all her being. No more, she was saying to herself. Oh, never more. She had been deceived, though most likely he had never wished to deceive her. It was she who had deceived herself; but that was not possible, ever again.

"We have not thanked you half enough," said Mrs. Warrender, as he stood at the door of the railway carriage. "I will tell Theo that you have been everything to us. If you are as good to all the mothers and sisters of all your old schoolfellows"—

"You do me a great wrong," he said, "as if I thought of you as the mother of"—His eyes strayed to Chatty, who met them with a smile which was quite steady. She was a little pale, but that was all. "Some time," he added hastily, holding Mrs. Warrender's hand, "I may be able to explain myself a little better than that."

"Shall I say if you are as kind to all forlorn ladies astray in London?"

Dick's face clouded over as if (she thought) he were about to cry. Men do not cry in England: but there is a kind of mortification, humiliation, a

sense of being persistently misunderstood, and of having no possibility of mending matters, which is so insupportable that the lip must quiver under it, even when garnished with a mustache. "I hope you don't really think that of me," he cried. "Don't! there is no time to tell you how very different— But surely you know— something very unlike that" —

The train was in motion already, and Chatty had shaken hands with him before. She received the last look of his eyes, half indignant, appealing, though in words it was to her mother he was speaking; but made no sign. And it was only Mrs. Warrender who looked out of the window and waved her hand to him as he was left behind. Chatty — Chatty who was so gentle, so little apt to take anything upon her, even to judge for herself, was it possible that on this point she was less soft-hearted than her mother? This thought went through him like an arrow as he stood and saw the carriages glide away in a long curving line. She was gone, and he was left behind. She was gone; was it in resentment, was it in disdain? thinking of him in his true aspect as a false lover, believing him to have worn a false semblance, justly despising him for an attempt to play upon her? Was this possible? He thought (with that oblique sort of literary tendency of his) of Hamlet with the recorder. Can you play upon this pipe — and yet you think you can play upon me! As a matter of fact there could nothing have been found in heaven or earth less like Hamlet than Chatty Warrender; but a lover has strange misperceptions. The steady, soft glance, the faint smile, not like the usual warm beaming of her simple face, seemed to him to express a faculty of seeing through and through him which is not always given to the greatest philosophers. And he stood there humiliated to the very dust by this mild creature, whom he had

loved in spite of himself, to whom even in loving her he had attributed no higher gifts, perhaps had even been tenderly disrespectful of as not clever. Was she the one to see through him now?

If she only knew! but when Dick, feeling sadly injured and wounded, came to this thought, it so stung him that he turned round on the moment, and, neglecting all the seductions of waiting cabmen, walked quickly, furiously, to Lincoln's Inn, which he had been sadly neglecting. If she knew everything! It appeared to Dick that Chatty's clear dove's eyes (to which he all at once had attributed an insight and perception altogether above them) would slay him with the disdainful dart which pierces through and through subterfuge and falsehood. That he should have ventured, knowing what he knew, to approach her at all with the semblance of love, that he should have dared — oh, he knew, well he knew, how, once the light of clear truth was let down upon it, his conduct would appear! — not the mere trifler who had amused himself and meant no more, not the fool of society, who made a woman think he loved her, and "behaved badly," and left her *planté là*. What were these contemptible images to the truth! He shrank into himself as he thought this, and skulked along. He felt like a man exposed and ashamed, a man whom true men would avoid. "Put in every honest hand a whip," — ah, no, that was not wanted. Chatty's eyes, dove's eyes, too gentle to wound, eyes that knew not how to look unkindly, to conceal a sentiment, to veil a falsehood — one look from Chatty's eyes would be enough.

Chatty knew nothing of the tragic terror which had come upon him at the mere apprehension of this look of hers. She had no thought of any tragedy, except that unknown to men which often becomes the central fact in a life such as hers; the tragedy of an unfinished chapter, the no-ending of an episode which

had promised to be the drama in which almost every human creature figures herself (or himself) as the chief actor, one time or other. The drama indeed had existed, it had run almost all its course; for the time it lasted it had been more absorbing than anything else in the world. The greatest historical events beside it had been but secondary. Big London, the greatest city in the world, had served only as a little bosquet of evergreens in a village garden might have done, as the background and scene for it. But it had no end; the time of the action was accomplished, the curtain had fallen, and the lights had been put out, but the comedy had come to no conclusion. Comedy—tragedy; it does not matter much which word you use. The scenes had all died away in incompleteness, and there had been no end. To many a gentle life such as that of Chatty this is all that comes beyond the level of the ordinary and common. It was with a touch of insight altogether beyond her usual intellectual capacity that she realized this, as she traveled very quietly with her mother from London to Highcombe, not a very long way.

Mrs. Warrender was very silent, too. She had meant the visit to town to be one of pleasure merely, — pleasure for herself, change after the long monotony, and pleasure to her child, who had never known anything but that monotony. It was not, this little epoch of time only three weeks long, to count for anything. It was to be a holiday and no more. And lo! with that inexplicableness, that unforeseenness, which is so curious a quality of human life, it had become a turning point of existence, the pivot perhaps upon which Chatty's being might hang. Mrs. Warrender was not so decided as Chatty. She saw nothing final in the parting. She was able to imagine that secondary causes, something about money, some family arrangements that would have to be made, had prevented any further step on Dick's part. To her

the drama indeed was not ended, but only postponed: the curtain had fallen legitimately upon the first act without prejudice to those which were to follow. She did not talk, for Chatty's silence, her unusual dignity, her retirement into herself, had produced a great effect upon her mother; but her mind was not moved as Chatty's was, and she was able to think with pleasure of the new home awaiting them, and of what they were to find there. The Eustace Thynnes! she said to herself, with a laugh, thanking Providence within herself that there had been no Minnie to inspect the progress of the relations between Dick and Chatty, and probably to deliver her opinion very freely on that subject and on her mother's responsibility. Then there was the more serious chapter of Theo and his affairs, which must have progressed in the mean time. Mrs. Warrender caught herself up with a little fright as she thought of the agitation and doubt which wrapped the future of both her children. It was a wonderful relief to turn to the only point from which there was any amusement to be had, the visit of the Eustace Thynnes.

XXXIII.

The return of the Warrenders to their home was not the usual calm delight of settling again into one's well-known place. The house at Highcombe was altogether new to their experiences, and meant a life in every way different, as well as different surroundings. It was a tall, red brick house, with a flight of steps up to the door, and lines of small, straight, twinkling windows facing immediately into the street, between which and the house there was no interval even of a grass plot or area. The garden extended to the right with a long stretch of high wall, but the house had been built at a period when people had less objection to a street than in later

times. The rooms within were of a good size; and some of them were paneled to the ceiling, in conformity with an old-fashioned idea of comfort and warmth. The drawing-room was one of these, a large, oblong room to the front, with a smaller one divided from it by folding-doors, which looked out upon the garden. It possessed, as its great distinction, a pretty marble mantelpiece, which some one of a previous generation had brought from Italy. It is sad to be obliged to confess that the paneling here had been painted a warm white, like the color of a French *salon*, with old and dim pictures of no particular merit let in here and there, — pictures which would have been more in keeping with the oak of the original than with the present color of the walls. The house had been built by a Warrender, in the beginning of the eighteenth century; though it had been occupied by strangers often, and let to all sorts of people, a considerable amount of the furniture, and all the decorations, still belonged to that period. The time had not come for the due appreciation of these relics of ancestral taste. Chatty thought them all old-fashioned, and would gladly have replaced them by fresh chairs and tables from the upholsterer's; but this was an expense not to be thought of, and, perhaps, even to eyes untrained in any rules of art, there was something harmonious in the combination. Something harmonious, too, with Chatty's feelings was in the air of old tranquillity and long established use and wont. The stillness of the house was as the stillness of ages. Human creatures had come and gone, as the days went and came, sunshine coming in at one moment, darkness falling the next, nothing altering the calm routine, the established order. Pains, and fevers, and heart-breaks, and death itself would disappear and leave no sign, and all remain the same in the quaint rose-scented room. The quiet overawed Chatty, and

yet was congenial. She felt herself to have come "home" to it, with all illusions over. It was not just an ordinary coming back after a holiday, — it was a return, a settling down for life.

It would be difficult to explain how it was that this conviction had taken hold of her so strongly. It was but a month since she had left the Warren with her mother, with some gentle anticipations of pleasure, but none that were exaggerated or excessive. All that was likely to happen, so far as she knew, was that dinner party at Mrs. Benson's, and a play or two, and a problematical ball. This was all that the "vortex" meant about which her mother had laughed; she had not any idea at that time that the vortex would mean Dick Cavendish. But now that she fully understood what it meant, and now that it was all over, and her agitated little bark had come out of it, and had got upon the smooth, calm waters again, there had come to Chatty a very different conception both of the present and the past. All the old quiet routine of existence seemed to her now a preface to that moment of real life. She had been working up to it vaguely, without knowing it. And now it had ended, and this was the Afterwards. She had come back — after. These words had to her an absolute meaning. Perhaps it was want of imagination which made it so impossible for her to carry forward her thoughts to any possible repetition, any sequel of what had been; or perhaps some communication, unspoken, unintended, from the mind of Cavendish had affected her's and given a certainty of conclusion, of the impossibility of further development. However that might be, her mind was entirely made up on the subject. She had lived (for three weeks) and it was over. And now existence was all Afterwards. She had found scarcely any time for her habitual occupations while she was in London; now there would be time for everything. Afterwards is

long, when one is only twenty-four, and it requires a great deal of muslin work and benevolence to fill it up in a way that will be satisfactory to the soul; but still, to ladies in the country it is a very well known state, and has to be faced, and lived through all the same. To a great many people life is all afternoon, though not in the sense imagined by the poet: not the lotus-eating drowsiness and content, but a course of little hours that lead to nothing, that have no particular motive except that mild duty which means doing enough trimming for your new set of petticoats and carrying a pudding or a little port wine to the poor girl dying of consumption in the lane behind your house. This was the Afterwards of Chatty's time, and she settled down to it, knowing it to be the course of nature. Nowadays, matters have improved: there is always lawn tennis and often ambulance lectures, and far more active parish work. But even in those passive days it could be supported, and Chatty made up her mind to it with a great, but silent courage. Yet it made her very quiet, she who was quiet by nature. The land where it is always afternoon chills at first and subdues all lively sentiments. The sense of having no particular interest took possession of her mind as if it had been an absorbing interest, and drew a veil between her and the other concerns of life.

This was not at all the case with Mrs. Warrender, who came home with all the agreeable sensations of a new beginning, ready to take up new lines of existence, and to make a cheerful centre of life for herself and all who surrounded her. If any woman should feel with justice that she has reached the Afterwards, and has done with her active career, it should be the woman who has just settled down after her husband's death to the humbler house provided for her widowhood, apart from all her old occupations and responsibilities. But in reality there was no such sentiment in her mind.

"You'll in your girls again be courted." She had hanging about her the pleasant reflection of that wooing, never put into words, with which Dick Cavendish had filled the atmosphere, and which had produced upon the chief object of it so very different an effect; and she had, to stimulate her thoughts, the less pleasurable excitement of Theo's circumstances, and of all that was going on at Markland, a romance in which her interest was almost painful. The Eustace Thynnes did not count for much, for their love-making had been very mild and regular; but still, perhaps, they aided in the general quickening of life. She had three different histories thus going on around her, and she was placed in a new atmosphere, in which she had to play a part of her own. When Chatty and she sat down together in the new drawing-room for the first time with their work and their plans, Mrs. Warrender's talk was of their new neighbors and the capabilities of the place. "The rector is not a stupid man," she said, in a reflective tone. The proposition was one which gently startled Chatty. She lifted her mild eyes from her work, with a surprised look.

"It would be very sad for us if he were stupid," she said.

"And Mrs. Beacham still less so. What I am thinking of is society, not edification. Then there is Colonel Travers, whom we used to see occasionally at home, the brother, you know, of —. An old soldier is always a pleasant element in a little place. The majority will of course be women like ourselves, Chatty."

"Yes, mamma, there are always a great many ladies about Highcombe."

Mrs. Warrender gave forth a little sigh. "In a country neighborhood we swamp everything," she said; "it is a pity. Too many people of one class are always monotonous; but we must struggle against it, Chatty."

"Dear mamma, is n't ladies' society

the best for us? Minnie always said so. She said it was a dreadful thing for a girl to think of gentlemen."

"Minnie always was an oracle. To think of gentlemen whom you were likely to fall in love with, and marry, perhaps — but I don't think there are many of that class here."

"Oh, no," said Chatty, returning to her work, "at least I hope not."

"I am not at all of your opinion, my dear. I should like a number of them; and nice girls too. I should not wish to keep all these dangerous personages for you."

"Mamma!" said Chatty, with a soft reproachful glance. It seemed a desecration to her to think that ever again — that ever another —

"That gives a little zest to all the middle-aged talks. It amuses other people to see a little romance going on. You were always rather shocked at your light-minded mother, Chatty."

"Mamma! it might be perhaps very sad for — for those most concerned, though it amused you."

"I hope not, my darling. You take things too seriously. There is, to be sure, a painful story now and then, but very rarely. You must not think that men are deceivers ever, as the song says."

"Oh, no," said Chatty, elevating her head with simple pride, though without meeting her mother's eyes, "that is not what I would say. But why talk of such things at all? why put romances, as you call them, into people's heads? People may be kind and friendly without anything more."

Mrs. Warrender here paused to study the gentle countenance which was half hidden from her, bending over the muslin work, and for the first time gained a little glimpse into what was going on in Chatty's heart. The mother had long known that her own being was an undiscovered country for her children; but it was new to her and a startling dis-

covery that perhaps this innocent creature, under her shadow, had also a little sanctuary of her own, into which the eyes most near to her had never looked. She marked the little signs of meaning quite unusual to her composed and gentle child — the slight quiver which was in Chatty's bent head, the determined devotion to her work which kept her face unseen — with a curious confusion in her mind. She had felt sure that Dick Cavendish had made a difference in life to Chatty; but she had not thought of this in any but a hopeful and cheerful way. She was more startled now than she dared say. Had there been any explanation between them which she had not been told of? Was there any obstacle she did not know of? Her mind was thrown into great bewilderment, too great to permit of any sudden exercise of her judgment upon the little mystery, if mystery there was.

"I did not mean to enter into such deep questions," she said, in a tone which she felt to be apologetic. "I meant only a little society to keep us going. Though we did not go out very much in London, still there was just enough to make the blank more evident if we see nobody here."

Chatty's heart protested against this view; for her part she would have liked that life which had lasted three weeks to remain as it was, unlike anything else in her experience, a thing which was over and could return no more. Had she not been saying to herself that all that remained to her was the Afterwards, the long gray twilight upon which no other sun would rise? In her lack of imagination, the only imagination she had known became more absolute than any reality, a thing which, once left behind, would never be renewed again. She felt a certain scorn of the attempt to make feeble imitations of it, or even to make up for that light which never was on sea or shore, by any little artificial illuminations. A sort of gentle

fury, a mild passion of resistance, rose within her at the thought of making up for it. She did not wish to make up for it; the blank could not be made less evident whatever any one might do or say. But all this Chatty shut up in her own heart. She made no reply, but bent her head more and more over her muslin work, and worked faster and faster, with the tears which she never would consent to shed collecting hot and salt behind her eyes.

Mrs. Warrender was silent, too. She was confounded by the new phase of feeling, imperfectly revealed to her, and filled with wonder, and self-reproach, and sympathy. Had she been to blame in leaving her child exposed to an influence which had proved too much for her peace of mind? — that was the well-worn conventional phrase, and the only one that seemed to answer the occasion, — too much for her peace of mind! The mother, casting stealthy glances at her daughter, so sedulously, nervously busy, could only grope at a comprehension of what was in Chatty's mind. She thought it was the uncertainty, the excitement of suspense, and all that feverish commotion which sometimes arises in a woman's mind when the romance of her life comes to a sudden pause, and silence follows the constant interchange of words and looks, in which so much meaning had lain — and a doubt whether anything more will ever follow, or whether the pause is to be forever, turns all the sweeter meditations into a whirl of confusion and anxiety and shame. A mother is so near that the reflection of her child's sentiments gets into her mind, but very often with such prismatic changes and oblique catchings of the light that even sympathy goes wrong. Mrs. Warrender thus caught from Chatty the reflection of an agitated soul in which there was all the sensitive shame of a love that is given unsought, mingled with a tender indignation against the offender, who perhaps had never meant

anything but friendship. But the mother on this point took a different view, and there rose up in her mind on the moment a hundred cheerful, hopeful plans to bring him back and to set all right. Naturally there was not a word said on the subject, which was far too delicate for words; but this was how Mrs. Warrender followed, as she believed with an intensity which was full of tenderness, the current of her daughter's thoughts.

Yet these were not Chatty's thoughts at all. If she felt any excitement, it was directed against those plans for cheering her and the idea that any little contrivances of society could ever take the place of what was past, conjoined with a sort of jealousy of that past, lest any one should interfere with it, or attempt to blur the perfect outline of it as a thing which had been, and could be no more, nor any copy of it. This was what the soul most near her own did not divine. They sat together in the silence of the summer parlor, the cool sweet room full of flowers, with the July sun shut out, but the warm air coming in, so full of mutual love and sympathy, and yet with but so disturbed and confused an apprehension each of the other. After some time had passed thus, without disturbance, nothing but the softened sounds of morning traffic in the quiet street, a slow cart passing, an occasional carriage, the voices of the children just freed from school, there came the quick sound of a horse's hoofs, a pause before the door, and the bell echoing into the silence of the house.

"That must be Theo!" cried Mrs. Warrender. "I was sure he would come to-day. Chatty, after luncheon, will you leave us a little, my dear? Not that we have any secrets from you, — but he will speak more freely, if he is alone with me."

"I should have known that, mamma, without being told."

"Dear Chatty, you must not be dis-

pleased. You know many things, more than I had ever thought."

"Displeased, mamma!"

"Hush, Chatty, here is my poor boy."

Her poor boy! the triumphant lover, the young man at the height of his joy

and pride. They both rose to meet him, eager to take the tone which should be most in harmony with his. But Mrs. Warrender had a pity in her heart for Theo which she did not feel for Chatty, perhaps because in her daughter's case her sympathy was more complete.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE FIRST GUEST.

When the house is finished, Death enters.

Eastern Proverb.

LIFE'S House being ready all,
Each chamber fair and dumb,
Ere Life, the Lord, is come
With pomp into his hall,—
Ere Toil has trod the floors,
Ere Love has lit the fires,
Or young great-eyed Desires
Have, timid, tried the doors;
Or from east-window leaned
One Hope, to greet the sun,
Or one gray sorrow screened
Her sight against the west,—
Then enters the first guest,
The House of Life being done.

He waits there in the shade.
I deem he is Life's twin,
For whom the House was made.
Whatever his true name,
Be sure, to enter in
He has both key and claim.

The daybeams, free of fear,
Creep drowsy toward his feet;
His heart were heard to beat,
Were any there to hear;
Ah, not for ends malign,
Like wild thing crouched in lair,
Or watcher of a snare,
But with a friend's design
He lurks in shadow there!

He goes not to the gates
To welcome any other,

Nay, not Lord Life his brother;
 But still his hour awaits
 Each several guest to find
 Alone, yea, quite alone;
 Pacing with pensive mind
 The cloister's echoing stone,
 Or singing, unaware,
 At the turning of the stair.
 'T is truth, though we forget,
 In Life's House enters none
 Who shall that seeker shun,
 Who shall not so be met.
 "Is this mine hour?" each saith.
 "So be it, gentle Death!"
 Each has his way to end,
 Encountering this friend.
 Griefs die to memories mild;
 Hope turns a weaned child;
 Love shines a spirit white,
 With eyes of deepened light.
 When many a guest has passed,
 Some day 't is Life's at last
 To front the face of Death.
 Then, casements closed, men say:
 "Lord Life is going away;
 He went, we trust and pray,
 To God, who gave him breath."
 Beginning, End, he is:
 Are not these sons both his?
 Lo, these with him are one!
 To phrase it so were best:
 God's self is that first Guest,
 The House of Life being done!

Helen Gray Cone.

THE OGRE OF HA HA BAY.

THE Saguenay steamboat reaches Ha Ha Bay in the early morning. It was just three o'clock on a July morning, when Susan and I took our first look at the bay. I had been trying to marry Susan for ten years, and we went up the Saguenay on our wedding journey. I have but to shut my eyes to see Ha Ha Bay now. Early as the hour was, the pale light of that high latitude

brought out the scene with something the same quality of tone as an etching: the desolate cliffs guarding the entrance to the Saguenay; the hills lower, and green with oats and barley about the placid pool where the mysterious river widens into the bay; the two quaint villages facing each other across the water, with their half foreign picturesqueness of stone walls and steep red

roofs; a pier like a long, black arm thrust forth from St. Alphonse; a huge sawmill over at Grand Baie; and four full-rigged ships at anchor below the mill. The tide was out in the flats, and the smell of salt water was in the air.

Behind St. Alphonse some freak of nature has heaped a mass of granite rocks, then, repenting, tried to hide them with a frugal verdure of grass and stunted pines. The hotel is built on the rocks. Broad piazzas make it imposing, and whitewash, conspicuous. Not only has St. Alphonse the hotel of the bay, it is also the steamboat landing. Perhaps the boat's coming but four times a week, and being the sole means of intercourse, outside of horse-flesh, between the village and the world, accounts for the presence of all the inhabitants on the pier. Certainly, the traffic of the region in wood and blueberries could scarcely bring such numbers out of their beds at three o'clock in the morning. The wood and the blueberry boxes — looking exactly like wee coffins — were piled on either side. One man, with a wheelbarrow, was hauling the wood into the boat's hold, superintended by three officers, all talking at once. Half a dozen, having nothing better than their arms, were carrying the blueberries on board. At the same time, sacks of flour and barrels and boxes of merchandise kept emerging from below, the owners of which helped the confusion by running about after their goods, while the unwieldy vehicles of the region, the *voitures à la planche*, were recklessly plunging, backing, and turning through the crowd amid a mighty clamor of French *patois*. One of the horses fixed my attention. He was a splendid creature, a big gray, with the great curved neck and powerful flanks of a charger on a Greek frieze. The muscles stood out like whipcord, as he reared and pawed in the air. His driver, a slender young *habitant*, took his antics very coolly, merely saying at intervals,

in a conversational tone, "Sois sage, Bac," as though to an unruly baby.

"I should like to drive after that horse," said my wife. Her voice is softer than a flute, and she is slender and graceful, with an appealing look in her hazel eyes, and the sweetest smile in the world; but I have never met a woman so fond of risking her neck. Before I knew what was happening she had called, "Venez ici, cocher!" and the gray brute was kicking at my elbow. Naturally, nothing remained but to climb into the *voiture à la planche*. These "carriages on a plank" are simply "buckboard wagons" with two seats, the further one of which is protected by a hood and a leather apron. Susan was charmed. "He has spirit, your horse," said she in French. "Oway, Madame," said the driver, politely turning in his seat. "Oway," I had already discovered, is Canadian French for "Oui." The driver was young. He was clad in a decent coarse suit of gray, and wore the soft felt hat and curious boots of undyed leather, tied with a thong, which every *habitant* wears. His features were of the delicate *habitant* type; but his fair skin, blue eyes, and reddish yellow hair hinted a mixed race. He was not tall, and was slightly round shouldered. The only thing noticeable in his appearance was an air of deep dejection, not lightened by so much as a smile of courtesy. He spoke no English, — almost no one speaks English in the St. John country, — but though dejected he was not reticent, and we had his whole history before we were well into the village. His name was Isadore Clovis. He lived in the village with his uncle, Xavier Tremblay. That was his uncle's house, — pointing to a cottage of logs covered with birch bark, which stood close to a substantial stone house. He, himself, was not married, he never should be. His father and mother had been long dead. He was the youngest of a large family; the

habitants had large families, "Oway, M'sieu'." "And that of my mother was of the largest," said he; "the good God sent her twenty-six. But twelve, fifteen, that is common."

"And did they all live?" I asked, while Susan remarked in English that she had never heard of anything so horrible.

"Mais, non, M'sieu'," said Isadore, "all are dead but six; they live in Chicontimi, nine miles from here. I live here, I with my uncle. Regard my uncle, Madame, M'sieu'!"

His finger indicated the roof of the stone house. Peering over the ridge-pole was a bushy white head, set with no visible neck upon a pair of very broad shoulders. Hair standing out in spikes all over, a stubbly gray beard, and prodigious eyebrows imparted an aspect of grotesque ferocity to features forbidding enough of themselves, weatherbeaten, rugged, scored by innumerable lines and dents. The attire of this extraordinary bust was a plaided red flannel shirt, torn at the throat, and thus displaying a hairy chest. Altogether, he might have given an orang-outang the odds for ugliness.

"He owns both houses," said Isadore, "he is rich; he has many farms and a *fromagerie* and *cr  merie*."

"He is fortunate," said Susan, who likes to be pleasant with people, and to praise their belongings; "it is a good house, a comfortable house. Does he live there?"

Isadore threw a lustreless eye over the house, saying slowly, "No one lives there, Madame, no one has ever lived there; it is because of his vow."

"His vow?"

"Oway, Madame. He made a vow before M. Pingat, M. le notaire, M. Rideau, M. Vernet, those, that he would never go into his new house until he should marry a maiden of twenty. It was twenty-five years ago, but he has never gone into the house since."

"How old is he?"

"He is eighty years old, Madame; he is a very strong man. Every day he climbs the roof, so."

"Dear me," cried Susan, "this is most interesting! he has never married, then?"

"No, Madame; once he was affianced to a maiden of twenty, she had but one eye; but she fell in the river and was drowned."

"But in his youth?"

"Once he was affianced, Madame," said Isadore; "he was then fifty-five, and not long come from Quebec. Madame does not know the widow Guion; she is still handsome; but then, when she was twenty, there was no one in the parish to compare with her. My uncle would marry her, and the affair was arranged, and my uncle had built the house; it was nearly finished, when, behold, she will not marry my uncle, she will marry Pierre Guion. Then all the world made jests about my uncle, who, as one can see, is not handsome. And it was at M. Fran  ois Pouliot's house that they were laughing, and saying that my uncle would frighten any woman away, he was so ugly, and my uncle overheard it, passing by, and came in, and swore an oath before them all, that he would never go into his new house until he should marry a maiden of twenty. 'I can get the best of them to marry me, for as ugly as I am,' said he. But it was twenty-five years first."

"Has he succeeded, then?" Isadore, leaning forward, gathered up the reins.

"Oway, Madame," he said, in a low tone, "he has succeeded. Next month he will marry a maiden of twenty, and move into his new house." By force of habit Isadore called the twenty-five year old house "the new house;" doubtless, it had been "the old house" and "the new house" to him from childhood. "He left the house just as it was," said Isadore, "the wood and shavings are all scattered about the

floors, where the carpenters left them. He had the carpenters board up the windows, that was all. Bac, en avant!"

We had turned and were ascending a hill. Half-way up Isadore stopped to point again. "See, Madame, the cottage of the widow Guion." It was a mere morsel of a house, the unpainted boards of which were made a better protection against the weather by a covering of birch bark. In the little yard the peas were in flower, and a few hollyhocks reared their heads above the beet leaves and lettuce. A barefooted man was raking coals out of the open-air oven which stood to one side of a pile of brush. "C'est le beau-frère de Madame," said Isadore, "c'est un fou, mais bon naturel, pas méchant. From here, Madame can see the hotel plainly."

We looked, not at the hotel, but at the road. Could that infatuated Canadian mean to drive up a sheer rock, slippery with mud, wider but hardly better than a goat path?

"Attendez," said I, "do you mean to take us up *that* way, that?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," replied Isadore, tranquilly, "without doubt. Bac is accustomed to it. Behold! Bac, en avant!" With the word, he leaped lightly over the shafts, and Bac and he went up the hill on a run. It is the pace of the country; up hill and down, they make their horses gallop at the top of their speed. I don't know why; I suppose they like it. At any rate, Susan did; she was enchanted.

"Was n't it lovely, Maurice?" she cried, as Isadore pulled Bac up before the hotel piazzas; "do give the man something handsome."

I gave him fifty cents, which he said was more than he deserved; and we both watched him rattle down the hill at a rate which threatened to break every bone in his body. Then, having seen him emerge unshattered, we entered the hotel. There are no such inns in the States. Nothing could be more

primitive than the house and its furnishing. The walls were unplastered, the woodwork unpainted; the women of the village had spun, woven, and dyed the strips of gay carpet on the pine floors. We had tallow candles in our bedrooms, a candle to a room. If we wanted a maid we went out into the hall and called her. A bath was a perilous luxury, the one bath tub of the house being too large for the doors, so that it must be emptied before it could be tilted on one side and trundled out of the room, which operation usually ended in flooding both the bather's chamber and the room, below, not counting a few stray rivulets likely to meander into the hall. Yet, I have been less comfortable in houses with grand names. Everything was scrupulously clean; Madame gave us a capital dinner and Monsieur kept most excellent wines; nor is it everywhere that one can eat salmon of his own catching. Moreover, it is pleasant to live among a people so simple, kindly, and cheerful as the French Canadians. All the rigor of a harsh climate and a hard life cannot quench their amiable vivacity or that engaging politeness which flings a sort of Southern grace over their bare Northern homes. We grew fond of the villagers. To them the hotel was the centre of festivity; were there not a bowling alley, and a billiard room, and in the parlor a piano? Nightly the village magnates would assemble in the alley and bowl with tremendous energy and both hands. We came to know them all, the doctor, the notary, the rich fur merchant, the various shopkeepers and farmers.

Of them all none interested us more than the widow Guion and her daughter. The widow was a tall woman, whose figure had been moulded on such fine lines that a life of coarse toil had not been able to spoil them. Trouble had bleached her thick hair and wrinkled her face, and the weather had browned her skin, but she was as straight as an

arrow and still had splendid eyes and a profile worth drawing. We often saw her in her garden working like a man. Indoors, she would wash her hands, tie a clean apron about her waist, and sing over her spinning. The singing was for the fool. She was very kind to him and devoted to her daughter. She was also neat, honest, and industrious; but she was not popular in the village; they said that she had an imperious temper and was unsocial. Mélanie, the daughter, was one of the maids at the hotel, a tall, handsome, black-haired, fair-skinned girl, who revived the traditions of her mother's beauty. One day something occurred to make us notice Mélanie. We were sitting on the rocks overhanging the village. It was that most peaceful hour of the day, the hour before sunset. The west was in a glow that turned the tin spire of the little church into silver; the mountains cast purple shadows over the bay; and the water was a steel mirror with rippling splashes of shade. We could hear the lowing of the cows returning homeward, and the faint tinkle of bells, and the voices of mothers calling their children. "How peaceful it is," said Susan softly, "and they seem so pastoral and child-like, like people in poems. One can hardly imagine any one's being very unhappy here."

Perhaps she was thinking of our own past; certainly we had been miserable enough, before we drifted into this calm harbor. Just then a man and woman, coming along the path beneath, halted, out of sight, but not out of hearing. The man was speaking: "No, I cannot bear it. See, thou art all I have, thou; I have loved thee all my life. Ah, *mon dieu*, how couldst thou promise!" Now I grant that we ought to have risen at once, and gone away; but I am not relating what we ought to have done, but what we did do, which was to sit still and listen with all our ears. The woman answered. The other's voice was rough

and thick from passion: but hers was very gentle and quiet.

"I will tell thee, Isadore," she said (Susan pinched my arm); "I came here to tell. Thou knowest *maman* has a great opinion of M. Tremblay, who has been her only friend, though he has so little reason."

"It was but that he might marry thee," cried Isadore, "curse his crafty head!"

"May be," answered the woman wearily, "though I think not; but he has been ever kind to us, since before I was born. And *maman* was glad, very glad, when he would marry me."

"And was it *that*?"

"Hush! no, my friend. It was hard to refuse her who has lived so wearying a life and had so great disappointments, but I thought of thee. Then — then — she told me. Isadore, *maman* — *maman* is going blind!" The voice which was so steady broke, but in a second it went on quietly as before. "It is that, my friend, that made me promise. M. le docteur says if she will go to Montreal to the great doctor there, he will make her eyes well again. But it will cost a great, great sum of money, two hundred dollars. And M. Tremblay has promised to give it her, and more, besides, when I marry him. And if she does not go, she must become quite blind. Already she cannot spin the yarn even, and when she feels the lumps afterwards, she weeps." There was a sound like a groan. "Do not weep, my friend," she continued, "it cannot be for long. He is so very old."

This practical view of the matter hardly seemed to console the lover, who burst out: "Thou dost not understand it, thou! Ah, no," — he swore a great oath, with a sob in his throat, — "I will not endure it. Listen, I have five dollars. I will sell Bac. We will go to Quebec and be married. Ah, think, *m'amie*, thou and I."

There was a break filled by a very

pretty sound, then the soft voice again. "Ah, no, Isadore, thou must not kiss me. It cannot be. I have sworn before the image of the blessed Virgin to marry him. And, beside — oh, Isadore, how could I leave *her* behind, to grow blind — without me!" Isadore did not answer. The vesper bell rang from the church tower. "My friend," said the girl, "I must go. I can never see thee alone again. Wilt thou not forgive me, first?"

"I might kill him," said the man.

"And be hanged for it?" answered his practical sweetheart, "how would that help?"

"He would be dead," said the desperate Isadore, "he could not marry thee. *Mon dieu*, it would help much!"

"But thy soul, it would burn forever!"

"It would not burn," said Isadore, practical in his turn, "I would repent and confess to the priest and he would absolve me."

"But he could not bring thee back to life. Oh, Isadore, promise me thou wilt put away such thoughts! Thou art cruel, thou!"

"Ah, dost thou feel what is tearing my heart?" cried poor Isadore.

"Look at me," said the woman, "dost thou remember my face a month ago? I cannot speak when I suffer, like thee, I can only bear it." The man was kissing her again, and crying quite openly. "Isadore," said she, "I must go. Bid me farewell. No, do not hold me. See, thou hast often complained that I never will kiss thee. This once."

I think they were both crying now. We were ashamed to listen longer and got up, but in a few moments a woman's shape flitted round the curve and passed us. She was tall and had black hair; we both recognized Mélanie. "Oh, poor things!" cried my dear wife, "and we are so happy; can't we help them, Maurice?" I said that we might try. Anyhow, it would n't cost more than a

picture. "So Mélanie is the old ogre's victim, is she?" said I; "what possesses her mother?"

In truth, Tremblay, in the village eyes, was worse than an ogre. All the world knew him to be a miser to his nail points, a cruel, surly old reprobate. He was a heretic and a scoffer at the saints. He had amassed (doubtless by baleful means) what was great wealth in that simple community. Most of the villagers were in his debt; nor was this the worst, he had possessed himself of all the secrets of the parish. How? The doctor talked about gossip; but there was a sinister theory more in favor. Under the confessional floor, in the church, was a space between the timbers large enough for a dog to lie, and Xavier, strong and supple, in spite of his eighty years, could curl his short body into a dog's compass; the abominable wickedness would only give a zest to the act, for the old infidel.

"But what secrets can you have?" I said to the doctor, "they can't be very bad!"

"There is a black spot in the human heart, everywhere, Monsieur," answered the doctor. Wherever the black spot, Xavier was sure to put his wicked old finger on it and gibe at the victim's wincing. Then he would creep away, chuckling, to the ground, or, may be, to his pet devil, for St. Alphonse firmly believed in such a familiar.

My own acquaintance with the ogre was limited to one interview. I found him unloading blueberries, on the wharf, his cart and a sorry skeleton of a horse beside him. A nearer view did not give one a better opinion of his looks. He was of low stature, with enormously long arms, and disproportionately broad shoulders. I asked him a question; in French, of course.

"Me spik Englis," croaked the old sinner.

He insisted on speaking a kind of mongrel English in answer to my French,

and we did not make much advance. By and by another man appeared and I tried to talk to him. Instantly Xavier's lean fingers were tapping my shoulder.

"He no spik Englis tall," said the exasperating monster.

"Tant mieux," said I, "at least I shall understand him!"

"Mais peut-être, M'sieu'," he retorted grinning, "he no vill understands *you*!"

I surrendered, bought a box of berries (at an awful price), and left him leering like a gargoyle. Recalling that leer, I pitied Mélanie. What a husband for a girl of twenty! Susan and I talked the affair over, discussing half a dozen plans of rescue. The most obvious was to go to the widow. We went. Susan broached the subject, after a diplomatic purchase of hollyhocks. She spoke of Mélanie, of her beauty, her pleasant ways, of our interest in her. We had heard that she was to be married; might we offer our sincere wishes for her happiness?

"Oway, Madame," the widow replied, with a certain ominous contraction of the muscles of the mouth, "she will be happy; M. Tremblay has a good heart."

"But," said Susan, "pardon, Madame—it is our great interest in Mélanie—is not M. Tremblay very old?"

We were in the garden, all four of us, for the idiot brother-in-law was there also, piling brush; Madame had been hoeing; she struck her hoe smartly on the ground and rested her elbows on the handle, her chin on her hands, and so eyed us grimly.

"Without doubt, Madame," said she; "*quay donc*? He will die the sooner. In ten, in five years she will be a widow, rich, free."

"Consider those same five years, Madame," I cried, "the trouble, the misery, perhaps."

Her lip curled. "M'sieu' has heard the talk of the village. They are imbeciles, they. M. Tremblay is a miser.

Bah, look around you, M'sieu'. This house, that wood, for a nothing, a few vegetables—from a miser! Look at him," pointing to the idiot, "those clothes are from M. Tremblay, from the miser! In the house is a fiddle, one of the most beautiful. It is for him. M. Tremblay gave it him. For why? can he play? Mon dieu, no; but it pleases him to make a noise, and M. Tremblay bought it. When Mélanie was a little child he always bought her things, snowshoes, a toboggan, a doll from Quebec. No child in St. Alphonse has a doll like that. A miser! bah, lies of the devil!"

"But he is a wicked man, cruel, harsh," I persisted.

"Never to us, M'sieu', never, never!"

"He is a heretic."

"Et M'sieu'?" said the widow.

"I am not to marry a Catholic. But he is worse, he scoffs at the saints and does not believe in the good God himself."

"The good God knows better," said Madame Guion placidly.

I tried another tack. "But Mélanie may love some one else."

"M'sieu' means Isadore Clovis," said the widow, drawing her tall figure to its full height, and though I am a big fellow, her eyes were nearly level with mine. "*Eh bien*, I, too, have loved a young man, M'sieu'. It was twenty-five years ago, and M. Tremblay would marry me, but I was a fool, I: my heart was set on a young man of this parish, tall, strong, handsome. I quarreled with all my relations, I married him, M'sieu'. Within a month of our wedding day he broke my arm, twisting it to hurt me. He was the devil. Twice, but for his brother, he would have killed me. Jules is strong, though he has no wits; he pulled him off. See, M'sieu'," flinging the hoe aside to push the hair off her temples, "this he did with his stick; and this," baring her arm, "with his knife. But I was a fool, I forgave him

and worked for him. He would do nothing but play cards and drive horses and drink, drink, drink. His grandfather was an Englishman and drank himself to death. The English are like that. And I—I forgave him and made myself old and wrinkled and black working for money for him. Then he would laugh at my ugly face and praise the village girls' looks. He had a soul of mud! But I forgave that, too. Then my children were born, and he beat them. Then I forgave no more, my heart was like coals of fire. Attendez, M'sieu', I have the mother's heart, I love my children, yet I was glad, I, when they died and were safe from him! Figure, then, what kind of father he was! Only Mélanie lived. The others would cry, cry; but Mélanie did not cry, and she would never speak to him, her father. There was reason: God knows what women have to suffer and he takes vengeance. He, that coward, was afraid of Mélanie, a little baby, because she would not speak to him. He tried, many times, to make her, but no, she would never speak, and she was three years old when he died. A horse kicked him and killed him, a horse that he was beating!"

The fool had dropped his sticks and was staring at her piteously, alarmed at her gestures and her angry voice. He ran up to her and stroked her hand, uttering a mournful, inarticulate sound.

"Ce n'est rien, Jules," said the widow smiling on him, "sois tranquille." Jules smiled, too, and nodded his head, then slunk back to his task. "Do you understand, M'sieu', now," said the widow, "why I will not have Mélanie marry a young man?"

"But Isadore is so good," said Susan, coming to my aid, "he would not be cruel to Mélanie."

Madame Guion laughed harshly. "He?" she shouted, "he? *ma foy!* I think no. My Mélanie could lift him with the one arm. Always, she has

taken care of him. Look you: when they are children, she puts on his snow-shoes; and when he cries for the cold, she puts on him her mittens; and she will fight the boys that tease him because he is Tremblay's nephew. Always, she takes care of him."

"But, Madame," said Susan in her gentle voice, "if they have loved each other from childhood, how hard for them to be separated now."

"It would be harder," said the widow in quite another tone, "to marry him and repent all the years after. Love, it is pleasant, but marriage, that is another pair of sleeves. *Tiens*, Madame, regard the women of this village. Without doubt Madame has observed them. They work, work, work; they scrub, they cook, they weave, they spin, they knit, they make the clothes; one has not time to say one's prayers; and every year a new mouth to fill, — *mon dieu*, one mouth? two at a blow, perhaps! That makes one ugly and old. If Mélanie marries Isadore Clovis she will be like these others, so poor, so tired, so ugly; and there will be the children and her poor old blind mother cannot help her. Ah, *mon dieu*, I will not have such a fate come to my beautiful one!"

Then I spoke, struggling after a short cut through the situation. I offered to pay for her journey to Montreal and to do something for Isadore.

The widow's face stiffened; plainly she suspected the Greeks' gifts. "And why should M'sieu' incommode himself for my eyes?" said she.

I thought I had better let Susan do the rest of the talking. Her tact is equal to any demand. "It is for Mélanie, too, you understand," said she, "I am fond of Mélanie. And see, Madame, we are two lovers, my husband and I" (with an adorable blush), "and we are very happy; we should like to make two other lovers happy. Is not that what the good God intends we should do with happiness, share it?"

The widow Guion smiled a faint and wintry smile, saying: "Truly, M'sieu' has cause to be happy. But look you," she continued rapidly, "M'sieu' does not understand. It is not for myself. To see Mélanie rich, content, I would be blind, deaf, *dumb!*" At this climax of calamities she spread her hands out to the sky, and the fool began to moan. "Mélanie will be happier with M. Tremblay, — not now, in the end. And Isadore, too, he will be happier; his uncle will then give him a farm, — he has told me; he will marry, he will content himself, he is a slight creature. It is not for him to marry Mélanie. For see, Madame, she has always had better than the other children. Often, I have worked all night that she might wear a pretty robe to the church. She has been to the convent at Chicoutimi, she has accomplishments: she can embroider, she can make flowers with wool, she can play on the piano. One can see she is superior to the other girls of the village. M. Tremblay will do everything for her; he will take her to Quebec. Ah, Madame, it is because I love my little one that I would give her to M. Tremblay."

Evidently we could hope nothing from Mélanie's mother. Simultaneously Susan and I gave it up, and Susan covered our retreat with an order for beets, to be delivered at the hotel.

But I thought that I understood the situation better. I believed Madame Guion told us the truth: she was only seeking her daughter's happiness. She had an intense, but narrow nature, and her life of toil, hard and busy though it was, being also lonely and quiet, rather helped than hindered brooding over her sorrows. Her mind was of the true peasant type, the ideas came slowly and were tenacious of grip. Love had been ruin to her. It meant heartbreak, bodily anguish, the torture of impotent anger, and the bitterest humiliation. Therefore, her fixed determination was to save

Mélanie from its delusions. And because her own bloom had withered under sordid hardships, she yearned with passionate longing to ward them off her child. These two desires had come to fill her whole mind. Old Xavier offered to gratify both. Besides, he was the giver of whatever small comforts had brightened her poverty; she was grateful, and it is quite possible that she wanted to make amends for the past. As for those aspects of the marriage which revolted us, privations and drudgery blunt sentiment in women even more effectually than in men. Madame Guion felt no horror in such a union simply because she could not see any. These conclusions solved the problem of the widow's motives, but they did not help, in the least, to change them, or to make her more friendly towards Isadore. We tried the young people, next. I talked with Isadore, and Susan with Mélanie. It was all plain sailing with the man. He poured out his woes to me, on the way to Lake Ravel, with true Gallic effusion. His uncle had been kind to him, after a gruff and silent fashion, when a lad, but now, grown to manhood, he found himself frankly despised.

"He has said of me, '*C'est un vraie blêche,*'" cried Isadore, grinding his teeth. "Bac, arrêtes donc!" The horse, plunging at the sight of a fallen tree, was calmed instantly; I could not help admiring the lad's mastery of the animal.

"He would not say that, if he had seen you drive Bac when he was frightened," I said.

"It is nothing," said Isadore; "I am good to Bac and he knows it, that is all. He taught me to be kind to animals. He buys old horses that are beaten. M'sieu' has seen the last, Charlay, a sight to make fear. He will not be so long, he will be fat, lazy, like the others. He says: '*Dame, I can get work out of them, c'est bon marché!*' But it is not

for that he loves all animals. He loves the fool, also; but all good people he hates, and he curses the saints, he is so wicked," said Isadore, piously crossing himself.

Certainly his uncle knew of his attachment. "He is glad that I suffer," said Isadore. "M'sieu', I speak to you with the heart open; sometimes I think that I will kill myself, but Mélanie then will weep, and I must burn, myself, forever also. No, I will go away, she shall never see me again. I will go to Chicoutimi!"

Chicoutimi being barely nine miles away rather blunted the point of this tragic threat; but the poor fellow's grief and rage were real enough. There was no question about his willingness to be helped. He burst into tears and insisted upon embracing me over the front seat. He would do anything, he would go anywhere, he was my slave for life. Then he cried again.

Mélanie, as the French say, was more difficult. At first she could hardly believe in Susan's offers. Finally convinced, the poor girl grew quite white with emotion; all she did, however, was to lift a fold of Susan's gown, press it tightly between her two hands to her heart, and then let it drop;—an odd gesture, which, nevertheless, Susan found infinitely expressive.

But she could not be swerved from her purpose. She had sworn before the Virgin; to retreat now would break her mother's heart; moreover, the marriage would be the best thing for Isadore, since M. Tremblay, who never broke his word, had promised to give his nephew a farm on his wedding day. That Isadore might reject the gift did not occur to Mélanie; the habitants have no morbid scruples of delicacy—well, I do not know that it would have occurred to Isadore, either.

Susan would have tried to show her the sure unhappiness in such a marriage, but her first words were stopped by the

girl's quivering mouth and the miserable appeal of her eyes.

"Oh, do not tell it me, Madame," she cried, "I tell myself until I cannot sleep any more at night. I work, work, all day, to be tired; but at night it is only that my bones ache, the thoughts will not stop. I cannot eat or sleep, and always there is the same hard pain *here*." She touched, not her heart, but her throat. "Some day, it will choke me, I think," said she. Yet she spoke of Tremblay without bitterness, saying: "He was very good to me when I was young. For why should he be good at all? All the world has been unkind to him. When he was a little child, his own mother did not love him because he was ugly. He had a great misfortune in his youth, also; what, I do not know, but he will often say to maman, 'Beware of doing services to people, Madame. When I was young I was a fool. I did kindnesses, I would be loved. Men are like wolves, they bite the hand that feeds them. Be feared, Madame, that is best.' He makes himself feared. What he says, he does. He has vowed to marry a maiden of twenty, and he will keep his vow! Look you, the mother gave him the key of the fields,¹ he will marry the daughter; he makes two blows with a stone."

Meanwhile the matter was the absorbing topic at the Bay, our unlucky efforts to assist the lovers being as much common property as Isadore's despair or Mélanie's filial submission. This was just a trifle embarrassing, since we could hardly buy a candle that a multitude of volunteer counselors did not troop about us; or row on the Bay without the boatman's inquiring anxiously what we meant to do next. Not a mother's son had a suggestion to offer; but they all showed a cheerful confidence in our ingenuity, and were amazingly sympathetic.

¹ Donner le clef des champs, a satirical expression for a dismissal.

While this went on, I was seeing Xavier daily. Sometimes he would be walking, attended by a starving retinue of curs, sometimes driving Charlay; always he would grin at me in his gargoyles fashion; but our acquaintance got no further until the day I ran against him on the pier, talking English to Susan. Susan was talking English also.

"Why not?" was her comment, "he likes it. He is going to show us over his cr  merie, this afternoon. You know I have an interest in a cr  merie, myself — and by good luck I've been through it."

We spent three mortal hours in old Xavier's creamery, Susan admiring things right and left. Somewhere about Tremblay's porcupine nature must have been a soft spot of vanity, and my clever wife found it, for actually he looked almost human while he talked to her, and the grin that seemed carved on his face was softened into an uncouth smile.

"Susan," said I, "you are an unprincipled woman, flattering that clown!"

"Maurice," she answered gravely, "he interests me greatly."

The following day, being Sunday, we went to church. We liked the little church of St. Alphonse, with its walls covered with mortar decorated by lathes in wavy lines, to give a foothold to future plaster; its pillars hewn out of pine logs; its echoing floors; its altogether dreadful stations and images, and its poor little tawdry altars. Whenever mass was celebrated a dingy and crumpled flock of surplices crowded the chancel. It was worth a long journey to see the easy attitudes of the choristers, as they lounged in their stalls or shambled through the ritual. They all had colds, and expectorated with artless freedom. Choristers and organist generally started together on the chants; but soon the voices would lose the key and wander helplessly off, amid a howling mob of discords, while the organist was sternly plodding her way through her notes,

leaving them to their fate. Withal there was no irreverence; on the contrary, a devout attention. I used to watch the people telling their beads or kneeling at their prayers, and question whether their life seemed to them the innocent and stupid affair that it seemed to me. Thus gazing, this Sunday, I was aware that the aisle was illuminated by a blaze of red satin, followed by a rusty black gown, — M  lanie and her mother. M  lanie's gay frock was trimmed with cheap white lace. Susan called it a "nightmare" later, and it certainly did suggest the splendors of the chorus in a comic opera; but, all the same, it was amazingly becoming, and the girl's pallor and troubled eyes only enhanced her beauty. No wonder the young men stared at her and the women whispered.

The cur   preached a good sermon enough; but I could have wished a less appropriate subject than the sin of broken vows. M  lanie sat like a statue, hardly seeming to hear, her beads dangling from her limp fingers. The only visible portion of the widow's shape was her back, but I fancied a grim complacency in the way she sat bolt upright and held her chin in the air. After mass we had the excitement of a shower. There was the customary huddling under the church porch, while the fortunate owners of "buckboards" drove up, in turn, and stored their womenkind on the sheltered back seats. I had a glimpse of Bac's tossing mane among the horses, and saw Isadore standing up in the "buckboard," looking for M  lanie. I heard him offer his vehicle to Madame Guion. Simultaneously, old Xavier climbed up the church steps, in his ordinary garb of homespun, with plenty of mud on his boots. His long arm extended itself under two or three intervening shoulders, and jerked the widow's shawl. What he said was inaudible, but in response, she gathered up her skirts above her white stockings,

took her daughter by the hand, and strode out to the voiture à la planche. Poor Isadore was already at Bac's head smiling. He assisted the women in and buttoned the apron over their knees. Just as he was about to follow them his uncle's long arm unceremoniously thrust him aside and the old man climbed into his seat. The young fellow stood like one stupefied. His fair skin turned a deep red.

"En avant!" bawled Xavier. The voice roused Isadore. Bac flung his heels into the air and was off, Isadore after him, screaming "Take care! Bac will go for none but me! Stop, or he will kill you." The old man's answer was the whistle of a whip. I don't think that Xavier meant to touch the horse, it was a mere bit of a bravado, but by chance the lash did fillip Bac's flank. Up he went, like a shot, pawing the air; then round in a furious half circle. Xavier pulled, but he might as well have tried to hold a whirlwind. I had started, at the same instant, and was abreast of Isadore.

"C'est mon affaire," he cried, jumping at the bits. I caught the animal on the other side. For a moment I expected that he would trample the life out of both of us; he had the strength of ten horses. But Isadore talked away as composedly as if in the stable yard: "Arrêtez, donc, Bac; sois sage! s-s-sh! Why dost thou make such a time, little fool?" And actually, that raving devil of a brute stopped, trembling, and rubbed his nose against the habitant's breast.

"M'sieu', mon oncle," said Isadore calmly, "have the goodness to debark.¹ Bac is not safe for any one but me to drive."

The old man looked at his nephew and grinned. Quite composedly he got down, and stood with his hands on his

hips while Isadore sprang lightly into the voiture à la planche. Neither of the women spoke: the widow looked scared, Mélanie's eyes were shining. Isadore gravely touched his hat to me and drove away, old Xavier wrinkling his cheeks over his eyes in a deeper grin. "Bah," he muttered, "he can drive the little one," and stumped off without a word of acknowledgment to me.

Susan, when I told her the story, held that it was very encouraging. She thought that she understood the *mot d'enigma* about Tremblay.

"You see, Maurice," said she, "he is awfully vain, that is all. Did n't you ever notice that deformed people always are vain, poor things? Tremblay, now, has a consuming desire to be noticed. I think that at first he tried to win people's affection, and I imagine he met with some cruel disappointments. He had a dismal childhood, and you know, yourself, about the widow Guion. I believe he cared more for her than he will admit. See how kind he has been to her. He may pretend all sorts of mean motives for his actions, but there the kind actions are. You see, Maurice, now he tries to make people fear him, it is the same vanity, only twisted a little. He takes as much pains to appear wicked and cruel as other people do to appear good. Why he started that story about the confessional himself. Depend upon it, it is nothing but his vanity makes him so obstinately bent on marrying a girl of twenty." She had a pretty theory about his having been disappointed in Isadore. "He took the child to bring up," said she, "hoping, I feel sure, though he may not have owned the hope to himself, that the boy would be on his side, would share his hatred of mankind, and grow up in his own pattern. If Isadore had been a bold, fierce sort of a character, I believe the old man would have grown to love him; but from the first the boy was taken up by the village

¹ The *habitants* on the Saguenay and St. Lawrence always use *debarquer* for *descendre*, probably because they have so much to do with boats.

people, and he has all their ways of thinking. Then, besides, he is such a mild, gentle, inefficient seeming fellow that Tremblay can't endure it. But I fancy he has misjudged Isadore, and he is beginning to see it. He would be glad."

I did n't pretend to decide whether my wife was right, nor do I now; but this is what happened. One day I came out on the piazza to find the two, Xavier and Susan, talking earnestly. He gave me a nod, saying, "Madame does not approve of me, M'sieu'; she thinks I marry quite too young a wife."

"I am of Madame's opinion," said I.

Old Xavier looked at Susan's pretty, flushed cheeks not unkindly. "I care not for the people here," he said, "they are imbeciles, they; but her I find different. I wish to make myself understood. Look you, I want no wife; but they have made a mock of me in this parish. None shall make a mock of Xavier Tremblay. I say, 'Oway, I am old, I am ugly, all the same, *bon gré, mal gré*, I can marry a girl of twenty. I swear I will not go into my new house before.' Eh bien, the time goes on. I see a maiden of twenty, not beautiful, stupid, but good, amiable. She has but one eye. Her people are unkind to her, often I see her weep. I have compassion; I am ugly, myself, Madame, and in my youth I knew what it was to weep. I think she will have a pleasanter life with old Tremblay. I speak kindly to her. We arrange it; she is not difficult. But she fell into the river and was drowned. Then goes a long time. Mélanie Guion has grown up. She pleases me, I think; the mother gave me the key of the fields. Good, I will marry the daughter. I will show these beasts that Xavier Tremblay can do what he pleases. But Madame can tell Mélanie that I will not be troublesome to her, and when I am dead she may marry Isadore; he can drive."

"You have shown that you can do as

you please, Monsieur," said Susan: "to marry Mélanie will not show it any more; all the world knows that she has promised."

"But my vow, Madame, and my new house. I tire of living in my old house, *c'est bien ennuyant*."

There was our sticking, his preposterous old new house. He could not endure its standing reminder of his unfulfilled vow; the very sight of the walls which he might not enter chafed his vanity; to live in it had grown to be a corroding ambition, and the day whereon he should step across those uncompleted, yet half ruined thresholds appeared to his imagination as the climax of his life. We asked too much, asking him to give up such visions.

All this while, Isadore was haunting the hotel, waiting with forlorn patience for a word or look from me. I repeated his uncle's words to him, whereupon he frowned darkly and informed me that he longed to kill the old man; a confidence which disturbed me little, since I had my own opinion of Isadore's resolution.

By this time I was decidedly uncomfortable myself. The way Isadore morally flopped over on me, as it were, had a subtle tinge of irritation in its helplessness. Why could not the fellow lift a hand for himself? and the villagers were worse. They maintained a maddening confidence in my astuteness. When the notary assured me that "the old fox" (meaning Tremblay) had met his match (meaning me), and Madame Pingât, the postmistress, gave me expressions of faith with my letters, and the blacksmith, winking very pleasantly, told me that he could guess what I was after, talking with old Xavier, I felt like swearing; and when Madame Vernet, who kept a "general shop," sold me a tea-kettle for a coffee-pot (one boiled quite as well as the other, she said, and the habitants used them indiscriminately) and asked me if I did n't think it

time to do something decisive, I went out and kicked an unoffending dog. Pretty soon I felt that we should have to fly the country. Like Susan, I now rested my slender hope on getting out of the mess with credit upon old Xavier, and I was glad when an opportunity presented for another appeal. Isadore was to drive me to Lake Ravel for a day of trout fishing; but the evening previous he appeared with his arm in a sling. He had sprained his right wrist and offered his uncle's services in his stead, saying that the latter had a better horse than Charlay. So old Xavier took me to the lake. There I praised Isadore in French and English.

"You love 'im," said the old ogre, blinking at me with his keen eyes; "*mais moi, me tink 'im vaurien*; but mek wiz ze 'orse, notings of morre, *non*. *Bah*, for wy he *laisse* me tek 'is *amie* avays?" From which I gathered that he did not regard Isadore as a young man of spirit. In fact, I did n't think much of my habitant's spirit myself, but I had a suspicion that he wanted to be contradicted, that long silent instincts of blood were roused and speaking; perhaps, too, some faint emotion of compassion for the girl who had been fond of him as a child.

"*Chut*," he muttered, relapsing into his own tongue, "I will not be troublesome to Mélanie. It is a good little girl. I should have been her father, I; I have thought that always."

"Make her your niece, then," said I, "that 's next best."

"And never go into my new house? *Mais non, ça ne va pas!*"

There we stuck fast again. Briefly, I made another failure, and by the time evening came and we were in sight of the village I was decidedly out of temper. The first thing I noticed put my chagrin to flight. Little crowds of people going homewards gazed at us curiously, until, suddenly, Xavier shook his whip handle at a broken, lazy cloud of

smoke and urged his horse into a gallop. Reason enough! the smoke was rising from the ruins of his "new house." A sorry sight they made; heaps of blackened and crumbling stone which had been walls, charred skeletons of joists, and distorted shapes of tin or iron showed the fierce power of the fire. Jets of flame were still playing with the remnants of window frames, and puffs of black smoke rose only to sink again and drift forlornly above the wreck. Men with buckets and blankets, women holding babies in their arms, and a crowd of children stood around talking shrilly. A kind of hush fell on the chatter as we drove up. Everybody stared at old Xavier. His iron composure gave no clew to his feelings. "My stable," said old Xavier, "what of the horses?" A medley of voices explained that Isadore had saved the horses. If we were to believe the women he had been a prodigy of valor. Xavier listened with his smirk that was uglier than a frown. "Where then is he, this brave fellow?" said he. Half a dozen boys started after Isadore.

I did not wait for his arrival. Seeing Susan standing a little to one side, I joined her. She told me about the fire. It seems that a party of tourists, coming and going by the morning's boat, had been shown through the village by Isadore and little Antoine Vernet. The gentlemen, who had somehow heard of old Xavier, expressed a curiosity to go into his house. They pulled the boards off a window and climbed in and roamed over the house. They were smoking, and there was a quantity of dry wood and shavings about. Little Antoine said that Isadore asked them to put out their cigars lest a spark should set these afire; but they did not appear to understand him. After they were gone, almost three hours, the fire broke out. The whole house seemed to flash into a blaze at once. When Isadore, brought back from the pier, arrived, it was all

that he could do to save the horses in the stable and the old house.

As Susan spoke, I saw Isadore and his uncle approaching, and, at the same moment, from the opposite direction, the widow Guion and Mélanie. Isadore's expression was completely concealed by streaks of smut, his dress was torn and his hair disordered. Old Xavier was grinning. To them marched Madame Guion, dragging Mélanie after her. She did not so much as glance at us. Then I saw that she was livid with passion. "M'sieu," said she, in a voice hardly above a whisper, but holding the energy of a thunderbolt, "will you know who set fire to your new house?"

"Without doubt, Madame," replied Tremblay; and he stopped grinning.

The woman thrust out a long forefinger as she might have thrust a knife, crying, "Behold him!"

It was at Isadore that she stabbed with her hand, the finger tapping his breast. He recoiled, but answered boldly enough, "Madame, I do not understand."

"Comment?" said Xavier between his teeth.

"Oway, it is thou, Isadore Clovis," said Madame Guion, always in the same suppressed, vibrating tones, "that burned thy uncle's new house; I saw it, I, with these eyes. I tell it to him and to these Americans, who think that I should have given my daughter to thee!"

Mélanie threw a piteous glance around. "Wait, maman," she begged, "he will explain!"

"Peste," growled old Xavier, "what have we here? Speak, Madame, you. Tell what you have seen."

The widow released her daughter's hand to have both her own free for dramatic action; she spoke rapidly, even fiercely.

"Behold, then, M'sieu'; I go, this morning, to buy a pair of boots for Jules, and I pass your new house. A window has the board hanging by the

one nail. It is natural, is it not? I, a mother, wish to view the house where my daughter shall live. So I look in. Behold Isadore, your nephew, in the room. He splits boxes to pieces, chop! chop! with both arms, view you, he that pretends an arm in a sling. Then he goes out. I cannot see him, but I hear chop! chop! again. Then he comes back; he has, what think you? a kerosene can in his hands. He goes through the room. He does not come back. Then I go away. I think, 'What makes he there?' I cannot comprehend. A long time passes. It arrives that I hear them crying the alarm. Your house burns, M'sieu'! I run quickly. I am there among the first. They break down the door but the fire jumps out, *pouf!* in their faces. I run to my window; there, in the room, is the pile of wood blazing — so high!" lifting her arms. "So was it in every room. He had made piles and poured on the kerosene. I have a nose, I; I could smell it! Now, will he deny it, *le scélérat?*"

I suppose we all looked at Isadore. Mélanie clasped her hands and took a step towards him. Old Xavier gave his nephew a front view of a tolerably black scowl. "Eh bien, my nephew," said he, "what sayst thou?"

Isadore's sooty face could not show a change of color, but in his stiffening muscles, the straightened arms, and clenched fists one could see that he was pulling himself together. From childhood he had been taught to fear the old man before him, and those whom we fear in our childhood, we seldom can defy with unbiased calmness in later years; there is apt to be a speck of assertion about our very revolt. A sort of desperate hardihood was visible in Isadore's bearing, now, as he frowned back at his uncle. "Oway, mon oncle," said he, in a strident tone, "oway, I burned your accursed house. Send me to prison. *Même chose.*"

Mélanie uttered a low moan and covered her face.

"Come, mon enfant," said the widow gently, "thou seest now." She would have put her arm about the girl, but Mélanie pushed it aside, ran straight to Isadore, and caught him around his neck with both her arms. She was taller than he, so she drew his head to her breast instead of resting hers upon him.

Old Xavier looked on, motionless. "Bon," he said, "why did you do it?"

Isadore lifted his head. "Why?" repeated he; "have I the heart of a mouse to see you take Mélanie away from me and do nothing? It was to live in the house that you would marry her. If the house were burned, it might be that you would build another and live in it without a wife. *Et puis* — I burned the house."

"And thy arm? Was it hurt?"

"No," answered the young fellow sullenly, yet boldly, "I said it to get you away from home."

"And the gentlemen from the boat?"

"Some one must bear the blame. They were smoking. I spoke before Antoine that he might remember. They would not know themselves if they set it afire. There were the shavings and the wood. When they were gone I came back and made the piles and set them afire, so that the house should be all afire inside before it would show outside."

Old Xavier smote his thigh with his hand and burst into a peal of harsh laughter; I thought that he had lost his wits; but no, the strange old creature simply was tickled by his nephew's deviltry. "And I called him un vraie blêche," he muttered. "Madame, you were right, it is a lad of spirit after all. He has been sharp enough to make a fool of Xavier Tremblay, and of you, too, M'sieu'."

There was no denying it, he had, and as I looked at him, I marveled how I could be so blind; these nervous, ir-

rational, feminine temperaments, driven to bay, always fight like rats — desperately. With nothing to lose, Isadore looked his uncle in the eye and smiled. A grim and slow smile lighted up the other's rough features like a reflection; for the first time one could trace a resemblance between the two men.

"Come, Madame," said Xavier, turning to my wife, "what say you?"

"This, Monsieur," replied Susan, who alone of us took the old man's mood for what it was worth: "he proves himself your own nephew, since he can cheat you. You don't want the girl, you don't want the house; you have shown that you could do what you please. Give Mélanie to Isadore, and we will see that he pays you for the house."

I saw that Susan meant to get the price of that picture.

"*Non*," cried Madame Guion, "I will not have it so!" On his part old Xavier actually made a sort of bow to my wife, saying: "Madame, I thank you, but I am rich enough to give my nephew the house. As for the other — Madame shall see."

"I say, though, the insurance companies" — This humble and uncompleted sentence was started by the writer, but got no further because of a slim hand over his mouth and a sweet but peremptory voice in his ear: "Hush, Maurice, don't you spoil things!"

So I was mute and looked at Madame Guion. Her face was a study for a tragedy. I got it only in profile, for Tremblay had taken her aside and was whispering to her. She grew more and more agitated, while he seemed in a ruder way to be trying to soothe her. The two lovers clung to each other, perhaps feeling their mutual love the only solid thing in the storm. By this time the loiterers about the ruins had observed us and gradually drawn nearer, until a circle of amiable and interested eyes watched our motions. "My neighbors," said old Xavier, "approach,

I have something to say to you." Upon this there was a narrowing of the circle, accompanied by the emerging of a number of small children, whose feet twinkled in the air as they fled, to return, I felt certain, with absent relatives. "Neighbors," said the village ogre, in his strong, harsh voice, "attendez; you know that I vowed never to go into my new house until I should marry a maiden of twenty. I chose Mélanie Guion. She promised to marry me. Is it not so, Mélanie?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," said Mélanie, in a trembling voice.

"And are you ready, now, to keep your promise?"

"Oway, M'sieu'," the girl said again, though her voice was fainter and she turned exceedingly pale.

Old Xavier rolled his eyes over the crowd in sardonic triumph. "Eh bien, my neighbors," said he, "you hear. I have shown you that I can marry the best, like a young man. Now I will show you something else. An old man who marries a young wife is a fool, *n'est ce pas*, Emile Badeau?"

The unhappy Emile shook his fists in helpless rage, while his neighbors shrugged their shoulders, Badeau's conubial trials being a matter of public interest, like everybody else's so called private affairs, in St. Alphonse.

"Eh bien," continued the ogre, "I am not that fool. Why should I marry now? To go into my new house? View it! If I build me another, I need no wife to let me enter it. And I want peace in my old age. Alors, Ma'm'selle, merci. But since I take away your husband, I give you one in my place. Isadore, my nephew, make Mélanie my niece instead of my wife. But take care, you will find her harder to drive than Bac!"

Isadore was like a man struck by lightning. His eyes glared, his knees shook, he gasped for breath. But Mélanie did the best thing possible; she ran to the old man and kissed him.

"Non, non," she sobbed, "pas mon oncle, mon père!"

Doubtless no one had kissed him since Mélanie herself was a child. He looked at her with a curious expression, almost gentle. "Oway, mon enfant," he said; and there was even a rough dignity in his bearing as he encircled her waist with his arm and turned to the crowd. "And now, my neighbors, do you hold me free from my vow?"

The villagers returned a shrill French cheer, some of them wept, and the more enterprising embraced me and overwhelmed Susan with a din of compliments. Only the widow Guion maintained a stern and bewildered silence. A bitterly disappointed woman, she was turning to go her way, when Mélanie ran to her. "Wilt thou not forgive me, maman?" cried she, weeping and kissing the wrinkled brown cheeks, "I shall be so happy!"

"Chut! It is not thou that I blame," said the widow, "but he is a slight creature. Bah, what use? It was the will of God. But at least, thou wilt be rich, he has said it!"

Then she directed a long glance of fierce interrogation at me. "You may trust us, Madame," I said.

"Cela se comprend," answered she inclining her head towards Susan, "A'vair, Madame."

I am ashamed to confess that I received the applause of the parish quite as though I deserved it. On our departure, a week later, they displayed the flag at the hotel and fired off an ancient cannon, and all the inhabitants who were not congregated about the cannon assembled on the pier, including Isadore (who wept profusely), Mélanie, and old Xavier himself. Every man, woman, and child cheered with enthusiasm. Barring our fears that the cannon might explode, it was a proud moment, especially when we overheard the following conversation between two of our countrymen.

"What are they making all this row about?"

"Don't you know? See that lady and gentleman?—they're Lord and Lady Lansdowne, just been making a visit."

At present Susan, and I are home in New York. I took the pains to inquire about the insurance and was relieved to find that there was none on the house, old Xavier having once been cheated by an insurance agent, and being the

mortal foe of insurance companies, in consequence. Susan said she didn't think that it mattered, anyhow. The best of women have queer notions of public morality. Susan sent Mélanie a great box of wedding finery. In response, we have received a long letter. Madame Guion's eyes were cured a month ago. She is still opposed to the marriage, but Isadore hopes everything from time. Old Xavier is well and building him a new house.

Octave Thanet.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

XIX.

THE REPORT OF THE BIOLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

PERHAPS it is too much to expect a reader who wishes to be entertained, excited, amused, and does not want to work his passage through pages which he cannot understand without some effort of his own, to read the paper which follows and Dr. Butts's reflections upon it. If he has no curiosity in the direction of these chapters, he can afford to leave the sheets which contain them uncut. But if he does so leave them he will very probably remain skeptical as to the truth of the story to which they are meant to furnish him with a key.

Of course the case of Maurice Kirkwood is a remarkable and exceptional one, and it is hardly probable that any reader's experience will furnish him with its parallel. But let him look back over all his acquaintances, if he has reached middle life, and see if he cannot recall more than one who, for some reason or other, shunned the society of young women, as if they had a deadly fear of their company. If he remembers any such, he can understand the simple

statements and natural reflections which are laid before him.

One of the most singular facts connected with the history of Maurice Kirkwood was the philosophical equanimity with which he submitted to the fate which had fallen upon him. He did not choose to be pumped by the Interviewer, who would show him up in the sensational columns of his prying newspaper. He lived chiefly by himself, as the easiest mode of avoiding those meetings to which he would be exposed in almost every society into which he might venture. But he had learned to look upon himself very much as he would upon an intimate *not* himself,—upon a different personality. A young man will naturally enough be ashamed of his shyness. It is something which others believe, and perhaps he himself thinks, he might overcome. But in the case of Maurice Kirkwood there was no room for doubt as to the reality and gravity of the long enduring effects of his first convulsive terror. He had accepted the fact as he would have accepted the calamity of losing his sight or his hearing. When he was questioned by the experts to whom his case was submitted, he told them all that he knew about it

almost without a sign of emotion. Nature was so peremptory with him, — saying in language that had no double meaning: "If you violate the condition on which you hold my gift of existence, I slay you on the spot," — that he became as decisive in his obedience as she was in her command, and accepted his fate without repining.

Yet it must not be thought for a moment, — it cannot be supposed, — that he was insensible because he looked upon himself with the coolness of an enforced philosophy. He bore his burden manfully, hard as it was to live under it, for he lived, as we have seen, in hope. The thought of throwing it off with his life, as too grievous to be borne, was familiar to his lonely hours, but he rejected it as unworthy of his manhood. How he had speculated and dreamed about it is plain enough from the paper the reader may remember on Ocean, River, and Lake.

With these preliminary hints the papers promised are submitted to such as may find any interest in them.

ACCOUNT OF A CASE OF GYNOPHOBIA.

WITH REMARKS.

Being the Substance of a Report to the Royal Academy of the Biological Sciences by a Committee of that Institution.

"The singular nature of the case we are about to narrate and comment upon will, we feel confident, arrest the attention of those who have learned the great fact that nature often throws the strongest light upon her laws by the apparent exceptions and anomalies which from time to time are observed. We have done with the *lusus nature* of earlier generations. We pay little attention to the stories of 'miracles,' except so far as we receive them ready-made at the hands of the churches which still hold to them. Not the less do we meet with strange and surprising facts, which a century or two ago would have been

handled by the clergy and the courts, but to-day are calmly recorded and judged by the best light our knowledge of the laws of life can throw upon them. It must be owned that there are stories which we can hardly dispute, so clear and full is the evidence in their support, which do, notwithstanding, tax our faith and sometimes leave us skeptical in spite of all the testimony which supports them.

"In this category many will be disposed to place the case we commend to the candid attention of the Academy. If one were told that a young man, a gentleman by birth and training, well formed, in apparently perfect health, of agreeable physiognomy and manners, could not endure the presence of the most attractive young woman, but was seized with deadly terror and sudden collapse of all the powers of life, if he came into her immediate presence; if it were added that this same young man did not shrink from the presence of an old withered crone; that he had a certain timid liking for little maidens who had not yet outgrown the company of their dolls, the listener would be apt to smile, if he did not laugh, at the absurdity of the fable. Surely, he would say, this must be the fiction of some fanciful brain, the whim of some romancer, the trick of some playwright. It would make a capital farce, this idea, carried out. A young man slighting the lovely heroine of the little comedy and making love to her grandmother! This would, of course, be overstating the truth of the story, but to such a misinterpretation the plain facts lend themselves too easily. We will relate the leading circumstances of the case, as they were told us with perfect simplicity and frankness by the subject of an affection which, if classified, would come under the general head of *Antipathy*, but to which, if we gave it a name, we should have to apply the term *Gynophobia*, or *Fear of Woman*."

[Here follows the account furnished to the writer of the paper, which is in all essentials identical with that already laid before the reader.]

"Such is the case offered to our consideration. Assuming its truthfulness in all its particulars, it remains to see in the first place, whether or not it is as entirely exceptional and anomalous as it seems at first sight, or whether it is only the last term of a series of cases which in their less formidable aspect are well known to us in literature, in the records of science, and even in our common experience.

"To most of those among us the explanations we are now about to give are entirely superfluous. But there are some whose chief studies have been in different directions, and who will not complain if certain facts are mentioned which to the expert will seem rudimentary, and which hardly require recapitulation to those who are familiarly acquainted with the common textbooks.

"The heart is the centre of every living movement in the higher animals, and in man, furnishing in varying amount, or withholding to a greater or less extent, the needful supplies to all parts of the system. If its action is diminished to a certain degree, faintness is the immediate consequence; if it is arrested, loss of consciousness; if its action is not soon restored, death, of which fainting plants the white flag, remains in possession of the system.

How closely the heart is under the influence of the emotions we need not go to science to learn, for all human experience and all literature are overflowing with evidence that shows the extent of this relation. Scripture is full of it; the heart in Hebrew poetry represents the entire life, we might almost say. Not less forcible is the language of Shakespeare, as for instance, in 'Measure for Measure':—

'Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making it both unable for itself
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?'

More especially is the heart associated in every literature with the passion of love. A famous old story is that of Galen, who was called to the case of a young lady long ailing, and wasting away from some cause the physicians who had already seen her were unable to make out. The shrewd old practitioner suspected that love was at the bottom of the young lady's malady. Many relatives and friends of both sexes, all of them ready with their sympathy, came to see her. The physician sat by her bedside during one of these visits, and in an easy, natural way took her hand and placed a finger on her pulse. It beat quietly enough until a certain comely young gentleman entered the apartment, when it suddenly rose in frequency and at the same moment her hurried breathing, her changing color, pale and flushed by turns, betrayed the profound agitation his presence excited. This was enough for the sagacious Greek; love was the disease, the cure of which by its like may be claimed as an anticipation of homœopathy. In the frontispiece to the fine old "Junta" edition of the works of Galen, you may find among the wood-cuts a representation of the interesting scene, with the title *Amantis Dignotio*, — the diagnosis, or recognition of the lover.

"Love has many languages, but the heart talks through all of them. The pallid or burning cheek tells of the failing or leaping fountain which gives it color. The lovers at the 'Brookside' could hear each other's hearts beating. When Genevieve, in Coleridge's poem, forgot herself, and was beforehand with her suitor in her sudden embrace, —

'T was partly love and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.'

Always the heart, whether its hurried action is seen, or heard, or felt. But it is not always in this way that the 'deceitful' organ treats the lover.

'Faint heart never won fair lady.'

This saying was not meant, perhaps, to be taken literally, but it has its literal truth. Many a lover has found his heart 'sink within him,' — lose all its force, and leave him weak as a child in his emotion at the sight of the object of his affections. When Porphyro looked upon Madeline at her prayers in the chapel, it was too much for him, —

'She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven : — *Porphyro grew faint*,
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from earthly
taint.'

And in Balzac's novel, Cesar Birotteau, the hero of the story '*fainted away for joy*' at the moment when, under a linden-tree, at Seeaux, Constance - Barbe-Josephine accepted him as her future husband.'

"One who faints is *dead* if he does not 'come to,' and nothing is more likely than that too susceptible lovers have actually gone off in this way. Everything depends on how the heart behaves itself in these and similar trying moments. The mechanism of its actions becomes an interesting subject, therefore, to lovers of both sexes, and to all who are capable of intense emotions.

"The heart is a great reservoir, which distributes food, drink, air, and heat to every part of the system, in exchange for its waste material. It knocks at the gate of every organ seventy or eighty times in a minute, calling upon it to receive its supplies and unload its refuse. Between it and the brain there is the closest relation. The emotions, which act upon it as we have seen, govern it by a mechanism only of late years thoroughly understood. This mechanism can be made plain enough to the reader who is not afraid to believe that he can understand it.

"The brain, as all know, is the seat of

ideas, emotions, volition. It is the great central telegraphic station with which many lesser centres are in close relation, from which they receive, and to which they transmit, their messages. The heart has its own little brains, so to speak, — small collections of nervous substance which govern its rhythmical motions under ordinary conditions. But these lesser nervous centres are to a large extent dominated by influences transmitted from certain groups of nerve-cells in the brain and its immediate dependencies.

"There are two among the special groups of nerve-cells which produce directly opposite effects. One of these has the power of accelerating the action of the heart, while the other has the power of retarding or arresting this action. One acts as the spur, the other as the bridle. According as one or the other predominates, the action of the heart will be stimulated or restrained. Among the great modern discoveries in physiology is that of the existence of a distinct centre of *inhibition*, as the restraining influence over the heart is called.

"The centre of inhibition plays a terrible part in the history of cowardice and of unsuccessful love. No man can be brave without blood to sustain his courage, any more than he can think, as the German materialist says, not absurdly, without phosphorus. The fainting lover must recover his circulation, or his lady will lend him her smelling salts and take a gallant with blood in his cheeks. Porphyro got over his faintness before he ran away with Madeline, and Cesar Birotteau was an accepted lover when he swooned with happiness: but many an officer has been cashiered, and many a suitor has been rejected, because the centre of inhibition has got the upper hand of the centre of stimulation.

"In the well-known cases of deadly antipathy which have been recorded, the

most frequent cause has been the disturbed and depressing influence of the centre of inhibition. Fainting at the sight of blood is one of the commonest examples of this influence. A single impression, in a very early period of atmospheric existence, — perhaps, indirectly, before that period, as was said to have happened in the case of James the First of England, — may establish a communication between this centre and the heart which will remain open ever afterwards. How does a footpath across a field establish itself? Its curves are arbitrary, and what we call accidental, but one after another follows it as if he were guided by a chart on which it was laid down. So it is with this dangerous transit between the centre of inhibition and the great organ of life. If once the path is opened by the track of some profound impression, that same impression, if repeated, or a similar one, is likely to find the old footmarks and follow them. Habit only makes the path easier to traverse, and thus the unreasoning terror of a child, of an infant, may perpetuate itself in a timidity which shames the manhood of its subject.

"The case before us is an exceptional and most remarkable example of the effect of inhibition on the heart.

"We will not say that we believe it to be unique in the history of the human race; on the contrary, we do not doubt that there have been similar cases, and that in some rare instances sudden death has been the consequence of seizures like that of the subject of this Report. The case most like it is that of Colonel Townsend, which is too well known to require any lengthened description in this paper. It is enough to recall the main facts. He could by a voluntary effort suspend the action of his heart for a considerable period, during which he lay like one dead, pulseless, and without motion. After a time the circulation returned, and he does not seem to have been the worse for his danger-

ous, or seemingly dangerous, experiment. But in his case it was by an act of the will that the heart's action was suspended. In the case before us it is an involuntary impulse transmitted from the brain to the inhibiting centre, which arrests the cardiac movements.

"What is like to be the further history of the case?

"The subject of this anomalous affliction is now more than twenty years old. The chain of nervous actions has become firmly established. It might have been hoped that the changes of adolescence would have effected a transformation of the perverted instinct. On the contrary, the whole force of this instinct throws itself on the centre of inhibition, instead of quickening the heart-beats, and sending the rush of youthful blood with fresh life through the entire system to the throbbing finger-tips.

"Is it probable that time and circumstances will alter a habit of nervous interactions so long established? We are disposed to think that there is a chance of its being broken up. And we are not afraid to say that we suspect the old gypsy woman, whose prophecy took such hold of the patient's imagination, has hit upon the way in which the 'spell,' as she called it, is to be dissolved. She must, in all probability, have had a hint of the '*antipatia*' to which the youth before her was a victim, and its cause, and if so, her guess as to the probable mode in which the young man would obtain relief from his unfortunate condition was the one which would naturally suggest itself.

"If once the nervous impression which falls on the centre of inhibition can be made to change its course, so as to follow its natural channel, it will probably keep to that channel ever afterwards. And this will, it is most likely, be effected by some sudden, unexpected impression. If he were drowning, and a young woman should rescue him, it is by no means impossible that the change

in the nervous current we have referred to might be brought about as rapidly, as easily, as the reversal of the poles in a magnet, which is effected in an instant. But he cannot be expected to throw himself into the water just at the right moment when the 'fair lady' of the gitanas's prophecy is passing on the shore. Accident may effect the cure which art seems incompetent to perform. It would not be strange if in some future seizure he should never come back to consciousness. But it is quite conceivable, on the other hand, that a happier event may occur, — that in a single moment the nervous polarity may be reversed, the whole course of his life changed, and his past terrible experiences be to him like a scarce-remembered dream.

"This is one of those cases in which it is very hard to determine the wisest course to be pursued. The question is not unlike that which arises in certain cases of dislocation of the bones of the neck. Shall the unfortunate sufferer go all his days with his face turned far round to the right or the left, or shall an attempt be made to replace the dislocated bones, — an attempt which may succeed, or may cause instant death? The patient must be consulted as to whether he will take the chance. The practitioner may be unwilling to risk it, if the patient consents. Each case must be judged on its own special grounds. We cannot think that this young man is doomed to perpetual separation from the society of womanhood during the period of its bloom and attraction. But to provoke another seizure after his past experiences would be too much like committing suicide. We fear that we must trust to the chapter of accidents. The strange malady, for such it is, has become a second nature, and may require as energetic a shock to displace it as it did to bring it into existence. Time alone can solve this question, on which depends the well-being, and, it may be, the existence of a young man every

way fitted to be happy, and to give happiness, if restored to his true nature."

XX.

DR. BUTTS REFLECTS.

Dr. Butts sat up late at night reading these papers and reflecting upon them. He was profoundly impressed and tenderly affected by the entire frankness, the absence of all attempt at concealment, which Maurice showed in placing these papers at his disposal. He believed that his patient would recover from this illness for which he had been taking care of him. He thought deeply and earnestly of what he could do for him after he should have regained his health and strength.

There were references, in Maurice's own account of himself, which the doctor called to mind with great interest after reading his brief autobiography. Some one person — some young woman, it must be — had produced a singular impression upon him since those earlier perilous experiences through which he had passed. The doctor could not help thinking of that meeting with Euthymia of which she had spoken to him. Maurice, as she said, turned pale, — he clapped his hand to his breast. He might have done so if he had met her chambermaid, or any straggling damsel of the village. But Euthymia was not a young woman to be looked upon with indifference. She held herself like a queen, and walked like one, — not a stage queen, but one born and bred to self-reliance, and command of herself as well as others. One could not pass her without being struck with her noble bearing and spirited features. If she had known how Maurice trembled as he looked upon her, in that conflict of attraction and uncontrollable dread, — if she had known it! But what, even then, could she have done? Nothing but get away

from him as fast as she could. As it was, it was a long time before his agitation subsided, and his heart beat with its common force and frequency.

Dr. Butts was not a male gossip nor a match-making go-between. But he could not help thinking what a pity it was that these two young persons could not come together as other young people do in the pairing season and find out whether they cared for and were fitted for each other. He did not pretend to settle this question in his own mind, but the thought was a natural one. And here was a gulf between them as deep and wide as that between Lazarus and Dives. Would it ever be bridged over? This thought took possession of the doctor's mind, and he imagined all sorts of ways of effecting some experimental approximation between Maurice and Euthymia. From this delicate subject he glanced off to certain general considerations suggested by the extraordinary history he had been reading. He began by speculating as to the possibility of the personal presence of an individual making itself perceived by some channel other than any of the five senses. The study of the natural sciences teaches those who are devoted to them that the most insignificant facts may lead the way to the discovery of the most important, all pervading laws of the universe. From the kick of a frog's hind leg to the amazing triumphs which began with that seemingly trivial incident is a long, a very long stride. If Madam Galvani had not been in delicate health, which was the occasion of her having some frog-broth prepared for her, the world of to-day might not be in possession of the electric telegraph and the light which blazes like the sun at high noon. A common-looking fact, one seemingly insignificant, hitherto passing unnoticed with the ordinary sequence of events to which we are accustomed, may introduce us to a new and vast realm of closely related phenomena. It is like

a key that we may have picked up, looking so simple that it can hardly fit any lock but one of like simplicity, and all at once we find that it will throw back the bolts of the one lock which has defied the most ingenious of our complex implements and open our way into a hitherto unexplored territory.

It certainly was not through the eye alone that Maurice felt the paralyzing influence. He could contemplate Euthymia from a distance, as he did on the day of the boat-race, without any nervous disturbance. A certain proximity was necessary for the influence to be felt, as in the case of magnetism and electricity. An atmosphere of danger surrounded every woman he approached during the period when her sex exercises its most powerful attractions. How far did that atmosphere extend, and through what channel did it act?

The key to the phenomena of this case, he believed, was to be found in a fact as humble as that which gave birth to the science of galvanism and its practical applications. The circumstances connected with the very common antipathy to *cats* were as remarkable in many points of view as the similar circumstances in the case of Maurice Kirkwood. The subjects of that antipathy could not tell what it was which disturbed their nervous system. All they knew was that a sense of uneasiness, restlessness, oppression, came over them in the presence of one of these animals. He remembered the fact already mentioned, that persons sensitive to this impression can tell by their feelings if a cat is concealed in the apartment in which they may happen to be. It may be through some emanation. It may be through the medium of some electrical disturbance. What if the nerve-thrills passing through the whole system of the animal propagate themselves to a certain distance without any more regard to intervening solids than is shown by magnetism? A sieve lets sand pass

through it ; a filter arrests sand, but lets fluids pass ; glass shuts fluids, but lets light through ; wood shuts out light, but magnetic attraction goes through it as sand went through the sieve. No good reasons can be given why the presence of a cat should not betray itself to certain organizations, at a distance, through the walls of a box in which the animal is shut up. We need not disbelieve the stories which allege such an occurrence as a fact and a not very infrequent one.

If the presence of a cat can produce its effects under these circumstances, why should not that of a human being under similar conditions, acting on certain constitutions, exercise its specific influence ? The doctor recalled a story told him by one of his friends, a story which the friend himself heard from the lips of the distinguished actor, the late Mr. Fechter. The actor maintained that Rachel had no *genius* as an actress. It was all Samson's training and study, according to him, which explained the secret of her wonderful effectiveness on the stage. But *magnetism*, he said, — *magnetism*, she was full of. He declared that he was made aware of her presence on the stage, when he could not see her or know of her presence otherwise, by this magnetic emanation. The doctor took the story for what it was worth. There might very probably be exaggeration, perhaps high imaginative coloring about it, but it was not a whit more unlikely than the cat-stories, accepted as authentic. He continued this train of thought into further developments. Into this series of reflections we will try to follow him.

What is the meaning of the *halo* with which artists have surrounded the heads of their pictured saints, — of the *aureola* which wraps them like a luminous cloud ? Is it not a recognition of the fact that these holy personages diffuse their personality in the form of a visible emanation, which reminds us of Milton's definition of light : —

VOL. LVI. — NO. 336.

34

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate" ?

The common use of the term *influence* would seem to imply the existence of its correlative, *effluence*. There is no good reason that I can see, the doctor said to himself, why among the forces which work upon the nervous centres there should not be one which acts at various distances from its source. It may not be visible like the "glory" of the painters ; it may not be appreciable by any of the senses, and yet it may be felt by the person reached by it as much as if it were a palpable presence — more powerfully, perhaps, from the mystery which belongs to its mode of action.

Why should not Maurice have been rendered restless and anxious by the unseen nearness of a young woman who was in the next room to him, just as the persons who have the dread of cats are made conscious of their presence through some unknown channel ? Is it anything strange that the larger and more powerful organism should diffuse a consciousness of its presence to some distance as well as the slighter and feebler one ? Is it strange that this mysterious influence or effluence should belong especially or exclusively to the period of complete womanhood in distinction from that of immaturity or decadence ? On the contrary, it seems to be in accordance with all the analogies of nature, — analogies too often cruel in the sentence they pass upon the human female.

Among the many curious thoughts which came up in the doctor's mind was this, which made him smile as if it were a jest, but which he felt very strongly had its serious side, and was involved with the happiness or suffering of multitudes of youthful persons who die without telling their secret : —

How many young men have a mortal fear of woman, as woman, which they never overcome, and in consequence of which the great instinct of their nature, as strong in them as in others, — often-

times, in virtue of their peculiarly sensitive organizations, more potent in them than in the average human being of like age and conditions, — in consequence of which fear, this great instinct is utterly defeated, and all the possibilities of doubled and indefinitely extended life depending upon it are left unrealized? Think what numbers of young men in Catholic countries devote themselves to lives of celibacy. Think how many young men lose all their confidence in the presence of the young woman to whom they are most attracted, and at last steal away from a companionship which it is rapture to dream of and torture to endure, so does the presence of the beloved object paralyze all the powers of expression. Sorcerers have in all times and countries played on the hopes and terrors of lovers. Once let loose a strong impulse on the centre of inhibition, and the warrior who had faced bayonets and batteries becomes a coward whom the well-dressed hero of the ball-room and leader of the German will put to ignominious flight in five minutes of easy, audacious familiarity with his lady-love.

Yes, the doctor went on with his reflections, I do not know that I have seen the term *Gynophobia* before I opened this manuscript, but I have seen the malady many times. Only one word has stood between many a pair of young people and their lifelong happiness, and that word has got as far as the lips, — but the lips trembled and would not, could not, shape that little word. All young women are not like Coleridge's Genevieve, who knew how to help her lover out of his difficulty, and said yes before he had asked for an answer. So the wave which was to have wafted them on to the shore of Elysium has just failed of landing them, and back they have been drawn into the desolate ocean to meet no more on earth.

Love is the master-key, he went on thinking, — love is the master-key that

opens the gates of happiness, of hatred, of jealousy, and most easily of all, the gate of *fear*. How terrible is the one fact of beauty, — not only the historic wonder of beauty, that "burnt the topless towers of Ilium" for the smile of Helen, and fired the palaces of Babylon by the hand of Thais, — but the beauty which springs up in all times and places, and carries a torch and wears a serpent for a wreath as truly as any of the Eumenides! Paint Beauty with her foot upon a skull and a dragon coiled around her.

The doctor smiled at his own imposing classical allusions and pictorial imagery. Drifting along from thought to thought, he reflected on the probable consequences of the general knowledge of Maurice Kirkwood's story, if it came before the public.

What a piece of work it would make among the young people of the village, to be sure! What scoffing, what ridicule, what embellishments, what fables, would follow in the trail of the story! If the Interviewer got hold of it, how "The People's Perennial and Household Inquisitor" would blaze with capitals in its next issue! The young fellows of the village would be disposed to make fun of the whole matter. The young girls — the doctor hardly dared to think what would happen when the story got about among them. "The Sachem" of the solitary canoe, the bold horseman, the handsome young man, — handsome so far as the glimpses they had got of him went, — must needs be an object of tender interest among them, now that he was ailing, suffering, in danger of his life, away from friends, — poor fellow! Little tokens of their regard had reached his sick chamber; bunches of flowers with dainty little notes, some of them pinkish, some three cornered, some of them with brief messages, others "criscrossed," were growing more frequent as it was understood that the patient was likely to be convalescent be-

fore many days had passed. If it should come to be understood that there was a deadly obstacle to their coming into any personal relations with him, the doctor had his doubts whether there were not those who would subject him to the risk; for there were coquettes in the village,—strangers, visitors, let us hope,—who would sacrifice anything or anybody to their vanity and love of conquest.

XXI.

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION.

The illness from which Maurice had suffered left him in a state of profound prostration. The doctor, who remembered the extreme danger of any over-exertion in such cases, hardly allowed him to lift his head from the pillow. But his mind was gradually recovering its balance, and he was able to hold some conversation with those about him. His faithful Paolo had grown so thin in waiting upon him and watching with him that the village children had to take a second look at his face when they passed him to make sure that it was indeed their old friend and no other. But as his master advanced towards convalescence and the doctor assured him that he was going in all probability to get well, Paolo's face began to recover something of its old look and expression, and once more his pockets filled themselves with comfits for his little circle of worshipping three and four year old followers.

"How is Mr. Kirkwood?" was the question with which he was always greeted. In the worst periods of the fever he rarely left his master. When he did, and the question was put to him, he would shake his head sadly, sometimes without a word, sometimes with tears and sobs and faltering words,—more like a broken-hearted child than a stalwart man as he was, such a man

as soldiers are made of in the great continental armies.

"He very bad, — he no eat nothing, — he no say nothing, — he never be no better," and all his Southern nature betrayed itself in a passionate burst of lamentation. But now that he began to feel easy about his master, his ready optimism declared itself no less transparently.

"He better every day now. He get well in few weeks, sure. You see him on hoss in little while." The kind-hearted creature's life was bound up in that of his "master," as he loved to call him, in sovereign disregard of the comments of the natives, who held themselves too high for any such recognition of another as their better. They could not understand how he, so much their superior in bodily presence, in air and manner, could speak of the man who employed him in any other way than as "Kirkwood," without even demeaning himself so far as to prefix a Mr. to it. But "my master" Maurice remained for Paolo in spite of the fact that all men are born free and equal. And never was a servant more devoted to a master than was Paolo to Maurice during the days of doubt and danger. Since his improvement Maurice insisted upon his leaving his chamber and getting out of the house, so as to breathe the fresh air of which he was in so much need. It worried him to see his servant returning after too short an absence. The attendant who had helped him in the care of the patient was within call, and Paolo was almost driven out of the house by the urgency of his master's command that he should take plenty of exercise in the open air.

Notwithstanding the fact of Maurice's improved condition, although the force of the disease had spent itself, the state of weakness to which he had been reduced was a cause of some anxiety and required great precautions to be taken. He lay in bed, wasted, enfeebled to such

a degree that he had to be cared for very much as a child is tended. Gradually his voice was coming back to him, so that he could hold some conversation, as was before mentioned, with those about him. The doctor waited for the right moment to introduce the subject of the manuscript which Maurice had submitted to him. Up to this time, although it had been alluded to and the doctor had told him of the intense interest with which he had read it, he had never ventured to make it the topic of any long talk, such as would be liable to fatigue his patient. But now he thought the time had come.

"I have been thinking," the doctor said, "of the singular affection to which you are subject, and as it is my business not merely to think about such cases, but to do what I can to help any who may be capable of receiving aid from my art, I wish to have some additional facts about your history. And in the first place, will you allow me to ask what led you to this particular place? It is so much less known to the public at large than many other resorts that we naturally ask, What brings this or that new visitor among us? We have no ill-tasting, natural spring of bad water to be analyzed by the state chemist and proclaimed as a specific. We have no great gambling-houses, no race-course (except that for boats on the lake); we have no coaching-club, no great balls, few lions of any kind, — so we ask, What brings this or that stranger here? And I think I may venture to ask you whether any special motive brought you among us, or whether it was accident that determined your coming to this place?"

"Certainly, doctor," Maurice answered, "I will tell you with great pleasure. Last year I passed on the border of a great river. The year before I passed in a lonely cottage at the side of the ocean. I wanted this year to be by a lake. You heard the paper read at the meeting of your society, or

at least you heard of it, — for such matters are always talked over in a village like this. You can judge by that paper, or could, if it were before you, of the frame of mind in which I came here. I was tired of the sullen indifference of the ocean and the babbling egotism of the river, always hurrying along on its own private business. I wanted the dreamy stillness of a large, tranquil sheet of water that had nothing in particular to do, and would leave me to myself and my thoughts. I had read somewhere about the place, and the old Anchor Tavern, with its paternal landlord and motherly landlady and old-fashioned household, and that though it was no longer open as a tavern, I could find a resting-place there early in the season, at least for a few days, while I looked about me for a quiet place in which I might pass my summer. I have found this a pleasant residence. By being up early and out late I have kept myself mainly in the solitude which has become my enforced habit of life. The season has passed too swiftly for me since my dream has become a vision."

The doctor was sitting with his hand round Maurice's wrist, three fingers on his pulse. As he spoke these last words he noticed that the pulse fluttered a little, — beat irregularly a few times; intermitted; grew feeble and thready; while his cheek grew whiter than the pallid bloodlessness of his long illness had left it.

"No more talk, now," he said. "You are too tired to be using your voice. I will hear all the rest another time."

The doctor had interrupted Maurice at an interesting point. What did he mean by saying that his dream had become a vision? This is what the doctor was naturally curious, and professionally anxious, to know. But his hand was still on his patient's pulse, which told him unmistakably that the heart had taken the alarm and was losing its energy under the depressing nervous in-

fluence. Presently, however, it recovered its natural force and rhythm, and a faint flush came back to the pale cheek. The doctor remembered the story of Galen, and the young maiden whose complaint had puzzled the physicians.

The next day his patient was well enough to enter once more into conversation.

"You said something about a dream of yours which had become a vision," said the doctor, with his fingers on his patient's wrist, as before. He felt the artery leap, under his pressure, falter a little, stop, then begin again, growing fuller in its beat. The heart had felt the pull of the bridle, but the spur had roused it to swift reaction.

"You know the story of my past life, doctor," Maurice answered; "and I will tell you what is the vision which has taken the place of my dreams. You remember the boat-race? I watched it from afar off, but I held a powerful opera-glass in my hand, which brought the whole crew of the young ladies' boat so close to me that I could see the features, the figures, the movements, of every one of the rowers. I saw the little coxswain fling her bouquet in the track of the other boat,—you remem-

ber how the race was lost and won,—but I saw one face among those young girls which drew me away from all the rest. It was that of the young lady who pulled the bow-oar, the captain of the boat's crew. I have since learned her name,—you know it well,—I need not name her. Since that day I have had many distant glimpses of her; and once I met her so squarely that the deadly sensation came over me, and I felt that in another moment I should fall senseless at her feet. But she passed on her way and I on mine, and the spasm which had clutched my heart gradually left it, and I was as well as before. You know that young lady, doctor?"

"I do; and she is a very noble creature. You are not the first young man who has been fascinated, almost at a glance, by Miss Euthymia Tower. And she is well worth knowing more intimately."

The doctor gave him a full account of the young lady, of her early days, her character, her accomplishments. To all this he listened devoutly, and when the doctor left him he said to himself,—

"I will see her and speak with her, if it costs me my life."

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"UPON THE TREE-TOP."

WHEN I stepped into the yard of the cottage that was to be my home for a month, the first bird I saw was a Baltimore oriole, perched on a dead branch near the top of a tall old apple-tree. His rich colors shone brightly against the foliage behind him, and he was evidently at home, for he had the air of a proprietor. I was pleased; but the sentiment was not mutual. He greeted me with scolding, and as that did not drive me away he became restless, hopped

from branch to branch, flirting his tail and showing extreme uneasiness. Looking about for the reason of his uncalled-for hostilities, I saw the nest, on a slender branch of a young maple, ten or twelve feet high. He was on guard, and it was in his official capacity of special police that he had given me so inhospitable a reception. Nor could I wonder; it must have been disconcerting to him. Relying upon a cottage shut up and showing no signs of life, he had set

up housekeeping not a dozen feet from the kitchen door, and naturally, on so small a tree, in a most conspicuous position; when suddenly the silent old building had burst open at every window and door, and swarmed with human life. A mischievous boy, or an inquisitive student of bird-ways might cause untold trouble and alarm in that small household. Such, at least I fancied, were the reflections of the troubled soul in that agitated body as he looked down upon us, watching every movement, flitting from tree to tree, but never losing sight of any one who chanced to be in the orchard. During this uneasy period I saw what looked like a deliberate intention to deceive. In examining this new field I noticed a small nest in an upright fork of an old tree, in a dead branch at the top, doubtless a last year's home of some small bird. While I looked at it, the oriole flew from his perch directly to it, leaned over as if interested in its contents, and so intently, that I could not resist the conviction that he wished to mislead me, for when I examined his nest, and he saw that all disguise was at an end, he never again, that I saw, went near that deserted residence.

This oriole was a remarkably silent bird, the first of his family that I have noticed who passed hour after hour without opening his mouth to sing, and I sometimes thought, to eat, so quietly did he sit on the branch overlooking his homestead. Happily, he soon learned that we were friends, and if, perhaps, somewhat prying as to his domestic concerns, still not intending harm. He grew more free in movement, ventured now and then to desert his post of watcher, and be absent a half-hour at a time; also he found his voice, and entertained us with calls, single notes of the rich flute-like quality for which his family is noted, and very rarely with his song.

It was the third day of June, and

setting was already begun. The tree on which his nest was placed had ten branches, not one more than two feet long; the eighth was the largest, and upon that hung the oriole nursery. It was pretty to see the birds approach it. When not alarmed, they invariably alighted on the lowest branch near the stem of the tree, and hopped from step to step upward; in leaving they never retraced their steps, but mounted the two remaining branches, and took flight from the top twig. When the female reached home after a short absence, she hastened up the winding stairs, looked anxiously at her treasures, plunged in head-first, and then, quick as a jack-in-the-box, thrust her head above the edge for a last look, before she settled out of sight within. Very seldom did both birds leave home at the same time. When she was obliged to go for food, for he never appeared to bring her anything, she uttered a call to which he responded, and placed himself on his post of observation to watch; on returning she dropped another note or two, as if of thanks, and then he flew away. Once, in the early morning, before the house was open, I found them both off, so I concluded it was because of us that they were so vigilant during the day. A more constant and jealous watcher than this bird could scarcely be. When not in the apple boughs, he might generally be seen in a tree in the next lot, a little farther off, and it seemed as if he was not absent long enough to get necessary food.

One day an impatient visitor, wishing to see if the oriole was at home, gave the tree a violent shake. She was at home, and she flew off in a rage, perching on the next tree, scolding and shaking her wings at him, every moment emitting a peculiar cry, new to me then, but very familiar later, — the cry of distress. In a moment or two this brought upon the scene her mate, who added his cries and demonstrations to hers. The perpetrator of this rude joke retired,

somewhat ashamed, and it was interesting to see how long it was after all was quiet before the birds were reassured. He went to the nest and looked in, but she could not be persuaded that it was safe for her to return. She flew back and forth between two trees about a hundred feet apart. In the route she went past her home; after flying straight by once or twice, her course began to swerve a little towards her own tree; the second time she almost reached it, but turned and went on; the third time she alighted an instant on the lowest step, hastily flying away as if she expected another earthquake; the fourth time she rapidly mounted her winding stairs, and glanced in the nest; the fifth time she entered it for a moment; the sixth time she stayed.

One morning, after breakfast, an unusual sound was heard, the same by which the female oriole when in trouble had called her mate, — the signal of distress. It came from the front of the house, and I hastened to see what was amiss with the little family. Before I reached them I noticed the cawing of a crow nearer than we usually heard that sound, and when I came in sight of the woods on that side, behold! *Corvus* himself on the top branch of a tall tree, perfectly outlined against the sky, cawing his loudest. The oriole was not in sight, but while I looked a second crow rose from the woods, and after him, to my surprise, the oriole. He pursued the same tactics that the kingbird does, flying above the enemy and pouncing upon the back of his head or neck. The crow flew over the orchard accompanied all the way by his plucky little assailant, while the first crow remained on the perch and encouraged his comrade till both were out of sight, when he also took wing and followed. They were out of sight certainly, but not out of hearing, for the cry of the oriole and the caw of the crow came to us for half an hour, growing more and more distant,

however, till I began to fear that unlucky oriole would be completely exhausted, or possibly dispatched — which would have been easy enough if the two crows had combined, for he was utterly reckless in his attack. Just as I was becoming anxious, for the sounds had ceased, I heard a joyous song of triumph, and there he was! in the old spot, looking as fresh and gay as if he had not come from a battle-field. Upon his cry, the little spouse came out of the nest, and responded with a few notes, evidently praise of his bravery, for he fidgeted about in a self-conscious way, bowed his head, flirited his wings, and manifested great excitement for some time.

But though driven away, the crows were not conquered, and the next morning I was wakened by the voice of a crow so very near that I sprang to the window. It was five o'clock, and of course perfectly light, and there sat the marauder in plain sight on an apple-tree in the orchard, a thing the wary bird never did after getting-up time. The oriole was there also, uttering his war cry, and hidden from them by the blinds I had a perfect opportunity to see his method of attack. I have never seen the kingbird annoy a crow except when flying: while the crow is at rest, the kingbird also remains quiet, at some little distance. Not so my brave oriole; he harassed that crow constantly, alighting not more than two feet from him, and at his own level, so that I was surprised the crow did not seize him, for I am sure he was easily within reach. The oriole called, and bowed, and turned this way and that, holding his wings a little out and fluttering them, and then he flew over and picked at the crow as he went, alighting on the other side; then, in a moment, after more posturing and calling, returned in the same way. So he kept up the warfare, while the crow continued his cawing, being answered from the next lot, but made no attempt to put an end to the attacks. Fully five

minutes he sat there, though it was manifestly not comfortable, for he lowered his head to avoid the beak of his tormentor, and once or twice turned, and seemed to snap at him. When at last he flew, his small foe was upon him. I thought it strange that of the twenty-five or thirty birds which frequented the place, among which were several known to fight the crow, not one came to help. If the robins and cat-birds and others whose territory he invaded had united, they could have driven him away at once, but perhaps mobbing is the exclusive prerogative of the English house sparrow.

The next encounter I saw was also early in the morning. First I noticed a crow silently fly over, and perch in the top of a pine-tree. It was a singular place, and most undesirable apparently, for it was in the middle of a clump of top branches of about the same height. The crow seemed to have trouble in adjusting himself among the hundreds of sharp needles that pointed upward, changing his position and settling himself with difficulty, but at length he seemed satisfied with his arrangements, and began his loud caw. In a moment the oriole was after him, and I now guessed the reason of his choice of seat. There were no surrounding twigs which his foe could use as a base for offensive operations, and moreover the bristling needles which surrounded him offered very good protection from the fiery little oriole, who found it impossible to pursue his usual tactics. I was amused to see the wary precautions of the crow, and doubtless he thought he had outwitted the enemy. But he underrated the intelligence of the small bird, for although difficult to reach him, it was not at all impossible. He simply rose above the crow, pounced directly upon him, and instantly rose again, instead of glancing off one side as usual. It was distinctly different, but equally effective, and in a few moments the

crow gave up the contest for the time, flying across the orchard, and making a deep swoop down to avoid the plunge of his assailant.

Unfortunately, like some personages of military fame, this bird did not know when he was beaten, and every day or two, through June, hostilities were renewed. On one occasion I was pleased to see a kingbird join the oriole and assist in worrying the common enemy in his passage over the house. Several times, before the little ones became too clamorous, the female oriole accompanied him.

This bird's song consisted of four notes, and it is curious that although there is a peculiar, rich, flute-like quality by which the oriole notes may be recognized, no two sing alike. Robins, song sparrows, and perhaps all other birds sing differently from each other, so far as I have observed, but none differ so greatly — in my opinion — as orioles. The four that I have been able to study carefully enough to reduce this song to the musical scale, though all having the same compass, arranged the notes differently in every case. The oriole is, of course, not limited in expression to his song. I have spoken of his cry of distress or of war, which was two tones slurred together. The ordinary call, as he goes about a tree, especially a fruit-tree in bloom, seeking insects over and under each leaf or blossom, is a single note, loud and clear. If a pair are on the tree together, it is the same, but much softer.

An oriole that I watched in the Catskill Mountains regularly fed his mate while she was sitting, and as he left the nest after giving her a morsel, he uttered two notes which sounded exactly like "A-dieu," adding, after a pause, two more which irresistibly said, "Dear-y." There was a peculiar mournfulness in this bird's strain, as if he implied "It's a sad world; a world of cats and crows and inquisitive people, and we may

never meet again." Perhaps it was prophetic, for disaster did overtake the little family; a high wind rocked the cradle — which also was on a small maple-tree — so violently as to throw out the youngsters before they could fly. The accident was remedied as far as possible by returning them to the nest, but whether they were injured by the fall I never learned.

Scolding is quite ready to an oriole's tongue, and even squawks like a robin's are not unknown. The female has similar utterances, but in those I have listened to her song was weaker, lacked the clear-cut perfection of her mate's, and sounded like the first efforts of a young bird. In the case of those now under consideration, the female reproduced exactly her partner's notes, only in this inferior style, which seemed rather unusual. The sweetest sound the oriole utters is a very low one, to his mate when near her, or flying away with her, or to his nestlings before they leave the home. It is a tender, yearning call that makes one feel like an intruder, and as if he should beg pardon and retire. It is impossible to describe or reduce to the scale, but it is well worth waiting and listening for.

What I most desired to see, in watching the oriole's nest, was the introduction of the young into the world, the first steps, the first flight; and on the thirteenth day of the month came the first indication that they were out of the shell. The male bird went to the nest, leaned over, and looked in with great interest, while his mate stood unconcernedly on another twig near. The next day it became evident that her special duties were over, for she spent no more hours setting, and her consort suddenly undertook the housekeeping. She frequently perched on another tree, and dressed her feathers a half-hour at a time; and greatly she needed to, poor soul! for a more ragged, neglected-looking bird, I never saw. The feath-

ers were quite off the back of her head, giving her a curious outline, as though a bit of her neck had been chopped out, which peculiarity was of use later, since it enabled me to identify her half a mile from her home. Her manner to her mate at this time said plainly, "I've done my work, now it's your turn," and he gladly accepted the charge. He was obviously tired of idleness and waiting, and he devoted himself with his whole soul to his babies. Many times a day he ascended the winding stairs and stood on the landing leaning over, head down in the nursery and tail standing straight up in the air, making him look like a black stick from where I sat. For a day or two he took nearly the whole charge, then she began to help, and before many days both were engaged every moment, the hardest working pair imaginable, constantly seeking food and carrying it to the little ones, or putting the crowded house in order. He was as faithful and cheerful a drudge as the mother herself, for which he must have the more credit, since he nearly stood on his head in doing anything about the nest. It required, indeed, the untiring efforts of both parents to keep pace with the growth of the family.

On the twenty-second day of the month, nine days after the sitting was abandoned and I knew the young orioles to be hatched (though of course they may have been out a day or two before), I heard them peep softly when food was brought, and I redoubled my watching to see them appear. On the 27th, when I went out to the veranda about eight o'clock, I heard a new and strange cry in the next lot, a pasture with scattering trees, and I saw both orioles often fly that way. It sounded like birds in distress, and reminded me of cries I once heard from several wood-thrushes when disturbed by a cat. I hastened upon the scene, and was met at the entrance by a bluebird in a great rage. I thought she was in trouble, but

upon following the cries (in spite of her protests) I came upon a new bird, to me. It somewhat resembled the female oriole, being almost her colors, with head and wings a little darker. This bird received me with scolding, and was very lively in running over the trees, though he did not seem inclined to fly. The calling was now very near, and while I never saw him in the act, I was confident he made at least a part of it; and I still think he did, although I afterwards found those whose natural cry it proved to be. I think it was a last year's oriole, not yet come to his full plumage. Possibly he was attracted by the cry of the young, as we know birds sometimes are, and it seems not unlikely that he replied to them in their own tones. However that may be, I saw later the young birds — two of them, and found to my surprise that they were orioles and from our nest, for I saw the well-marked mother feed them. Moreover, orioles are not so clannish as robins, nor so often found near each other. I knew of another pair a quarter of a mile off, and once a strange female came upon a tree where our little mother was looking for food. She received the visitor — I regret to say — with a sharp "fuff!" more like a cat than a bird, on which the intruder very properly left.

The baby orioles were dumpy little yellowish things, much like a young chicken in color, and the most persistent cry-babies I ever saw among birds. The young robin generally sits on his branch motionless, seldom opens his mouth for a call, and makes demonstrations only when food is in sight; the baby thrush is patience and silence itself, indeed how otherwise could he be a thrush? Even the little blackbird, though restless and fussy, does not cry much; but those oriole infants simply bawled (there's no other word) every instant. The cry was very peculiar, four or five loud notes on an ascending scale, rapidly and constantly repeated, like "chr-r-r-r."

I should think the parents of these clamorous creatures would have been driven wild, and they did appear nearly so; almost every moment one or the other brought food to the two bawlers, who were on different trees twenty feet apart. Each one sat stock still, like a lost child afraid to stir, and gave his whole mind to the noise he was making, and I wondered how they had raised courage to fly so far from home. I felt greatly chagrined that they had flown without my seeing them, but on returning to my usual seat was consoled to find the nest not yet empty. The father gave his almost undivided attention to the two already out, but the mother was very busy at the homestead, and I resolved that no more should fly without my assisting at the operation, at least by my presence; consequently I nearly lived upon the veranda. All through the next day, until nearly eight o'clock, those youngsters could be heard crying, and on the third day the sounds came from further off, and the male oriole was rarely seen.

The 25th passed, and no birds left the nest; on the 26th there was a stir in the maple. Early in the morning a nestling scrambled up on the edge of his cradle and peeped out upon the big world, while both parents hovered about in great excitement. He found it uncongenial, perhaps, for although a brother oriole clambered up beside him, and stood shivering on the brink, he hesitated, turned toward the warm nest, and plunged in head-first, dragging the other with him in his fall. Perhaps it was *because* the second came up, for I noticed afterwards that two were never out at the same time; not until one had flown did the next come up, and then he followed at once. Upon the sudden disappearance above, both parents retreated to the apple-tree, and one announced the failure of their hopes to the other with a scolding note, — "gone back," it said. But his hour had

come, and before long that young bird made another trial: first his fluffy little head appeared; a struggle, a scramble, and he was safely upon a twig outside. No sooner did he find himself in the air than he began the "chr-r-r" of the brothers who had preceded him by two days. The mother came, but she did not feed him, though he was very eager. She alighted upon a twig below him, and he fluttered towards her, when suddenly she flew. Then she returned, passed him, and attended to the one in the nest, and he was disappointed again. For two hours, during which he seldom received a morsel, while both parents coaxed him from the next tree, he stretched his wings, shook them out, plumed himself, and gradually grew accustomed to being out. They called, they flew about, around him, as if to show how easy it was; they uttered the low yearning cry spoken of; and above all, they nearly starved him. "Come here, and you shall eat," their manner said; and at last the youngling fluttered away, in a wavering, uncertain manner. He reached the nearest tree, caught at a twig, missed it, clutched awkwardly, beat the air, and finally managed to secure a hold. Then he at once righted himself, shook himself out, — and began to cry! He was abundantly fed and coddled by the delighted parents, and soon began to hop around on the tree quite proudly.

Meanwhile number four had scrambled up to the twig from which flew every young oriole that I saw. Even in the cradle, or at least on its edge, these birds displayed character. This one was quite different from his predecessor: he looked about him; he did not cry so much; and when, after an hour's preparation, he flew, he soared off in a strong flight, aiming for a tree more than twice as far from home as that his brother had selected for his first attempt. He was a bold, self-reliant,

heroic spirit, doubtless his father's own son, who would fight crows to the end of his days. But, alas, he had miscalculated his strength, and before reaching his goal he came fluttering to the ground. The parents were at hand, but instantly became silent, apparently not knowing how to help him, for this was a serious calamity. It was in an open lane that he had come down, and at any moment a passing boy or dog might discover him; so although I should like to have seen if they could do anything for him, I did not dare risk it. I hurried down, and found him running about in the hot grass, wild-eyed and panting, but silent. The moment I came near both parents found their voices and began scolding: but after a good look at him I drew down a low branch, and put him upon it, when the orioles became quiet, and I left them. He was yellowish-drab on the breast and ash-colored on the wings, with distinct oriole markings, short wings, and no tail; smaller in proportion to the parents than a young robin, I think.

Quiet descended once more upon the "cradle in the tree-top," though I saw, to my surprise, that it still was not empty; four birds of that size I should think enough, and more than enough, to fill it. The father assumed the care of the two just out, and the mother alone remained about the home. The next day passed without departures; but on the morning of the 28th, number five came up to the edge. This bird had begun his loud calls before he appeared, the day before in fact, and when he finally reached the outside world, he flew very soon, about eight o'clock in the morning. He, too, started for the distant tree that had attracted number four, and the anxious mother, remembering, no doubt, the late accident, flew close by him, cheering and encouraging all the time as she went. It was beautiful to see her, sometimes over, sometimes under him, but never a foot away,

and constantly calling most sweetly. He reached the tree in safety.

Now came in sight number six, as it proved, the last of the family. Unfortunately it was not a fair morning, and soon it began to rain. He crowded nearer to the tree stem and sat in silence. It was a cool reception from the world; I feared it would be too much for him. The mother came anxiously, and now I saw him fed. The parent had, so far as I could see, nothing in her mouth, but she put her beak to his, then drew it away, and returned it again, four or five times in succession, to his evident satisfaction. Most of the time the youngster was alone on the tree, facing the wet, wet world by himself, — occasionally calling a little. It was so discouraging, that I kept constant watch, hoping he would wait for better weather, and fearing his wet wings

would not carry him even to the next tree.

At about two o'clock it cleared, and after much pruning and dressing of feathers, number six flew successfully, reaching a still different tree. No two of them alighted on the same tree, and no two acted, or looked, or flew alike. Also, I noticed the six had left the nest in pairs, with forty-eight hours between each pair.

All the next day I heard baby cries in the adjoining lot, as well as in the woods beyond; but on the third day no sounds were to be heard, no birds were seen, and the nest in the maple was as completely deserted as if no orioles had ever lived in the orchard. When the little ones can fly, the birds are at home anywhere; any twig is a perch, any field or wood a gleaning ground, and any branch a bed.

Olive Thorne Miller.

ON HORSEBACK.

IV.

ASHEVILLE, delightful for situation, on small hills that rise above the French Broad below its confluence with the Swannanoa, is a sort of fourteenth cousin to Saratoga. It has no springs, but lying 2250 feet above the sea and in a lovely valley, mountain girt, it has pure atmosphere and an equable climate; and being both a summer and winter resort it has acquired a watering-place air. There are Southerners who declare that it is too hot in summer, and that the complete circuit of mountains shuts out any lively movement of air. But the scenery is so charming and noble, the drives are so varied, the roads so unusually passable for a Southern country, and the facilities for excursions so good, that Asheville is a favorite resort.

Architecturally the place is not remarkable, but its surface is so irregular, there are so many acclivities and deep valleys, that improvements can never obliterate that it is perforce picturesque. It is interesting also, if not pleasing, in its contrasts — the enterprise of taste and money-making struggling with the *laissez faire* of the South. The negro, I suppose, must be regarded as a conservative element; he has not much inclination to change his clothes or his cabin, and his swarming presence gives a ragged aspect to the new civilization. And to say the truth, the new element of Southern smartness lacks the trim thrift the North is familiar with; though the visitor who needs relaxation is not disposed to quarrel with the easy-going terms on which life is taken.

Asheville, it is needless to say, ap-

peared very gay and stimulating to the riders from the wilderness. The Professor, who does not even pretend to patronize Nature, had his revenge as we strolled about the streets (there is but one of much consideration) immensely entertained by the picturesque contrasts. There were more life and amusement here in five minutes, he declared, than in five days of what people called scenery — the present rage for scenery, any way, being only a fashion and a modern invention. The Friend suspected from this penchant for the city that the Professor must have been brought up in the country.

There was a kind of predetermined and willful gayety about Asheville, however, that is apt to be present in a watering-place, and gave to it the melancholy tone that is always present in gay places. We fancied that the lively movement in the streets had an air of unreality. A band of musicians on the balcony of the Swannanoa were scraping and tooting and twanging with a hired air, and on the opposite balcony of the Eagle a rival band echoed and redoubled the perfunctory joyousness. The gayety was contagious: the horses felt it; those that carried light burdens of beauty minced and pranced, the pony in the dog-cart was inclined to dash, the few passing equipages had an air of pleasure; and the people of color, the comely waitress and the slouching corner-loafer, responded to the animation of the festive strains. In the late afternoon the streets were full of people, wagons, carriages, horsemen, all with a holiday air, dashed with African color and humor, — the irresponsibility of the most insouciant and humorous race in the world, perhaps more comical than humorous; a mixture of recent civilization and rudeness, peculiar and amusing; a happy coming together, it seemed, of Southern abandon and Northern wealth, though the North was little represented at this season.

As evening came on, the streets, though wanting gas, were still more animated; the shops were open, some very good ones, and the white and black throng increasing, especially the black, for the negro is preëminently a night bird. In the hotels dancing was promised, the German was announced; on the galleries and in the corridors were groups of young people, a little loud in manner and voice, — the young gentleman, with his over-elaborate manner to ladies in bowing and hat-lifting, and the blooming girls from the lesser Southern cities, with the slight provincial note and yet with the frank and engaging cordiality which is as charming as it is characteristic. I do not know what led the Professor to query if the Southern young women were not superior to the Southern young men, but he is always asking questions nobody can answer. At the Swannanoa were half a dozen bridal couples, readily recognizable by the perfect air they had of having been married a long time. How interesting such young voyagers are, and how interesting they are to each other. Columbus never discovered such a large world as they have to find out and possess each in the other.

Among the attractions of the evening it was difficult to choose. There was a lawn-party advertised at Battery Point, and we walked up to that round knob after dark. It is a hill with a grove, which commands a charming view, and was fortified during the war. We found it illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and little tables set about under the trees, laden with cake and ice-cream, offered a chance to the stranger to contribute money for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. I am afraid it was not a profitable entertainment, for the men seemed to have business elsewhere, but the ladies about the tables made charming groups in the lighted grove. Man is a stupid animal at best, or he would not make it so difficult for the

womenkind to scrape together a little money for charitable purposes. But probably the women like this method of raising money better than the direct one.

The evening gayety of the town was well distributed. When we descended to the Court-House Square, a great crowd had collected, black, white, and yellow, about a high platform, upon which four glaring torches lighted up the novel scene, and those who could read might decipher this legend on a standard at the back of the stage:—

HAPPY JOHN.

ONE OF THE SLAVES OF WADE HAMPTON.

COME AND SEE HIM!

Happy John, who occupied the platform with Mary, a "bright" yellow girl, took the comical view of his race, which was greatly enjoyed by his audience. His face was blackened to the proper color of the stage-darkey, and he wore a flaming suit of calico, the trousers and coat striped longitudinally according to Punch's idea of "Uncle Sam," the coat a swallow-tail bound and faced with scarlet, and a bell-crowned white hat. This conceit of a colored Yankee seemed to tickle all colors in the audience amazingly. Mary, the "bright" woman (this is the universal designation of the light mulatto), was a pleasing but bold yellow girl, who wore a natty cap trimmed with scarlet, and had the assured or pert manner of all traveling sawdust performers.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed a bright woman in the crowd, "Happy John was sure enough one of Wade Hampton's slaves, and he's right good looking when he's not blackened up."

Happy John sustained the promise of his name, by spontaneous gayety and enjoyment of the fleeting moment; he had a glib tongue and a ready, rude wit, and talked to his audience with a delicious mingling of impudence, deference, and patronage, commenting upon them generally, administering advice and cor-

rection in a strain of humor that kept his hearers in a pleased excitement. He handled the banjo and the guitar alternately, and talked all the time when he was not singing. Mary (how much harder featured and brazen a woman is in such a position than a man of the same calibre) sang, in an untutored treble, songs of sentiment, often *risqué*, in solo and in company with John, but with a cold, indifferent air, in contrast to the rollicking enjoyment of her comrade. The favorite song, which the crowd compelled her to repeat, touched lightly the uncertainties of love, expressed in the falsetto pathetic refrain:—

"Mary's gone away wid de coon."

All this, with the moon, the soft summer night, the mixed crowd of darkies and whites, the stump eloquence of Happy John, the singing, the laughter, the flaring torches, made a wild scene. The entertainment was quite free, with a "collection" occasionally during the performance.

What most impressed us, however, was the turning to account by Happy John of the "nigger" side of the black man as a means of low comedy, and the enjoyment of it by all the people of color. They appeared to appreciate as highly as anybody the comic element in themselves, and Happy John had emphasized it by deepening his natural color and exaggerating the "nigger" peculiarities. I presume none of them analyzed the nature of his infectious gayety, nor thought of the pathos that lay so close to it, in the fact of his recent slavery, and the distinction of being one of Wade Hampton's niggers, and the melancholy mirth of this light-hearted race's burlesque of itself.

A performance followed which called forth the appreciation of the crowd more than the wit of Happy John or the faded songs of the yellow girl. John took two sweet-cakes and broke each in fine pieces into a saucer, and after

sugaring and eulogizing the dry messes, called for two small darkey volunteers from the audience to come up on the platform and devour them. He offered a prize of fifteen cents to the one who should first eat the contents of his dish, not using his hands, and hold up the saucer empty in token of his victory. The cake was tempting, and the fifteen cents irresistible, and a couple of boys in ragged shirts and short trousers and a suspender apiece came up shamefacedly to enter for the prize. Each one grasped his saucer in both hands, and with face over the dish awaited the word "go," which John gave and started off the contest with a banjo accompaniment. To pick up with the mouth the dry cake and choke it down was not so easy as the boys apprehended, but they went into the task with all their might, gobbling and swallowing as if they loved cake, occasionally rolling an eye to the saucer of the contestant to see the relative progress, John strumming, ironically encouraging, and the crowd roaring. As the combat deepened and the contestants strangled and stuffed and sputtered, the crowd went into spasms of laughter. The smallest boy won by a few seconds, holding up his empty saucer, with mouth stuffed, vigorously trying to swallow, like a chicken with his throat clogged with dry meal, and utterly unable to speak. The impartial John praised the victor in mock heroics, but said that the trial was so even that he would divide the prize, ten cents to one and five to the other — a stroke of justice that greatly increased his popularity. And then he dismissed the assembly, saying that he had promised the mayor to do so early, because he did not wish to run an opposition to the political meeting going on in the court-house.

The scene in the large court-room was less animated than that outdoors; a half dozen tallow dips, hung on the wall in sconces and stuck on the judge's

long desk, feebly illuminated the mixed crowd of black and white who sat in, and on the backs of, the benches, and cast only a fitful light upon the orator, who paced back and forth and pounded the rail. It was to have been a joint discussion between the two presidential electors running in that district, but the Republican being absent his place was taken by a young man of the town. The Democratic orator took advantage of the absence of his opponent to describe the discussion of the night before, and to give a portrait of his adversary. He was represented as a cross between a baboon and a jackass, who would be a natural curiosity for Barnum. "I intend," said the orator, "to put him in a cage and exhibit him about the district." This political hit called forth great applause. All his arguments were of this pointed character, and they appeared to be unanswerable. The orator appeared to prove that there was n't a respectable man in the opposite party who was n't an office-holder, nor a white man of any kind in it who was not an office-holder. If there were any issues or principles in the canvass, he paid his audience the compliment of knowing all about them, for he never alluded to any. In another state of society, such a speech of personalities might have led to subsequent shootings, but no doubt his adversary would pay him in the same coin when next they met, and the exhibition seemed to be regarded down here as satisfactory and enlightened political canvassing for votes. The speaker who replied opened his address with a noble tribute to woman (as the first speaker had ended his), directed to a dozen of that sex who sat in the gloom of a corner. The young man was moderate in his sarcasm, and attempted to speak of national issues, but the crowd had small relish for that sort of thing. At eleven o'clock, when we got away from the unsavory room (more than half the candles had gone out), the orator was

making slow headway against the relished blackguardism of the evening. The German was still "on" at the hotel when we ascended to our chamber, satisfied that Asheville was a lively town.

The sojourner at Asheville can amuse himself very well by walking or driving to the many picturesque points of view about the town; livery stables abound, and the roads are good. The Beaucatcher Hill is always attractive; and Connolly's, a private place a couple of miles from town, is ideally situated, being on a slight elevation in the valley commanding the entire circuit of mountains, for it has the air of repose which so seldom is experienced in the location of a dwelling in America whence an extensive prospect is given. Or if the visitor is disinclined to exertion, he may lounge in the rooms of the hospitable Asheville Club; or he may sit on the sidewalk in front of the hotels, and talk with the colonels and judges and generals and ex-members of Congress, the talk generally drifting to the new commercial and industrial life of the South, and only to politics as it affects these; and he will be pleased, if the conversation takes a reminiscent turn, with the lack of bitterness and the tone of friendliness. The negro problem is commonly discussed philosophically and without heat, but there is always discovered, underneath, the determination that the negro shall never again get the legislative upper hand. And the gentleman from South Carolina who has an upland farm, and is heartily glad slavery is gone, and wants the negro educated, when it comes to ascendancy in politics — such as the State once experienced — asks you what you would do yourself? This is not the place to enter upon the politico-social question, but the writer may note one impression gathered from much friendly and agreeable conversation. It is that the Southern whites misapprehend and make a scarecrow of "social equality." When, during the war, it was a

question at the North of giving the colored people of the Northern States the ballot, the argument against it used to be stated in the form of a question, "Do you want your daughter to marry a negro?" Well, the negro has his political rights in the North, and there has come no change in the social conditions whatever. And there is no doubt that the social conditions would remain exactly as they are at the South if the negro enjoyed all the civil rights which the Constitution tries to give him. The most sensible view of this whole question was taken by an intelligent colored man, whose brother was formerly a representative in Congress. "Social equality," he said in effect, "is a humbug. We do not expect it, we do not want it. It does not exist among the blacks themselves. We have our own social degrees, and choose our own associates. We simply want the ordinary civil rights, under which we can live and make our way in peace and amity. This is necessary to our self-respect, and if we have not self-respect, it is not to be supposed that the race can improve. I'll tell you what I mean. My wife is a modest, intelligent woman, of good manners, and she is always neat, and tastefully dressed. Now, if she goes to take the cars, she is not permitted to go into a clean car with decent people, but is ordered into one that is repellant, and is forced into company that any refined woman would shrink from. But along comes a flauntingly-dressed woman, of known disreputable character, whom my wife would be disgraced to know, and she takes any place that money will buy. It is this sort of thing that hurts."

We took the eastern train one evening to Round Nob (Henry's Station), some thirty miles, in order to see the wonderful railway that descends, a distance of eight miles, from the Summit of Swannanoa Gap (2657 feet elevation) to Round Nob hotel (1607 feet). The Swannanoa Summit is the divid-

ing line between the waters that flow to the Atlantic and those that go to the Gulf of Mexico. This fact was impressed upon us by the inhabitants, who derive a good deal of comfort from it. Such divides are always matter of local pride. Unfortunately, perhaps, it was too dark before we reached Henry's to enable us to see the road in all its loops and parallels as it appears on the map, but we gained a better effect. The hotel, when we first sighted it, all its windows blazing with light, was at the bottom of a well. Beside it — it was sufficiently light to see that — a column of water sprang straight into the air to the height, as we learned afterwards from two official sources, of 225 and 265 feet; and the information was added that it is the highest fountain in the world. This stout column, stiff as a flagstaff, with its feathery head of mist gleaming like silver in the failing light, had the most charming effect. We passed out of sight of hotel and fountain, but were conscious of being whirled on a circular descending grade, and very soon they were in sight again. Again and again they disappeared and came to view, now on one side and now on the other, until our train seemed to be bewitched, making frantic efforts by dodgings and turnings, now through tunnels and now over high pieces of trestle, to escape the inevitable attraction that was gravitating it down to the hospitable lights at the bottom of the well. When we climbed back up the road in the morning we had an opportunity to see the marvelous engineering, but there is little else to see, the view being nearly always very limited.

The hotel at the bottom of the ravine, on the side of Round Nob, offers little in the way of prospect, but it is a picturesque place, and we could understand why it was full of visitors when we came to the table. It was probably the best kept house of entertainment in the State, and being in the midst of the

Black Hills it offers good chances for fishing and mountain climbing.

In the morning the fountain, which is of course artificial, refused to play, the rain in the night having washed in *débris* which clogged the conduit. But it soon freed itself and sent up for a long time, like a sulky geyser, mud and foul water. When it got freedom and tolerable clearness, we noted that the water went up in pulsations, which were marked at short distances by the water falling off, giving the column the appearance of a spine. The summit, always beating the air in efforts to rise higher, fell over in a veil of mist.

There are certain excursions that the sojourner at Asheville must make. He must ride forty-five miles south through Henderson and Transylvania to Caesar's Head, on the South Carolina border, where the mountain system abruptly breaks down into the vast Southern plain; where the observer, standing on the edge of the precipice, has behind him and before him the greatest contrast that nature can offer. He must also take the rail to Waynesville, and visit the much frequented White Sulphur Springs, among the Balsam Mountains, and penetrate the Great Smoky range by way of Quallatown, and make the acquaintance of the remnant of Cherokee Indians living on the north slope of Cheoah Mountain. The Professor could have made it a matter of personal merit that he escaped all these encounters with wild and picturesque nature, if his horse had not been too disabled for such long jaunts. It is only necessary, however, to explain to the public that the travelers are not gormandizers of scenery, and were willing to leave some portions of the State to the curiosity of future excursionists.

But so much was said about Hickory Nut Gap that a visit to it could not be evaded. The Gap is about twenty-four miles southeast of Asheville. In the opinion of a well-informed colonel, who

urged us to make the trip, it is the finest piece of scenery in this region. We were brought up on the precept, "get the best," and it was with high anticipations that we set out about eleven o'clock one warm, foggy morning. We followed a very good road through a broken, pleasant country, gradually growing wilder and less cultivated. There was heavy rain most of the day on the hills, and occasionally a shower swept across our path. The conspicuous object toward which we traveled all the morning was a shapely conical hill at the beginning of the Gap.

At three o'clock we stopped at the Widow Sherrill's for dinner. Her house, only about a mile from the summit, is most picturesquely situated on a rough slope, giving a wide valley and mountain view. The house is old, rambling, many-roomed, with wide galleries on two sides. If one wanted a retired retreat for a few days, with good air and fair entertainment, this could be commended. It is an excellent fruit region; apples especially are sound and of good flavor. That may be said of all this part of the State. The climate is adapted to apples, as the hilly part of New England is. I fancy the fruit ripens slowly, as it does in New England, and is not subject to quick decay like much of that grown in the West. But the grape can also be grown in all this mountain region. Nothing but lack of enterprise prevents any farmer from enjoying abundance of fruit. The industry carried on at the moment at the Widow Sherrill's was the artificial drying of apples for the market. The apples are pared, cored, and sliced in spirals, by machinery, and dried on tin sheets in a patented machine. The industry appears to be a profitable one hereabouts, and is about the only one that calls in the aid of invention.

While our dinner was preparing we studied the well-known pictures of "Jane" and "Eliza," the photographs

of Confederate boys who had never returned from the war, and the relations, whom the traveling photographers always like to pillory in melancholy couples, and some stray volumes of the Sunday School Union. Madame Sherrill, who carries on the farm since the death of her husband, is a woman of strong and liberal mind, who informed us that she got small comfort in the churches in the neighborhood, and gave us, in fact, a discouraging account of the unvital piety of the region.

The descent from the summit of the Gap to Judge Logan's, nine miles, is rapid, and the road is wild and occasionally picturesque, following the Broad River, a small stream when we first overtook it, but roaring, rocky, and muddy, owing to frequent rains, and now and then tumbling down in rapids. The noisy stream made the ride animated, and an occasional cabin, a poor farmhouse, a mill, a schoolhouse, a store with an assemblage of lean horses tied to the hitching rails, gave the Professor opportunity for remarks upon the value of life under such circumstances.

The valley which we followed down probably owes its celebrity to the uncommon phenomena of occasional naked rocks and precipices. The inclosing mountains are from 3000 to 4000 feet high, and generally wooded. I do not think that the ravine would be famous in a country where exposed ledges and buttressing walls of rock are common. It is only by comparison with the local scenery that this is remarkable. About a mile above Judge Logan's we caught sight, through the trees, of the famous waterfall. From the top of the high ridge on the right, a nearly perpendicular cascade pours over the ledge of rocks and is lost in the forest. We could see nearly the whole of it, at a great height above us, on the opposite side of the river, and it would require an hour's stiff climb to reach its foot. From where we viewed it, it seemed a slen-

der and not very important, but certainly a very beautiful cascade, a band of silver in the mass of green foliage. The fall is said to be 1400 feet. Our colonel insists that it is a thousand. It may be, but the valley where we stood is at least at an elevation of 1300 feet; we could not believe that the ridge over which the water pours is much higher than 3000 feet, and the length of the fall certainly did not appear to be a quarter of the height of the mountain from our point of observation. But we had no desire to belittle this pretty cascade, especially when we found that Judge Logan would regard a foot abated from the 1400 as a personal grievance. Mr. Logan once performed the functions of local judge, a Republican appointment, and he sits around the premises now in the enjoyment of that past dignity and of the fact that his wife is postmistress. His house of entertainment is at the bottom of the valley, a place shut in, warm, damp, and not inviting to a long stay, although the region boasts a good many natural curiosities.

It was here that we encountered again the political current, out of which we had been for a month. The judge himself was reticent, as became a public man, but he had conspicuously posted up a monster prospectus, sent out from Augusta, of a campaign life of Blaine and Logan, in which the Professor read, with shaking knees, this sentence: "Sure to be the greatest and hottest [campaign and civil battle] ever known in this world. The thunder of the supreme struggle and its reverberations will shake the continents for months, and will be felt from Pole to Pole."

For this and other reasons this seemed a risky place to be in. There was something sinister about the murky atmosphere, and a suspicion of mosquitoes besides. Had there not been other travelers staying here, we should have felt still more uneasy. The house faced Bald Mountain, 4000 feet high, a hill

that had a very bad reputation some years ago, and was visited by newspaper reporters. This is in fact the famous Shaking Mountain. For a long time it had a habit of trembling, as if in an earthquake spasm, but with a shivering motion very different from that produced by an earthquake. The only good that came of it was that it frightened all the "moonshiners," and caused them to join the church. It is not reported what became of the church afterwards. It is believed now that the trembling was caused by the cracking of a great ledge on the mountain, which slowly parted asunder. Bald Mountain is the scene of Mrs. Burnett's delightful story of Louisiana, and of the play of Esmeralda. A rock is pointed out toward the summit, which the beholder is asked to see resembles a hut, and which is called "Esmeralda's Cottage." But this attractive maiden has departed, and we did not discover any woman in the region who remotely answers to her description.

In the morning we rode a mile and a half through the woods and followed up a small stream to see the celebrated pools, one of which the Judge said was two hundred feet deep and another bottomless. These pools, not round, but on one side circular excavations, some twenty feet across, worn in the rock by pebbles, are very good specimens, and perhaps remarkable specimens, of "pot-holes." They are, however, regarded here as one of the wonders of the world. On the way to them we saw beautiful wild trumpet-creepers in blossom, festooning the trees.

The stream that originates in Hickory Nut Gap is the westernmost branch of several forks of the Broad, which unite to the southeast in Rutherford County, flow to Columbia, and reach the Atlantic through the channel of the Santee. It is not to be confounded with the French Broad, which originates among the hills of Transylvania, runs north-

ward past Asheville, and finds its way to the Tennessee through the Warm Spring Gap in the Bald Mountains. As the French claimed ownership of all the affluents of the Mississippi, this latter was called the French Broad.

It was a great relief the next morning, on our return, to rise out of the lifeless atmosphere of the Gap into the invigorating air at the Widow Sherrill's, whose country-seat is three hundred feet higher than Asheville. It was a day of heavy showers, and apparently of leisure to the scattered population; at every store and mill was a congregation of loafers, who had hitched their scrawny horses and mules to the fences, and had the professional air of the idler and gossip the world over. The vehicles met on the road were a variety of the prairie schooner, long wagons with a top of hoops over which is stretched a cotton cloth. The wagons are without seats, and the canvas is too low to admit of sitting upright, if there were. The occupants crawl in at either end, sit or lie on the bottom of the wagon, and jolt along in shiftless uncomf ortableness.

Riding down the French Broad was one of the original objects of our journey. Travelers with the same intention may be warned that the route on horseback is impracticable. The distance to the Warm Springs is thirty-seven miles; to Marshall, more than half way, the road is clear, as it runs on the opposite side of the river from the railway, and the valley is something more than river and rails. But below Marshall, the valley contracts, and the rails are laid a good portion of the way in the old stage road. One can walk the track, but to ride a horse over its sleepers and culverts and occasional bridges, and dodge the trains, is neither safe nor agreeable. We sent our horses round, — the messenger taking the risk of leading them, between trains, over the last six or eight miles, — and took the train.

The railway, after crossing a mile or two of meadows, hugs the river all the way. The scenery is the reverse of bold. The hills are low, monotonous in form, and the stream winds through them, with many a pretty turn and "reach," with scarcely a ribbon of room to spare on either side. The river is shallow, rapid, stony, muddy, full of rocks, with an occasional little island covered with low bushes. The rock seems to be a clay formation, rotten and colored. As we approach Warm Springs the scenery becomes a little bolder, and we emerge into the open space about the Springs through a narrower defile, guarded by rocks that are really picturesque in color and splintered decay, one of them being known, of course, as the "Lover's Leap," a name common in every part of the modern or ancient world where there is a settlement near a precipice, with always the same legend attached to it.

There is a little village at Warm Springs, but the hotel (which may be briefly described as a palatial shanty) stands by itself close to the river, which is here a deep, rapid, turbid stream. A bridge once connected it with the road on the opposite bank, but it was carried away three or four years ago, and its ragged butments stand as a monument of procrastination, while the stream is crossed by means of a flat-boat and a cable. In front of the hotel, on the slight slope to the river, is a meagre grove of locusts. The famous spring, close to the stream, is marked only by a rough box of wood and an iron pipe, and the water, which has a temperature of about one hundred degrees, runs to a shabby bath-house below, in which is a pool for bathing. The bath is very agreeable, the tepid water being singularly soft and pleasant. It has a slightly sulphurous taste. Its good effects are much certified. The grounds, which might be very pretty with care, are ill-kept and slatternly, strewn with debris,

as if everything was left to the easy-going nature of the servants. The main house is of brick, with verandas and galleries all round, and a colonnade of thirteen huge brick and stucco columns, in honor of the thirteen States, a relic of post-Revolutionary times, when the house was the resort of Southern fashion and romance. These columns have stood through one fire, and perhaps the recent one, which swept away the rest of the structure. The house is extended in a long wooden edifice, with galleries and outside stairs, the whole front being nearly seven hundred feet long. In a rear building is a vast, barrack-like dining-room, with a noble ball-room above, for dancing is the important occupation of visitors.

The situation is very pretty, and the establishment has a picturesqueness of its own. Even the ugly little brick structure near the bath-house imposes upon one as Wade Hampton's cottage. No doubt we liked the place better than if it had been smart, and enjoyed the *negligé* condition, and the easy terms on which life is taken there. There was a sense of abundance in the sight of fowls tiptoeing about the verandas, and to meet a chicken in the parlor was a sort of guarantee that we should meet him later on in the dining-room. There was nothing incongruous in the presence of pigs, turkeys, and chickens on the grounds; they went along with the good-natured negro-service and the general hospitality; and we had a mental rest in the thought that all the gates would have been off the hinges, if there had been any gates. The guests were very well treated indeed, and were put under no sort of restraint by discipline. The long colonnade made an admirable promenade and lounging-place and point of observation. It was interesting to watch the groups under the locusts, to see the management of the ferry, the mounting and dismounting of the riding-parties, and to study the colors on the steep hill

opposite, half-way up which was a neat cottage and flower-garden. The type of people was very pleasantly Southern. Colonels and politicians stand in groups and tell stories, which are followed by explosions of laughter; retire occasionally into the saloon, and come forth reminded of more stories, and all lift their hats elaborately and suspend the narratives when a lady goes past. A company of soldiers from Richmond had pitched its tents near the hotel, and in the evening the ball-room was enlivened with uniforms. Among the graceful dancers — and every one danced well, and with spirit — was pointed out the young widow of a son of Andrew Johnson, whose pretty cottage overlooks the village. But the Professor, to whom this information was communicated, doubted whether here it was not a greater distinction to be the daughter of the owner of this region than to be connected with a President of the United States.

A certain air of romance and tradition hangs about the French Broad and the Warm Springs, which the visitor must possess himself of in order to appreciate either. This was the great highway of trade and travel. At certain seasons there was an almost continuous procession of herds of cattle and sheep passing to the Eastern markets, and of trains of big wagons wending their way to the inviting lands watered by the Tennessee. Here came in the summer time the Southern planters in coach and four, with a great retinue of household servants, and kept up for months that unique social life, a mixture of courtly ceremony and entire freedom. — the civilization which had the drawing-room at one end and the negro-quarters at the other, — which has passed away. It was a continuation into our own restless era of the manners and the literature of George the Third, with the accompanying humor and happy-go-lucky decadence of the negro slaves. On our way down we saw on the river bank,

under the trees, the old hostelry, Alexander's, still in decay, — an attractive tavern, that was formerly one of the notable stopping-places on the river. Master, and fine lady, and obsequious, larking darkey, and lumbering coach, and throng of pompous and gay life have all disappeared. There was no room in this valley for the old institutions and for the iron track.

"When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, . . .
We, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise."

This perverted use of noble verse was all the response the Friend got in his attempt to drop into the sentimental vein over the past of the French Broad.

The reader must not think there is no enterprise in this sedative and idle resort. The conceited Yankee has to learn that it is not he alone who can be accused of the thrift of craft. There is at the Warm Springs a thriving mill for crushing and pulverizing barytes, known vulgarly as heavy-spar. It is the weight of this heaviest of minerals, and not its lovely crystals, that gives it value. The rock is crushed, washed, sorted out by hand, to remove the foreign substances, then ground and subjected to acids, and at the end of the process it is as white and fine as the best bolted flour. This heavy adulterator is shipped to the North in large quantities, — the manager said he had recently an order for a hundred thousand dollars worth of it. What is the use of this powder? Well, it is of use to the dealer who sells white lead for paint, to increase the weight of the lead, and it is the belief hereabouts that it is mixed with powdered sugar. The industry is profitable to those engaged in it.

It was impossible to get much information about our route into Tennessee, except that we should go by Paint Rock, and cross Paint Mountain. Late one morning — a late start is inevitable here

— accompanied by a cavalcade, we crossed the river by the rope ferry, and trotted down the pretty road, elevated above the stream and tree-shaded, offering always charming glimpses of swift water and overhanging foliage (the railway obligingly taking the other side of the river), to Paint Rock, — six miles. This Paint Rock is a naked precipice by the roadside, perhaps sixty feet high, which has a large local reputation. It is said that its face shows painting done by the Indians, and hieroglyphics which nobody can read. On this bold, crumbling cliff, innumerable visitors have written their names. We stared at it a good while to discover the paint and hieroglyphics, but could see nothing except iron stains. Round the corner is a farmhouse and place of call for visitors, a neat cottage, with a display of shells and minerals and flower-pots; and here we turned north, crossed the little stream called Paint River, the only clear water we had seen in a month, passed into the State of Tennessee, and by a gentle ascent climbed Paint Mountain. The open forest road, with the murmur of the stream below, was delightfully exhilarating, and as we rose the prospect opened, — the lovely valley below, Bald Mountains behind us, and the Butt Mountains rising as we came over the ridge.

Nobody on the way, none of the frowzy women or unintelligent men, knew anything of the route, or could give us any information of the country beyond. But as we descended in Tennessee the country and the farms decidedly improved, — apple-trees and a grapevine now and then.

A ride of eight miles brought us to Waddle's, hungry and disposed to receive hospitality. We passed by an old farm building to a new two-storied, gayly painted house on a hill. We were deceived by appearances. The new house, with a new couple in it, had nothing to offer us, except some buttermilk.

Why should anybody be obliged to feed roving strangers? As to our horses, the young woman with a baby in her arms declared,—

"We've got nothing for stock but roughness; perhaps you can get something at the other house."

"Roughness," we found out at the other house, meant hay in this region. We procured for the horses a light meal of green oats, and for our own dinner we drank at the brook and the Professor produced a few sonnets. On this sustaining repast we fared on nearly twelve miles further, through a rolling, good farming country, offering little for comment, in search of a night's lodging with one of the brothers Snap. But one brother declined our company on the plea that his wife was sick, and the other because his wife lived in Greenville, and we found ourselves as dusk came on without shelter in a tavernless land. Between the two refusals we enjoyed the most picturesque bit of scenery of the day, at the crossing of Camp Creek, a swift little stream, that swirled round under the ledge of bold rocks before the ford. This we learned was a favorite camp-meeting ground. Mary was calling the cattle home at the farm of the second Snap. It was a very peaceful scene of rural life, and we were inclined to tarry, but Mary, instead of calling us home with the cattle, advised us to ride on to Alexander's before it got dark.

It is proper to say that at Alexander's we began to see what this pleasant and fruitful country might be, and will be, with thrift and intelligent farming. Mr. Alexander is a well-to-do farmer, with plenty of cattle and good barns (always an evidence of prosperity), who owes his success to industry and an open mind to new ideas. He was a Unionist during the war, and is a Democrat now, though his county (Greene) has been Republican. We had been riding all the afternoon through good land, and

encountering a better class of farmers. Peach-trees abounded (though this was an off year for fruit), and apples and grapes thrive. It is a land of honey and of milk. The persimmon flourishes; and, sign of abundance generally, we believe, great flocks of turkey-buzzards — majestic floaters in the high air — hovered about. This country was ravaged during the war by Unionists and Confederates alternately, the impartial patriots as they passed scooping in corn, bacon, and good horses, leaving the farmers little to live on. Mr. Alexander's farm cost him forty dollars an acre, and yields good crops of wheat and maize. This was the first house on our journey where at breakfast we had grace before meat, though there had been many tables that needed it more. From the door the noble range of the Big Bald is in sight and not distant; and our host said he had a shanty on it, to which he was accustomed to go with his family for a month or six weeks in the summer and enjoy a real primitive woods life.

Refreshed by this little touch of civilization, and with horses well fed, we rode on next morning towards Jonesboro, over a rolling, rather unpicturesque country, but ennobled by the Big Bald and Butt ranges, which we had on our right all day. At noon we crossed the Nollechucky River at a ford where the water was up to the saddle girth, broad, rapid, muddy, and with a treacherous stony bottom, and came to the little hamlet of Boylesville, with a flour-mill, and a hospitable old-fashioned house, where we found shelter from the heat of the hot day, and where the daughters of the house, especially one pretty girl in a short skirt and jaunty cap, contradicted the currently received notion that this world is a weary pilgrimage. The big parlor, with its photographs and stereoscope, and bits of shell and mineral, a piano and a melodeon, and a coveted old sideboard of mahogany, recalled rural New England.

Perhaps these refinements are due to the Washington College (a school for both sexes), which is near. We noted at the tables in this region a singular use of the word fruit. When we were asked, "Will you have some of the fruit?" and said Yes, we always got apple-sauce.

Ten miles more in the late afternoon brought us to Jonesboro, the oldest town in the State, a pretty place, with a flavor of antiquity, set picturesquely on hills, with the great mountains in sight. People from further South find this an agreeable summering place, and a fair hotel, with odd galleries in front and rear, did not want company. The Warren Institute for negroes has been flourishing here ever since the war.

A ride of twenty miles next day carried us to Union. Before noon we forded the Wetauga, a stream not so large as the Nollechucky, and were entertained at the big brick house of Mr. Devault, a prosperous and hospitable farmer. This is a rich country. We had met in the morning wagon-loads of water-melons and musk-melons, on the way to Jonesboro, and Mr. Devault set abundance of these refreshing fruits before us as we lounged on the porch before dinner.

It was here that we made the acquaintance of a colored woman, a withered, bent old pensioner of the house, whose industry (she excelled any modern patent apple-parer) was unabated, although she was by her own confession (a woman, we believe, never owns her age till she has passed this point) and the testimony of others a hundred years old. But age had not impaired the brightness of her eyes, nor the limberness of her tongue, nor her shrewd good sense. She talked freely about the want of decency and morality in the young colored folks of the present day. It was n't so when she was a girl. Long, long time ago, she and her husband had been sold at sheriff's sale and separated,

and she never had another husband. Not that she blamed her master so much — he could n't help it, he got in debt. And she expounded her philosophy about the rich and the danger they are in. The great trouble is that when a person is rich he can borrow money so easy, and he keeps drawin' it out of the bank and pilin' up the debt, like rails on top of one another, till it needs a ladder to get on to the pile, and then it all comes down in a heap, and the man has to begin on the bottom rail again. If she'd to live her life over again, she'd lay up money; never cared much about it till now. The thrifty, shrewd old woman still walked about a good deal, and kept her eye on the neighborhood. Going out that morning she had seen some fence up the road that needed mending, and she told Mr. Devault that she did n't like such shiftlessness; she did n't know as white folks was much better than colored folks. Slavery? Yes, slavery was pretty bad — she had seen five hundred niggers in handcuffs, all together in a field, sold to be sent South.

About six miles from here is a beech grove of historical interest, worth a visit if we could have spared the time. In it is the large beech (six and a half feet around, six feet from the ground) on which Daniel Boone shot a bear, when he was a rover in this region. He himself cut an inscription on the tree recording his prowess, and it is still distinctly legible: —

D. BOONE CILT A BAR ON THIS TREE,
1760.

This tree is a place of pilgrimage, and names of people from all parts of the country are cut on it, until there is scarcely room for any more records of such devotion. The grove is ancient-looking, the trees are gnarled and moss-grown. Hundreds of people go there, and the trees are carved all over with their immortal names.

A pleasant ride over a rich rolling country, with an occasional strip of forest, brought us to Union in the evening, with no other adventure than the meeting of a steam threshing-machine in the road, with steam up, clattering along. The devil himself could not invent any machine calculated to act on the nerves of a horse like this. Jack took one look and then dashed into the woods, scraping off his rider's hat, but did not succeed in getting rid of his burden or knocking down any trees.

Union, on the railway, is the forlornest of little villages, with some three hundred inhabitants and a forlorn hotel, kept by an ex-stage-driver. The village, which lies on the Holstein, has no drinking-water in it nor enterprise enough to bring it in; not a well nor a spring in its limits; and for drinking-water everybody crosses the river to a spring on the other side. A considerable part of the labor of the town is fetching water over the bridge. On a hill overlooking the village is a big, pretentious brick house, with a tower, the furniture of which is an object of wonder to those who have seen it. It belonged to the late Mrs. Stover, daughter of Andrew Johnson. The whole family of the ex-President have departed this world, but his memory is still green in this region, where he was almost worshiped — so the people say in speaking of him.

Forlorn as the hotel was at Union, the landlord's daughters were beginning to draw the lines in rural refinement. One of them had been at school in Abingdon. Another, a mature young lady of fifteen, who waited on the table, in the leisure after supper, asked the Friend for a light for her cigarette, which she had deftly rolled.

"Why do you smoke?"

"So as I sha'n't get into the habit of dipping. Do you think dipping is nice?"

The traveler was compelled to say

that he did not, though he had seen a good deal of it wherever he had been.

"All the girls dips round here. But me and my sisters rather smoke than get in a habit of dipping."

To the observation that Union seemed to be a dull place: —

"Well, there's gay times here in the winter — dancing. Like to dance! Well, I should say. Last winter I went over to Blountsville to a dance in the court-house; there was a trial between Union and Blountsville for the best dancing. You bet I brought back the cake and the blue ribbon."

The country was becoming too sophisticated, and the travelers hastened to the end of their journey. The next morning Bristol, at first over a hilly country with magnificent oak-trees, — happily not girdled as these stately monarchs were often seen along the roads in North Carolina, — and then up Beaver Creek, a turbid stream, turning some mills. When a closed woolen factory was pointed out to the Professor (who was still traveling for Reform) as the result of the agitation in Congress, he said Yes, the effect of agitation was evident in all the decayed dams and ancient abandoned mills we had seen in the past month.

Bristol is mainly one long street, with some good stores, but generally shabby, and on this hot morning sleepy. One side of the street is in Tennessee, the other in Virginia. How handy for fighting this would have been in the war, if Tennessee had gone out and Virginia stayed in. At the hotel — may a kind Providence wake it up to its responsibilities — we had the pleasure of reading one of those facetious hand-bills which the great railway companies of the West scatter about, the serious humor of which is so pleasing to our English friends. This one was issued by the accredited agents of the Ohio and Mississippi railway, and dated April 1, 1984. One sentence will suffice: —

"Allow us to thank our old traveling friends for the many favors in our line, and if you are going on your bridal trip, or to see your girl out West, drop in at the general office of the Ohio and Mississippi railway and we will fix you up in Queen Anne style. Passengers for Dakota, Montana, or the Northwest will have an overcoat and sealskin cap

thrown in with all tickets sold on or after the above date."

The great republic cannot yet take itself seriously. Let us hope the humors of it will last another generation. Meditating on this, we hailed at sundown the spires of Abingdon, and regretted the end of a journey that seems to have been undertaken for no purpose.

Charles Dudley Warner.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

WHILE a novelist is living and at work, his growth in power is more interesting to critics than the expression of that power in any one piece of work. The Rise of Silas Lapham¹ would probably affect a reader who should make Mr. Howells's acquaintance through it, in a different manner from what it does one who has followed Mr. Howells, as so many have, step by step, ever since he put forth his tentative sketches in fiction. We do not think that Mr. Howells has kept back the exercise of certain functions until he should have perfected his faculty of art by means of lighter essays, but that, in the process of his art, he has partly discovered, at any rate has convinced himself of the higher value to be found in a creation which discloses morals as well as manners. An art which busies itself with the trivial or the spectacular may be ever so charming and attractive, but it falls short of the art which builds upon foundations of a more enduring sort. A pasteboard triumphal-arch that serves the end of a merry masque is scarcely more ephemeral than the masque itself in literature.

The novel before us offers a capital example of the difference between the permanent and the transient in art.

¹ *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

Had Mr. Howells amused himself and us with a light study of the rise of Silas Lapham in Boston society, what a clever book he might have made of it! We should have chuckled to ourselves over the dismay of the hero at the failure of the etiquette man to solve his problems, and have enjoyed a series of such interior views as we get in the glimpse of Irene "trailing up and down before the long mirror in her new dress [Mr. Howells never seems quite sure that we shall put the emphasis where it belongs without his gentle assistance], followed by the seamstress on her knees; the woman had her mouth full of pins, and from time to time she made Irene stop till she could put one of the pins into her train;" we should have followed the fluctuations of pride and affection and fastidiousness in the Corey family, and have sent a final shuddering thought down the vista of endless dinner parties which should await the union of the two houses. All this and much more offered materials for the handling of which we could have trusted Mr. Howells's sense of humor without fear that he would disappoint us.

But all this is in the story; only it occupies the subordinate, not the primary place, and by and by the reader, who has followed the story with delight in the playful art, discovers that Mr.

Howells never intended to waste his art on so shallow a scheme, that he was using all this realism of Boston society as a relief to the heavier mass contained in the war which was waged within the conscience of the hero. When in the final sentence he reads: "I don't know as I should always say it paid; but if I done it, and the thing was to do over again, right in the same way, I guess I should have to do it," he recognizes, in this verdict of the faithfully illiterate Colonel, the triumphant because unconscious attainment of a victory which justifies the title of the story. No mere vulgar rise in society through the marriage of a daughter to a son of a social prince, or the possession of a house on the water side of Beacon Street, would serve as a real conclusion to the history of a character like that of Silas Lapham; as if to flout such an idea, the marriage when it comes is stripped of all possible social consequences, and the house is burned to the ground. In place of so trivial an end there is a fine subjection of the mean and ignoble, and as in Balzac's *César Birotteau*, a man of accidental vulgarity discloses his essential nobility; with this added virtue in the case of Mr. Howells's hero, that we see the achievement of moral solvency unglorified by any material prosperity, and the whole history of the rise unadorned by any decoration of sentiment.

We have intimated that this bottoming of art on ethical foundations is a late development in Mr. Howells's work. In truth, this is but the second important example. An *Undiscovered Country* hinted at the possibility of there being other things than were dreamt of in the philosophy of light-minded young women, but it has always seemed to us that the book suffered from its use of an essentially ignoble parody of human far-sightedness. The real break which Mr. Howells made in his continuity of fiction was in *A Modern Instance*. That

book suffered from too violent an effort at change of base. With all our respect for the underlying thought, a respect which we tried to make clear when we reviewed the book,¹ we think that the author's habit of fine discrimination misled him into giving too much value in his art to the moral intention and too little to the overt act. The casual reader of *A Modern Instance* failed to be sufficiently impressed by the enormity of Bartley Hubbard's guilt. Mr. Howells was carrying over into the region of ethical art the same delicate methods which he had used so effectively in social art. But in affairs which touch the surface of life, such as etiquette, dress, the conventions of society in general, the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is enormous, while the moment one pushes off into the deeper currents of impassioned human life, mere casuistry ceases to interest one who is struggling with vital problems. A close observer might accept at its real valuation Mr. Howells's reading of those penetrating words of the interpreter of the moral law which made sin to consist in the unacted thoughts of the heart, and found a man who was angry with his brother without a cause to be no better than a murderer; but the rough and ready critic would be impatient at an art which seemed to make no distinction between the little and the great in misdemeanor. Nor do we think such a critic unreasonable. If we are to have a portraiture of moral baseness, we have a right to ask for some shadows so deep as to leave no doubt of their meaning, instead of a multitude of little spots of darkness, any one of which may be indicative of turpitude, but all of which taken together do not accumulate into anything more than a character which repels one by its generally ignoble quality.

Was Mr. Howells faintly asserting

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1882.

his continued belief in the artistic justification of Bartley Hubbard, when he introduced him anew in this last story? If he was, we are much obliged to him for not pressing his acquaintance farther upon us. Still, we are so far obliged to him that we must thank him for supplying by means of the juxtaposition a possible comparison between Hubbard and Lapham. They are both self-made men, but Hubbard is essentially vulgar, while Lapham is only accidentally so; the former thrusts his vulgarity through the thin covering of education and aptitude for the world, the latter thrusts his essential manliness through the equally thin covering of an uneducated manner and a hopeless condition of social out-lawry.

Nevertheless, though there can be no mistaking Mr. Howells's intention in this novel, and though he uses his material with a firmer hand, we confess, now that we are out of the immediate circle of its charm, that *The Rise of Silas Lapham* suffers from the same defect as *A Modern Instance*. The defect is not so obvious, but it arises from the same super-refinement of art. In brief, Silas Lapham, a man of coarse grain and excessive egotism, is, in the crucial scenes, treated as a man of subtlety of thought and feeling. We do not say that the turnings and windings of his conscience, and his sudden encounters with that delicious Mephistopheles, Milton K. Rogers, are not possible and even reasonable; but we complain that the author of his being, instead of preserving him as a rustic piece of Vermont limestone with the soil clinging to it, has insisted upon our seeing into the possibilities of a fine marble statue which reside in the bulk. Moreover, when one comes to think of it, how little the rise of this hero is really connected with the circumstances which make up the main incidents of the story. The relations with Rogers, out of which the moral struggle springs, are scarcely com-

plicated at all by the personal relations with the Corey family arising from the love of young Corey for Penelope Lapham. The Colonel goes through the valley of tribulation almost independently of the fact that he and his are sojourning meanwhile in another half grotesque vale of tears.

This same over-refinement of motive, as supposed in natures which are not presumably subtle, impresses us in the whole history of Penelope's love affair. We feel, rather than are able to say why we feel it, that there is something abnormal in the desolation which falls upon the entire Lapham family in consequence of Irene's blindness and Penelope's over-acuteness. We frankly confess that when reading the scenes, it seemed all right, and we gave ourselves up to the luxury of woe without a doubt as to its reality. But when *thinking* about them (forgive the italics), it seems an exaggeration, a pressing of the relations between these interesting people beyond the bounds of a charitable nature.

But when all is said, we come back with satisfaction to the recollection that Mr. Howells has distinctly set before himself in this book a problem worth solving, and if his statement and solution are presented with an art which has heretofore been so cunning as quite to reconcile one to the fragility of the object under the artist's hand, and this art still seems sometimes to imply the former baselessness, we can at least thank our stars that when we criticise such a book as *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, we are dealing with a real piece of literature, which surely will not lose its charm when the distinctions of Nankeen Square and Beacon Street have become merely antiquarian nonsense.

The publication of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*¹ in the

¹ *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*. By CHARLES EMMETT CHADDOCK. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

pages of this magazine precludes the necessity of any analysis of its contents. Fortunately it does not forbid the critic the pleasure of reminding its readers, now that it appears in book form, how inadequate a serial reading is to a full perception of the merits of this remarkable novel. The stories which were collected under the title of *In the Tennessee Mountains* gave indication of the author's power in the revelation of human character hid in the rough guise of the mountaineers. But the novel, *Where the Battle was Fought*, scarcely prepared us for the constructive ability which has so much to do with our delight in this book. The absence of any strong social contrasts enables us to apprehend more clearly the contrasts of a deeper personality, and in this microcosm, which is contained within a few square miles of mountain district, the opposing and combining forces of human nature are more forcibly presented because they are not confused with conventional activities. This world of the Great Smoky is so evenly remote from our personal knowledge in its mere outward shell that we never have to adjust our glass when we are studying its features; it is so near in its interior life of passion that we have no difficulty in making out its finest pulsations. It is this substantial unity of design which excites our admiration, as we look again at a whole whose fragments we have found so full of individual life.

The harmony which results from this consistent isolation of characters and scenes is deepened by the contrasts which a fine art has evoked between the persons as they appeared to one another and as they stand revealed through the genius of the author. She has not smoothed a tone in their rough dialect, nor softened a line in their uncouth forms and dress, and yet she has managed, by what art we hardly know, to convey an idea of beauty and manliness that is not in the least incongruous. We

do not speak now merely of external grace, though we think one of the triumphs of the story is in the manner in which Dorinda's beauty takes hold of the reader; the scene, for instance, where she is spinning and talking with Rick Tyler is incomparably fine in its compact suggestiveness. It is the more elusive beauty of a spiritual sort, the disclosure of which marks the genius of this author. The whole conception of the prophet is one of extraordinary power. To think of that poor, rude mountaineer grappling on the Big Smoky with those phantoms of doubt which his paler, less sinewy brethren in the outer world are equally powerless to lay! The consistency of Miss Murfree's treatment is in nothing more noticeable than in this, that having to project such a figure she does not call in the slightest aid from the self-torture of the conventional world. Hiram Kelsey is as solitary in his wrestling with Satan as if no other human being had ever struggled with doubt. Yet what poor educated soul could declare his trouble more compactly than this rude prophet when he points at the mocking illusion of the "bald," and exclaims: "That's my religion: looks like fire, an' it's fog!"

The keen, epigrammatic force of such a statement does not seem the author's own, any more than the wit, the humor, the sarcasm, which are drawn forth by the several characters. Whatever disappointment might fall to us if we were to seek for audible and visible reproduction of these figures in the actual mountains of Tennessee, we should remain convinced that the fault was in our ears and eyes, for the realism of the story is so firm that we are sure the only external power used has been in that compression which has reduced to the compass of a novel the breathing life of the human world that busies itself in that region, careless of anything beyond its own boundaries.

If the reader, when eager to follow the fortunes of the characters, was disposed to be impatient of the frequent interruptions in the chase, caused by the author's affection for the wonderful nature in and out of which her people were moving, a recurrence to the book will probably find him lingering over these landscape passages. They are not obstructive to the enjoyment of the higher art of the story. On the contrary, they directly serve it by constantly suggesting in an unobtrusive manner the spiritual meaning of the movements going on in this little world. One comes to regard them as the accompaniment to the story, if one thinks of the lyrical, as the background, if one thinks of the pictorial, nature of the work. It is almost startling, in taking up the book, to find the very first paragraph capable of being treated as a prologue to the novel.

It is something more than a praise of style when we call attention to the sinewy compactness of language, which never becomes slack or redundant. There is a decided gain over her previous books in the fitness of phrase by which Miss Murfree sets forth character or incident. Not a word but appears to have been weighed, not an epithet but is like an arrow shot straight at the mark. This is one of the finest gifts of the imagination, — this power of making words vibrant with meaning; and, taken with the economy and reserve of strength shown in the construction of the novel, gives to us a strong faith that this writer has not expended herself, but will, whatever phase of life she may present, take counsel of her own rapidly maturing judgment, and give only what she has made thoroughly her own.

With each new novel Miss Howard shows herself to be broadening in power. *Aulnay Tower*,¹ though inferior in

interest to *Guenn*, discloses what she can do with a simple, almost conventional design. During the Franco-German war, the Château d'Aulnay lay within the lines by which the German army invested Paris. It was the only house whose occupants had not deserted it, but here continued to live the Marquis de Montauban, his niece the Countess Nathalie de Vallauris, a young widow, and the Abbé de Navailles, his spiritual adviser, with their few household servants. Hither came General von Aarenhorst and his suite, quartering themselves in the château. They came with soldierly courtesy, and the old marquis, at first furious with indignation, unbent himself and soon began to treat them with courtly hospitality. The abbé went silently about with his book and his religious work, Nathalie alone retaining an impenetrable coldness of demeanor. The young German officers all after their fashion fell madly in love with her, but she would not yield an iota. As a foil to her stateliness, her maid Manette, a vivacious coquette, flitted back and forth, captivating a burly orderly, and *désolée* over her mistress's immobility in the presence of so much manliness.

Nathalie moved about among the villagers, and showed herself a sister of mercy to the sick and wounded who were brought in from the lines. She sat at dinner with her uncle and the abbé and the German officers, and in the evening appeared in the library. There was one of the Germans, the Baron von Nordenfels, who was distinguished from the rest by the quality of his bearing toward the countess. In truth he had been overcome by love at first sight, but unlike that of his companions, his devotion had not expended itself in chatter and useless vows; it had manifested itself rather by a depth of feeling which slowly penetrated her reserve when it was scarcely observable by others — save by the abbé.

¹ *Aulnay Tower*. By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

Nathalie yielded to its persuasively silent eloquence before she was prepared to confess that she had been captured, and while indeed her patriotism stoutly forbade any such conclusion to their armed neutrality as love. The accident, however, of a change in plans which withdrew the Saxons from the château brought about a sudden revelation to herself of her mind, although it did not bring her to any open confession. The accident of war again occurred to restore the Saxons to their old quarters, and the meeting of Nathalie and Nordenfels made it plain to each — as plain as it could be without the consent of speech — that the only barrier between them was that erected by nationality and religion, a powerful enough barrier under ordinary conditions, but not proof against love.

Meanwhile the German general of the district was perplexed by the knowledge which the French evidently possessed of his movements. His suspicions were aroused and doubled when it was reported that mysterious signals had been observed at the summit of Aulnay Tower, which rose above the old stone church connected with the château and commanded the plain on which it stood. Lights were sure to appear in the tower before the consummation of any plans which had been formed, and when the hour for action came, the French were found to be forewarned. In consequence, a strict watch was set, but without avail. Then Nathalie herself, ignorant of what had been going on, discovered from her chamber window these tower lights, and filled with a vague suspicion made her way alone by night through the church and into the tower chamber. There, as she had surmised, she found the abbé. She had long distrusted him upon other grounds; now she was brought face to face with him in an encounter which rehearsed all the conflict of her life and opened new fields, for the abbé

taxed her with her love for Nordenfels, and taunted her with sacrificing patriotism.

The situation was now a torture to her. She had not absolute proof, but a sure conviction that the abbé was engaged in a dishonorable act, for they had given their parole to the Germans. Yet should she disclose his treachery, when by so doing she aided the enemies of her country? Moreover, her lover was at this very time moving to the engagement of which the abbé had given warning to the French, and she must go to the interview which might be their last, burdened with a secret of such terrible import.

In the battle which took place Nordenfels was wounded — fatally the storyteller endeavors feebly to persuade her readers — and was brought back to the château. The abbé then, however, was surprised in the tower and killed, and the war came to an end, for this was at the close of the siege. Peace reigned, and in the quiet hours which followed Nordenfels came slowly back to life, and Nathalie, forgetting her sad denial of her lover, gave him her hand.

It will be seen from this sketch that the plot of the story runs on a few broad lines, and these marked by no special novelty. What we respect in the story is the dignity with which the several situations are worked out. Miss Howard is evidently impressed by her characters and by the scenes which they are enacting. To her, war is no convenient background for the enactment of the weightier tragedy of love, but a dread circumstance which imparts seriousness and meaning to the lightest adventure of human participants. She makes her heroine a beautiful woman with a sad history; she invests her hero with the charm of knightliness, and the abbé with a soul apart from ordinary men; and she does all this with a grace and naturalness which save her story from the commonplace of convention-

ality. The serenity of the book, its purity of feeling, and a certain large and magnanimous bearing secure for it an almost classical dignity.

Yet in attaining this end, or rather we should say in the elaboration of her simple scheme, Miss Howard has not altogether rid herself of some immaturity of art. A lively waiting-maid is no novelty either in fiction or on the stage, but we fail to perceive the necessity of transferring the methods of the melodrama to fiction of this sort; surely a countess like Nathalie would never have been beholden to a maid like Manette for a discovery of her own feelings toward Nordenfels! It was weak enough to allow Manette to talk in the half sublimary fashion she adopts, without making her tongue so important a factor in the development of the story. We can believe also many strange things in war, but it is hard to believe that the German officers, already distrustful of the abbé, should have failed to investigate the tower in some more soldierly fashion than a stroll into its chamber by the colonel after due notice to the abbé! Not even a guard was stationed to prevent possible signals in the future.

Most incredible of all is the circumstance attending Nathalie's visit to the tower on the night when she discovers the signals. We are told that the general of the district had taken singular measures to secure not only the earliest knowledge of the appearance of the lights, but immediate action in case of discovery. "Accordingly General von Aarenhorst had a diopter adjusted to bear precisely upon Aulnay Tower, and in a square stone pillar supporting the balustrade of the high terrace at Clichy a groove cut sharply to hold the instrument, so that by night as well as by day the tower would be under scrutiny. An under-officer of the staff-watch was commanded to look at it every fifteen minutes during the night, and in case of the slightest discovery to announce it in-

stantly. Horses stood saddled in the orderlies' stables continually, and an expert rider knowing the short cuts could traverse the distance between Clichy and Aulnay in twenty minutes." Well, this guard was established when Nathalie discovered the light, and after she has made her way to the tower chamber, stopping meanwhile to pray in the church, the reader listens to the long conversation which she holds with the abbé, with his other ear wide open for the arrival of that orderly, and expecting nothing less than the discovery by the Germans of the abbé and the countess in close converse, with no end of new and fresh complications. Not only is far more than twenty minutes accounted for between the moment when the countess leaves her room and the moment when she returns to it, but the orderly never comes at all.

In spite of these blemishes Miss Howard has attained something very like success in her book; a success on the higher plane rather than on the lower, for had she been more attentive to the probabilities of her tale, and the petty *vraisemblance*, she might have missed the subtler grace which makes one rather indifferent to realistic details. In her desire not to make her plot too apparent, she has not wholly succeeded in making it probable, and the climax, when she reaches it, is somewhat nerveless; but the human plot, the play of character upon character, is well conceived and well shadowed forth; especially is this true of the influence of the abbé over the marquis, which is outlined with extreme delicacy.

In Miss Jewett we have a writer who might, if personal comparisons were not idle as well as odious, be regarded in the light of Miss Howard's career. It were scarcely more than an accidental ground of comparison, however, which should be taken, were we to note their contemporaneousness, their agreement in nativity, and their common literary

pursuit. We prefer to consider Miss Jewett without reference to others, and even without much reference to her own previous work. Such a book as *A Marsh Island*¹ may very properly ask to be looked at in a gallery by itself. Its charm is so pervasive, and so independent of the strict argument of the story, that those who enjoy it most are not especially impelled to discuss it. It does not invite criticism any more than it deprecates close scrutiny. What was the charm that Richard Dale found in the marsh island itself, where he was so willing a prisoner? simply that which springs from a landscape, broad, unaccented, lying under a summer sky, breathing the fragrance of grass and wild roses. The people about him were farmer folk, scarcely racy even; the very heroine herself moves through the scenes unadorned by any caprices or fluttering ribbons of coquetry. The sketches which he brought away were studies in this quiet nature; they were figurative of *A Marsh Island* itself, which is an episode in water-color.

It seems to us that Miss Jewett owes her success, which is indubitable, to her wise timidity. She realizes the limitations of her power, and knows that what she can do within the range of her graceful gift is worth far more than any ambitious struggle outside of it would be. So long as she can make us feel the cool breeze blowing over the marshes, and suggest those long, even lines of landscape, and bring up to our imagination the swing of the scythe, the passage of the hay boat, the homely work of the kitchen, why should she weary us, quieted by these scenes, with the turbid life which another, more passionate novelist might with equal truth discover in the same range of human activity and suffering? We are grateful to her for the shade of such a book as this, and accept it as one of the gifts

which Nature herself brings to the tired dweller in cities. We are not uninterested in the quavers of Mr. Dale's vacillating mind, and we recognize the lover in Dan Lester, but after all it is not these figures by themselves upon which our attention is fixed; they but form a part of that succession of interiors and out-door scenes which pass before the eye in the pages of this book. Flemish pictures we were about to call them, but the refinement which belongs to Miss Jewett's work forbids such a characterization. We return to our own figure: they are water-color sketches, resting for their value not upon dramatic qualities or strong color, but upon their translucency, their pure tone, their singleness of effect.

A stronger contrast could scarcely be suggested than by passing from *A Marsh Island* to *Zoroaster*.² Mr. Crawford, after forays in Europe and America, has returned to Asia for a subject, and, by separating himself from the present and from the ordinary experience of men, has placed himself in a situation where his love of the marvelous and the superb has full play. The late Mr. Disraeli had a fancy for the gorgeous and the omnipotent, but one always felt that his dyes would run and his plating wear off. Mr. Crawford's magnificence has a genuine ring to it, and we abandon ourselves to his lead with an honest confidence in his sincerity. We are not tempted to have recourse to the encyclopædia after reading this book, in order to verify the statements which he makes regarding *Zoroaster* and *Darius* and *Atossa* and the quite possible *Nehushta*; we are only thankful that he does not insist upon our exchanging the name *Zoroaster* for the latest refinement of form which Oriental scholars may have selected for the baffling of old-fashioned readers. We accept his groundwork of history and his analysis of *Zoroaster's*

¹ *A Marsh Island*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

VOL. LVI. — NO. 336.

36

² *Zoroaster*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

faith, and apply ourselves to the romance which he has erected upon it.

It was a cleverness on Mr. Crawford's part, and a clever stroke, to ease the way into the unfamiliar scenes by repeating for us, at the beginning of his story, the good old tale of Belshazzar's Feast. The Bible and Mr. Allston's unfinished picture are capital allies for Mr. Crawford, and by the time we have reached the death of Daniel the prophet, and so have left behind all our old friends, we are ready to plunge into the recesses of Persia with stout heart. For, with all respect to Mr. Crawford, he did a bold deed when he asked the polite novel-reader of the day to accompany him on such a journey, and with the best will in the world we confess to a little stiffness in the joints when bidden ride off into the East of the fifth century before Christ.

We might have spared ourselves some misgivings, for it turns out after all that love and jealousy and intrigue and clever devices are no modern invention, but were well known in Shushan before Paris had risen out of the swamps. A Persian queen throws herself into the arms of another woman's lover just in time to make it appear to the woman that her lover is the active agent and not the passive sufferer, and our minds are set at rest as to any extraordinary or unexpected development of human frailty under the strange conditions of old Persia. In fact, we find ourselves witnessing the barbaric splendor of some Semiramis on the stage, and modifying our awe by remembering that we saw the queen last night in *The Banker's Daughter*, or whatever may be the latest

interpretation of civilized life in the nineteenth century.

Let not the reader be misled by our light-mindedness into depreciating Zoroaster. It is not a book of high imaginative power, because it does not produce strong pictures with an economy of material, and does not lift the mind into the contemplation of great human endeavor; but it is a book of very fervid imagination, and the richness of its decoration will compensate to many for nobility of structure. One revels in its scenes as he would in costly stuffs and heaps of deftly assorted colors, and there is just enough of form and outline to justify one's interest in the drama which goes on. There are besides separate passages which stir one by their vigor of expression; such is the wrestling bout between Darius and Zoroaster in the tent of Nehushta, and the return of Zoroaster with Phraortes. There is a fine animal vitality in these and other passages which indicates one source of Mr. Crawford's power as a writer. It is no light thing either that he should have laid on such glowing colors and presented so many passionate scenes without once entrapping the reader into any pitfalls of fleshliness. He has used a power for sensuous description without recourse to any base spirit. We have not cared to give a sketch of Mr. Crawford's plot, because much of the pleasure to be gained from the book is in following the development of incidents and persons, and while the author does not rely on this for his sole means of gratifying the reader, he does interest himself in the story, and holds the issues well in hand to the very close.



HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.¹

WE owe to Margery Fleming the declaration of the profound truth that "the history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing," and the same may be said of all good books about hunting. The fact that this latter taste is so widely diffused is not a little suggestive, for it undoubtedly springs from the continued survival of what it is the fashion or cant of the present day to call the savage propensities of our nature. It does indeed make one shudder a little sometimes to reflect on the extremely artificial character of what is called civilization, that vague and much-bepraised entity which has been laboriously built up through centuries by adding one conventional rule to another, in much the same way as the minute insects of the Pacific construct reefs and islands in mid-ocean. Unluckily, our coral reef is not nearly as strong as that of the animalculæ. Most persons nowadays seem to regard it as eternal as the heavens and founded on everlasting natural laws. But dash to pieces this mass of conventions, and the savage man leaps forth, with habits and tendencies unpleasantly like those of the days of Attila or Alaric. The wonder is not that our civilization is not stronger, but that it is, notwithstanding its origin and material, so very tough and enduring. Yet at best it is but a veneer, and in every vigorous man there is a lurking wildness, a leaven of the old wolfish spirit which made the Norseman's paradise a scene of perpetual fighting. If the law permitted it, it is to be feared that a thorough-going gladiatorial show or a good bullfight would draw larger crowds in New York or Boston than any other enter-

tainment that could be devised. We trust that this would not be so, but we should regret to see the experiment tried. In the man of slight intelligence and low education, this survival of the savage instincts and impulses, repressed, but not killed, by the forces of civilization, takes the form of simple brutality. In the higher and finer types, in the majority of people, indeed, they have been greatly modified and controlled. But the tendency exists nevertheless in every vigorous, wholesome man. The do-nothings and the æsthetes, the dandies and the dilettantes, have none of it, perhaps, but it is strong among the men who are doing the work of the world and fighting the battles of humanity. It comes out in the love of danger and excitement, and in the fondness for combat of any sort, which mark the men who are strong and manly. The same propensity shows itself in literature, by the widespread popularity of books of adventure and sport.

Yet after all, a mere dry detail of camp-life, supplemented by lists of slaughtered game, will not serve. We demand something more than this. The general public does not ask that the hunter who narrates his experiences should be a naturalist. To the average reader the scientific sportsman is rather a bore. But we do ask that he should be a lover of nature, and capable of giving us his impressions of something more than his own shots. Add to this a capacity for spirited and faithful narrative, and you have the hunter whose writings every one likes to read.

We cannot say more for Mr. Roosevelt than that he fulfills all these conditions. He gives us a great deal of

¹ *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman.* Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Illustrated. Medora Edi-

tion. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press. 1885.

information in an easy, rather desultory fashion, but he is never tedious. He has had no adventures which are very perilous to his readers, although they probably were sufficiently so to him, but he tells his stories in a straightforward and graphic way which makes them always interesting, and at the proper moments exciting. He is very modest about his own ability as a shot and a hunter, but the results show that he has done well. He has the true hunter's nature, evidently, for he must have been patient, quick, and bold, to kill the game which has fallen to his rifle. He seems to the uninitiated a sufficiently good shot, but one thing is certain: a man who can hit his first grizzly squarely between the eyes at ten paces has an unusually large amount of nerve. Mr. Roosevelt has killed specimens of all the large game of the Northwestern plains, and he has also studied their habits, so that his chapters are most interesting in all ways. It is pleasant to have a closer knowledge of the nobler animals than is afforded by a bald description of their destruction. We like to know them in other situations than the death agony, and this gratification we get here. Mr. Roosevelt also brings home to us incidentally, but very forcibly, one painful fact,—the rapid disappearance of all game before the advance of civilization. Among the pioneers come a rather worthless set of men, who make a business of slaughtering by every possible method all the birds and beasts of the prairies and the mountains which have any value in their flesh or hides. The buffalo which once swept over all these vast regions in countless herds are absolutely gone. The elk is disappearing, and so in a less degree are the different varieties of deer. This annihilation of our game is most melancholy, but it has been going on from the time of the first settlement, and in a few years the work will be complete.

Mr. Roosevelt has given a peculiar

charm to his book from his intense love of nature and his capacity to communicate to others his own impressions. The note of the song-birds, the melody of the lark, the call of the elk, the hoarse cry of the wolf, have all appealed to him in their different ways, and found in him a loving listener and a true interpreter. In unobtrusive fashion, also, he has succeeded in making very vivid and impressive the scenery of the land in which he has dwelt and hunted. When we close his book, the great plains in all their strange beauty seem very real to us. We see them in the grandeur of their desolation, parched and arid in summer, or frozen like iron in winter, stretching away on all sides boundless and bare. We go with him, too, among the wild fir-clad mountains, through dark ravines, and down the deep-worn water-courses. We become familiar with the buttes and ridges, broken by the weather into thousands of fantastic shapes, and boldly marked by the strong colors of the different strata of old Mother Earth. Then there are the effects of storm and sunshine, of light and shade, which give to the bold and savage scenery a new face on each succeeding day. All these details thrown in with apparent carelessness render the picture complete, and make the hunting and the adventure much more interesting than they could be in any other way.

There is, however, still another side to the book, which is after all the most important. It is a book by an American about American sport, and is thoroughly American in tone and feeling. There is no attempt to set up a foreign standard, or to ape foreign ways. It is a true product of the soil. It has, moreover, a lasting value, apart from its narrative of hunting trips, in being a faithful account of a most interesting phase of American life, and one which is in its nature evanescent. Mr. Roosevelt gives us a clear conception of the life of the

cattle-raiser and cow-boy, and the work that they are doing, which in its methods and magnitude is typically American and of the widest importance as a great commercial interest. The American cattle men, who have developed the business to its present gigantic proportions, follow the trapper and Indian fighter, and precede the farmer in the great task of subjugating the wild lands of the West. They are a bold and hardy race, with their faults and virtues, but they are doing their work efficiently and well, and there is a very picturesque element in Mr. Roosevelt's well-written account of their daily life. But they are passing away. Farms will soon cover the regions where their cattle now wander at will, and they and all pertaining to them will become things of the past. A great debt is due to Mr. Roosevelt for having preserved in such a charming manner one of the important chapters in the long history of the conquest of the American wilderness.

We have left ourselves a very in-

sufficient space to speak of the more mechanical parts of our subject. The *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* is a model of fine book-making. It is handsome in type, paper, and form, and good taste reigns throughout. The illustrations are very numerous, and form an important feature of the work. At the head stand the four etchings by Mr. Gifford, which are most striking and vigorous. Then come Mr. Beard's drawings of the splendid heads of the large game, which are all good and of admirable workmanship. The rest of the pictures are woodcuts, all good in execution, but of varying degrees of artistic merit. Some are most spirited and clever, but a few savor a little too much of "fancy pictures," evolved in a New York studio. The book is almost wholly free from typographical blunders, but there is one of a most unlucky kind. It is to our thinking distinctly objectionable to call a man's sweetheart his "sweatheart," as is done here on page 26.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

THE reader of Mr. Stanley's flourishing work on *The Congo*,¹ if he have an agile fancy, may please himself with the notion that he is doing double duty: he is an American of the nineteenth century aglow with enthusiasm at the splendid achievement of his countryman; he is an Englishman of the seventeenth century stirred by the *True Relation* of Captain John Smith. The two heroes are cast in much the same mould, the two continents under discussion stand opposite each other, and the home-keeping Englishman who heard of the wonders of Virginia was in the midst of

as exciting movements as the American who follows Mr. Stanley in his perilous adventures among the Congo savages.

The reader need sniff no mischief because we liken Mr. Stanley to Captain Smith. The comparison breaks down only upon the one familiar trait of Smith's character. No *Tragabizanda* or *Pocahontas* figures in Stanley's annals. Indeed, there is something almost ominous in the silence which he keeps regarding the women of Africa. In his speculations regarding the African character he takes no account of their influ-

¹ *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State: a Story of Work and Exploration.* By

HENRY M. STANLEY. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

ence. There is a certain gallantry in the Virginia captain which the frank explorer appears to lack; but the spirit of adventure, the sturdy common sense which rides through or over difficulties, — whichever is the nearer way, — the instinctive power of leadership, the quick wit in dealing with savages, the indomitable, cheerful will, the healthy absorption in the work at hand, and the highly developed imaginative faculty — these qualities are shared by the two men, and we really think that Mr. Stanley's candid tale helps us to understand the more obscure experience of Captain Smith.

This is, to be sure, a somewhat ulterior use to which to put a fresh book. One does not need to have his mind burdened with a historical parallel in order to appreciate the heroic labors of this nineteenth-century Paladin. Yet, if one follows Stanley in his kind of interest, one can scarcely fail to read this book much as he would read history, looking beyond the details of incident for those large and general movements which need time and generations of men for their final issue. Who shall say that imagination is dead when a reporter of a newspaper fills his brain with the idea of a great free state in the basin of a majestic river, which he was the first white man to open in its length to the view of the world? and that this reporter is not a visionary is clear enough from the record of the steps which he took to lay the foundations of the Congo state. The whole narrative supposes a conception so large and historical that one reads it with a sort of incredulous admiration, and, failing to find any similar enterprise with which to compare this scheme, is very likely to remember the history of colonies which suggest contrasts.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than remind the reader of the circumstances which occasioned these two portly volumes. The famous journey across Africa, in which Mr. Stanley had

traced the Congo from its source to its mouth, commended him to men, notably to King Leopold II., of Belgium, as the proper agent for carrying out plans which had begun to form themselves for the exploiting, and in effect the redemption, of Central Africa. His advice and coöperation were sought, and the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo was formed. Later, the African International Association was founded with a view to actual occupancy and sovereignty. It is not entirely clear to us what relation the two associations held to each other, but as the *personnel* was much the same in each, King Leopold being at the head of both companies, and Mr. Stanley the chief executive officer, we judge that the work done on the Congo compelled a reorganization of the home committee.

Under the general authority of the European association an expedition was organized, consisting of Europeans of various nationalities for officers and factors, while a body of Africans from the east coast, men of Zanzibar who had accompanied Stanley on his previous journey, served as laborers. Steam launches and stern-wheel boats were carried out for use in navigating the upper Congo, and the plan was to establish permanent stations at various points along the river, to man these with small companies of men, and to make such treaties with the tribes occupying the banks as should practically render the International Association suzerain of these tribes.

It was in August, 1879, that the expedition entered the Congo, and in August, 1884, that Stanley made report to the King of the Belgians that he had accomplished the task assigned to him. The report which he gave is expanded in these two volumes, but it is evident that the thousand pages containing the narrative might have been multiplied many times, without exhausting the incidents of this extraordinary enterprise.

There are two chapters, the eleventh and twelfth, which, read attentively, fill one with amazement at the energy shown in overcoming obstacles. If Captain John Smith had had the story to tell, we suspect he would have told it as modestly as Stanley himself, for really great achievements tone down a braggadocio; there is no temptation to exaggerate when the real facts are incredible. For a year, lacking one month, the party of a hundred and six men was engaged in transporting their goods by land to avoid the impassable Livingston Falls, a distance of fifty-two miles! Let Stanley's own modest summary of the year indicate something of its laborious character.

"Computing by statute miles the various marchings, and as frequent countermarchings, accomplished during the year, we find they amount to the grand total of 2352 English miles, according to tape-line measurement of foot by foot, making an average of six and a half miles performed throughout each day in the year, to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two English miles. Take away the necessary days of rest enjoyed during the year, the period of ninety-one days employed in making a passable road for our wagons, which, unless tolerably level, would have been impassable for our top-heavy wagon-loads, and the average rate of travel will prove that we must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavor. That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sere grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of thirteen invalided whites, only one of whom saw the in-

terior, speak for us." It is necessary, however, to read slowly the entire record of this year to appreciate the immense labor of these brave men.

The secret of their success must be sought finally, we are convinced, in the qualities of the leader of the expedition. Stanley, like Captain Smith again, is not without a sense of his own valor, but there is a cheerful recognition of himself which is very far removed from idle vanity. He had brave and willing associates, but it is leadership which, in the long run, tells in such a case. The miserable story which he is obliged to tell of ruined and neglected stations testifies to this. In every instance he traces the failure to lack of leadership, and the loss is retrieved when the leader is found.

It is this personal power which must lie at the base of such an enterprise as these volumes illustrate, and herein, it seems to us, is the vital need of the entire scheme for the maintenance of the Congo state. Stanley shows very clearly that the stations scattered along the banks of the river are the dependence of the state. They are the points where the European meets the African. They must be the centres of civilizing influence. From them, the association must exercise its peaceful authority. But Stanley's candid narrative shows that the stations depend upon the quality of the chief or superintendent. If he be a man capable of leading men; if he have tact in managing the natives, energy in developing the resources of the station, and practical acquaintance with the conditions of healthful living in Africa, then the station becomes a civilizing power for the whole neighborhood. If, on the other hand, these qualities in the chief be lacking, the place quickly lapses into barbarism, and affairs are worse than if the station had never been organized.

What chance is there that the several centres of civilization in this new free

state will thus be officered? Stanley himself acknowledges freely that with all his familiarity with Africa, he made serious blunders in selecting sites for stations. It must be only after repeated experiments that new stations will be well established. He made some mistakes in his selection of chiefs — that any one might do, but then he spends pages of sarcasm, irony, and as bitter invective as so thoroughly generous and optimistic a man can bring himself to utter in cold blood, upon the miserable European material of which his expedition was composed. Of course any such expedition draws to itself mere adventurers or restless seekers after novelty, but it also attracts the enthusiastic and spirited. What likelihood is there that, after the first flush of enterprise, this new state will call into service the men who are qualified to fill the very critical positions so essential to the well-being of the great scheme?

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the enterprise suffered from the disadvantage of beginnings. A pioneer movement is pretty sure to meet with just such difficulties as Stanley's expedition encountered, and the hopeful element is to be found in the courageous attack on these difficulties which the pioneers made. Make what deductions we may from the somewhat florid statements of our sanguine author — and who has a better right to be sanguine than one who has overcome such gigantic obstacles? — there yet remains such a solid achievement in the equitable conventions with the savages, the peaceful foundation of stations, and now the amicable agreement among European powers as to the rights and duties of the association which has organized the free state, that we have a right to hope for success in the second stage of the work.

Indeed, the conception of this enterprise is so magnificent and so generous, that he must be a churl who does not feel his pulse beat quicker as he con-

templates the meaning of the movement. We have seen in our day more than one attempt at supplanting force by reason; we have watched with pride the reference of international differences to the arbitration of philosophers instead of to the decision of the sword; we have seen this principle of arbitration working its way into law and business, until it looks to some hopeful minds as if Christianity were to do among its members what the church was bidden to do in the beginning, and attempted on a large scale under ecclesiastical régime, but without ultimate success. But here is a fair beginning of an even nobler work. If it fail, as it may fail, it will yet have given a dream so substantial a realization as to make it one of the most stimulating facts of this century.

For as to construct is higher than to adjust, so an international compact which looks to the orderly establishment of a new force in civilization means more than an international agreement to avoid a quarrel. The experiments made by a voluntary society have so far succeeded that this society has received the sanction of the great powers, and may be regarded as the first considerable attempt at coöperation as applied to government. The common sense of men looks with distrust upon any coöperation of governments which aims at a protectorate of a weak power, although the present condition of Greece is a faint argument in favor of such action. Still, such a protectorate is a choice of evils. In the case of the Congo Free State, the conditions are wholly different. A vast territory, occupied by a number of isolated tribes and clans having no natural bond of union, unless it be a common danger from a common foe, comes under the guardianship of an association which holds representatives from the several great powers. It is to be conquered, not by war, but by peace. The powers agree upon the boundaries of the state; by mutual concessions

they remove beforehand occasions for dispute. This vast territory is to be entered and occupied, but only with due consideration for the rights of those already on its soil.

Mr. Stanley in his brave enthusiasm perceives in this movement the redemption of Central Africa, and it is this thought which stirs our generous hope. He welcomes the missionary to the region thus laid open, and he recognizes, as who could more justly? the important work which this agent of Christendom has to accomplish in the lives of the men occupying the Congo basin. But, though he nowhere makes the assertion in so many words, he evidently counts trade and the merchant as implicit Christian forces. Canon Fremantle, whose eloquent Bampton lectures so emphatically present this view, would welcome with acclamation the splendid reinforcement which the foundation of the Congo Free State brings to his argument. There is a most interesting illustration offered by Mr. Stanley in the conversion of a treacherous African chief from a state of masked hostility into one of open, even if still slightly suspicious friendship, which tells volumes. If the facts with regard to Ngalyema are correct, we have in his case an admirable example of what honesty, justice, and friendliness can do, mingled with some clever diplomacy, and of the stuff out of which good Africans can be made. Mr. Stanley's estimate of Congo native ability is high, but it has reference mainly to ability in trade.

"In the management of a bargain," he says, "I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world. Unthinking men may perhaps say cleverness at barter and shrewdness in trade consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. Unsophisticated is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or

man in connection with the knowledge of how to trade. Apply the term if you please to yourself or to a Red Indian, but it is utterly inapplicable to an African, and this is my seventeenth year of acquaintance with him. I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, named Lingenji, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of ten pounds' worth. Therefore when I write of a Congo native, whether he is of the Bakongo, Byyanzi, or Bateké tribes, remember to associate him with an almost inconceivable amount of natural shrewdness, and power of indomitable and untiring chaffer."

Here then is the foundation of character upon which to build, and inasmuch as the plans of the new state have been formed more with reference to trading than to settlement, it is reasonable to demand that trade should serve as a redemptive agency. If it be not so, if the association has been organized only to facilitate selfishness and greed, then we look for a speedy collapse of the entire fabric. The experience of Stanley at Bolobo would be repeated in the whole province, and with no such satisfactory conclusion. Under honorable and wise management, the growth of the country in stability and prosperity can hardly be doubted. Stanley pictures the possible future when he writes of his own experience in a portion of his trip up the Congo:—

"The natives all along both banks have been easily won to friendly intercourse, and every camp is a scene of marketing. Nothing has transpired to mar the mutual good feeling that prevails. Our advance being necessarily slow, the country becomes, as we may say, civilized. The steamers passing up and down continually speak for us in

a clearer manner than we could ever hope to employ. They seem to be taken as harbingers of trade; of barter, not of trouble. 'A'kumbi, kumbi!' — boat, boat — is no sooner seen ascending than it is immediately welcomed with shouts from people who have come from the hill summits, and have gathered on the banks to view the novel phenomenon of a boat self-impelled against a current which has oftentimes tired their muscles. But by the time that the tenth voyage is made, it has become a commonplace sight, meaning barter and profit. No wonder that every step we take is made amid welcoming cries and friendly greetings."

It is true that no real redemption of Central Africa can be effected through the agency of trade alone; and a government by committee for the purpose of securing free trade is hardly the ultimate instrument of social development. But the growth of trade implies the further cultivation of the resources contained in Africa, and these are not limited to elephant tusks. Mr. Stanley seems a little apt to run riot when computing the riches of his favorite country, and some of his vaticinations remind one of the tales which the early explorers of America carried back to Europe; but after all, the conditions of wealth are there, and as America has disclosed something greater than, though different from, what Europe dreamed, so Africa has a fair chance to dwarf the stature of the International African Association.

The case of the Congo Free State certainly is different from that of any historical venture with which it may be likened. It can scarcely be a repetition in any way of the history of modern India. The association which is helping it into life is weak in material resources from the very fact that it represents not one powerful European nation, but all Europe; that which makes it strong morally makes it feeble as a

mere brute power. It has to deal also with barbaric peoples, and it must be long before it can educate these into the semblance of political union. Nor is there much more in common between the association and the Hudson Bay Company. The latter dealt indeed with savages, but it was a close corporation, carefully sealing its vast territory from access to any but its own servants. Its policy was to keep that country a wilderness, a vast preserve for fur-bearing animals, with dusky Indians, guiltless of trade instincts, for hunters and trappers. The life of the Congo Free State is in the openness of its transactions and the freedom with which its destiny is wrought out in the eyes of Europe.

We can scarcely look for any such migration to the basin of the Congo as has for the past three centuries been binding Europe and America together. Hence the problems of the country will be worked out on different lines. This may safely be predicted, that no development of Africa politically from exterior sources can be other than provisional. Yet it may be that the seeds of civilization will be planted in numbers of local, self-governing communities, like the Roman *coloniæ* in their attitude toward the barbaric tribes among which they are placed, and it is to this colonization of savage Europe by the Romans that we must go back for the most instructive parallel. The difference is largely in the kind of political power lying behind the two orders of settlements. Behind the *coloniæ* was the Roman *imperium*; behind the stations is the moral and commercial rather than the political support of the modern association. Yet in general lines of policy there is much in common. It is significant that the first act of this Congo expedition was to build roads; its second or companion one to found stations. These stations are unilitary; they are trading-posts, but they contain the germs

of foreign civilization which may yet fructify in the midst of the wild human nature. It is significant also that the vanguard of this peaceful army of civilization was a body of Africans from the east coast, officered by Europeans. It is a good omen. The world of Christendom may indeed be raising Africa out of its dark morass, but it can do so finally and firmly only through the aid of Africans themselves.

We have only one contribution to make to the solution of this problem of African civilization, which Mr. Stanley and his associates so nobly propound. It is this, that these stations should also present the spectacle of orderly, permanent homes. It is not unnatural that the pioneer movement should be rep-

resented by young, unmarried men. It agrees with most trading-house traditions that such men should constitute the working force, occupying the field for a term of years and supplanted or reinforced by other young men. The golden opportunity of the International Association of the Congo lies in its breaking away absolutely from all these traditions and insisting upon the transplantation to its stations of the family life. This is the salt which will preserve the high purposes with which it has set out. Without it, or with this salt losing its savor, there can scarcely fail to be a degeneracy of purpose and achievement. The history of all colonial enterprises has this truth written across it in imperishable lines.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Is it not comforting to discover, as life goes on, that much of the evil we encounter in various shapes is due not so much to moral deficiencies as to intellectual ones? It is surely less painful to perceive that a friend is duller in mind than we have supposed than that he is colder in heart; stupidity, trying as it may be, is after all more bearable than simple selfishness. It may be a while before we learn to comprehend the fact of such mental limitations in our friend, but when we have once recognized clearly that the fault lies with his head and not his heart, the worst sting is gone from any wound he may give. If there has been a puzzling inconsistency of conduct in those to whom we have naturally looked for understanding and sympathy, we may come to see that the inconsistency is only apparent; the affection is sincere which they have testified at certain times for us, notwithstanding all that has appeared to

believe it at other times when we equally expected its manifestation. A certain friend fails to respond to my tacit appeal for sympathy, but it is because he does not understand that I can possibly be in want of it; even though my call be outspoken, the fact of need is perhaps all that he perceives, — the need itself it is beyond his imagination to conceive truly. Some people, that is, through defect of mental constitution, are able to comprehend only what personal experience has taught them, and we might just as well ask them to translate for us out of a tongue unknown to them, as require their sympathy in trials they have never themselves passed through. And it is as unreasonable in us to complain of their incapacity in the one case as in the other. Perhaps your friend attempts in a blind way to enter into your situation, and his words do but show how wide of the mark he is, while, like an unskilled touch upon a bruised spot

or an inflamed wound, his well-meant phrases increase the pain or irritation of your feelings. He is not sensitive himself to what affects you so deeply, so how can he guess that he is hurting you?

The force of words is something that many minds do not estimate exactly, and this accounts for the fact that even our nearest and dearest sometimes fail to get any true impression of the state of things with us. And for the same reason words of theirs may come upon us like a blow without the slightest intention of injury on their part. If this be true with regard to those with whom we hold intimate relations, it is certainly likely to be true with regard to indifferent persons. And I think the plea of "invincible ignorance" may be allowed, to a degree, in the case of positive offenses as well. If we are willing to overlook the incivility of a person whom we know has been without advantages of polite breeding, ought we not to be magnanimous enough to pardon something to one whose moral breeding has been neglected? Out of revenge for a fancied wrong, or simply from an unreasoning antipathy, a man attempts to do me harm by quite unjustifiable methods, — perhaps comes and insults me "to my face," as the saying is. Of course I have every right to protect myself against his machinations, and if possible to bring him to a sense that his mode of attack is unwarrantable; yet ought I in fairness to judge him as hardly as I would a man educated according to a higher moral code? Probably his action does not appear to him the dastardly thing it does to me; he thinks it all fair enough, and that I would adopt the same mode of warfare were our positions reversed. He may mean to insult me, but it is just as likely he does not mean to; the tone, the language he uses, do not in his eyes carry with them the implication I find in them. "We must forgive our enemies, but not till

they are hanged," said Heine; and there is no harm in amusing ourselves by applying the epigram to our personal foes, while we are sure that we have no intention of acting upon it. The amount of conscious and willful wrong-doing in the world which we must meet and combat in the interest of truth and righteousness is so great, that it is immense gain to be at leisure from private hostilities and harassments, and free to use all our fighting strength where it is most wanted.

— Though I greatly admire the masterly way in which the "poet's poet" manages the death of the lion, I have always felt that the noble brute might have been spared the "thrilling point of deadly yron brand" which "launght his lordly hart." The zoölogical probabilities in the case of Una and the Lion would seem to warrant a different, if not less harrowing, sequel, — something, perhaps, like the following. (Scene, — a wilderness on a remote border of the realm swayed by the Faërie Queene.)

There, as the royall beast in slomber lay,
His yellow mane all in the sunne dispreid,
I lightly smote him with my launcegay;
Whereat he sluggishly appeared his hed,
As one that had on dainty meates bene fed
Ere he in Morpheus webby toiles was caught.
Though erst I had bene sore disquieted,
His gentle mien great corage in me wrought,
And, "Lyon, where is Una?" thus I him besought.

Then gan that myghty beast to quake and quayle,
To make his voice full pittifull and small,
To start, to stop, as loath to tell the tale:
"Fayre Una is — but death must come to all,
Or in the thatched hut or loftie hall!
Here wandring, farre from peace and safties port,
Despite my care a thousand ills might fall;
Wherefore, to save her from all scath and tort,
Paynim, I steeled my hart — I ate her up, in short!"

— In this "era of good feeling" between the North and South, it is a matter of regret that we dwellers in New England do not come into friendly and intimate relations with a certain family living below latitude 40°.

It is only in the months of August and September that they are ready for

company, and during those months we keep to our own seashores and mountains; so it is only in the pages of our encyclopædias that we have met the *mantis religiosa*, and the dry, technical description found there gives one no idea of the curious, grotesque, vivacious little creature, with his slender body, long, thin neck surmounted by a small three-cornered head with bright eyes and long feelers (just like a child's picture of a cat's face), his fore-legs or arms which he folds up and raises nearly to his chin, while the whole body has a slow, swaying motion, not unlike the enthusiast at a camp-meeting who is getting the power! If he is hungry while maintaining this sanctimonious attitude, and a fly comes in his way, quick as a flash those long arms seize and hold it while every part of it is eaten; the wings first, and then the legs, thus precluding the possibility of the victim's escape. These insects have two pairs of legs for locomotion, besides this pair devoted to attitudinizing and fly-catching. Their sense of hearing is very acute, and it is interesting to see them turn their heads at the sound of your voice, and look at you in a way that is almost human.

One day, a specimen of this "praying mantis" went to church on a lady's bonnet, and one would think it was no more out of place than the various beetles and bugs so much in fashion now; but when the little creature cocked its head and craned its neck, and looked at the minister and all the people, and, as the choir began to sing at the other end of the church, deliberately turned around with clasped hands to "face the music," the attention of the devout worshipers was so diverted as to prove conclusively that it was out of place.

They are ordinarily quiet and peaceable, remaining on one bush for days or weeks; but candor compels me to state that they are also good fighters, as they often fall to and eat one another.

Two or three years ago I carried a

pair of these "rear-horses" (as they are generally called) to New Hampshire, to an old friend, who remembered them as her early playfellows in Florida. At the end of the two days' journey they were very inactive, and would not eat the most tempting fly offered; but a drop of water from my stylo-filler was greedily taken, with revivifying effect. They would put their noses into it and drink until it was gone, like a horse at a watering-trough.

They excited great interest and curiosity, and being placed on a rose-bush seemed happy in their new home; but I left them with many misgivings lest the cold nights should shorten their brief span of life.

However, they had fulfilled a mission, and perhaps were reconciled to a summary taking-off by that consciousness. I am sure they would have been, if they had known that they were to be preserved in the collection of the Natural History Society of the village.

— There are certain popular maxims, of specious logic and morality, which one would hardly wish to authorize seriously as the sum of his own philosophy and practice. Among these maxims might be reckoned the following: "There is no great loss without some small gain." Probably this saying was intended to convey the idea of a cheerful acquiescence in one's lot and a happy adaptability to circumstances; but, critically tested, does it not discover a lurking instinct for expediency, a touch of spurious optimism? Youth, the generous, the courageous, the uncompromising, never evolved this system of solacement; 't was invented, if we may hazard a guess, by middle age, studious of reaping thrift, if possible, from its own chagrins and disappointments. But Montaigne observes, with an engaging candor and willfulness, "For my part, I have a yet worse custom: that if my shoe go awry, I let my shirt and my cloak do so, too; I scorn

to mend myself by halves ; when I am out of order I feed on mischief ; I abandon myself through despair, and let myself go towards the precipice, and, as the saying is, throw the helve after the hatchet." This generous recklessness touches a sympathetic human nature in us, however different may be the line of our practice.

No great loss without some small gain. Are we, then, so meanly economical that we cannot afford to realize our great loss, that we have no spirit for complete, tragic indigence, but secretly expect that the loss will be reduced by a purse of small coin made up for us by trifling lucky fortuities which may follow the stroke of our supreme disaster ? It is much the same as though we should turn pilferers of our own household goods in the confusion of a great fire, or as though we had made off with the flotsam of our own merchandise in the last great storm that drove wrecks upon our coast.

Though we are of a mind to make the best of things, no cheap optimism satisfies us. "Resignation is noble only as a last resort." In a sense, we will, first

of all, make the worst of things, stoutly fronting the situation, refusing to do aught but count loss as pure loss, pain as pain, and error as error. We would not be hoodwinked with the pleasant notion that by some benevolent hocus-pocus of circumstances our thistles are to be made to produce figs. Especially, if folly or inadvertence of ours is responsible for the calamity with which we are burdened, seek not to console us by the promise of "small gains." We will have our honest grief and honest penitence *clear*, — not attempt to medicate them. Though we may have been pound foolish, we will not now be penny wise.

It is to be observed that some of these unlovely old maxims improve greatly by turning. Is there not melioration in Valor is the better part of discretion, and is there not a nice distinction between Honesty is the best policy, and The best policy is honesty ? Take the converse of the present theme, and we have, There is no small gain without some great loss, — of the truth of which those who follow trivial aims do bear unconscious witness.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. General Gordon : the Christian Hero. (Crowell.) This is a sketch of Gordon's life, intended apparently for young people, though it is rarely condescending. The title, we suspect, is to catch readers. It will naturally repel some who dislike to see Christianity made a catchpenny. Curiously, the writer has omitted almost entirely those vagaries, as some would call them, those deep religious exercises, according to others, which are identified with Gordon's name. — *Lives of Greek Statesmen, Solon — Themistokles*, by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox. (Harpers.) The author, noting the strong mark of individuality in Greek history, has undertaken to give the main lines of that history in a series of biographic sketches. This volume carries the history down to the close of the war with Persia. The fullness of the author's knowledge and his insight render the book one of value and suggestiveness.

— Victor Hugo and his Time, by Alfred Barbou, illustrated with 120 drawings by various artists, and many by Hugo himself. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. (Harpers.) One of the Franklin Square Library numbers, full of entertaining bricabrac about Hugo, and with abominably printed pictures. — The third volume of Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography (Macmillan) has fewer noticeable articles than the previous volumes. It has, however, among others, a striking and somewhat eulogistic sketch of Richard Baxter, by A. B. Grosart, an interesting account of Baskerville, and one on Isaac Barrow. In general, we find the treatment fresh and unhackneyed. There is a disposition to go beyond the strictly biographic facts, and to make estimates more or less full. We do not quarrel with this when a fair-minded editor is at the helm. The value of biographic sketches is largely in the sug-

gestion which they give of the impression made by the character on the time in which the biographer writes.—The *Life and Letters of Emery Upton* has been prepared by Peter S. Michie, of West Point (Appletons), and gives a good view of a man whose name is known chiefly by his *Tactics*, by his command at West Point, and by his military observations in Europe. The circumstances of his death made a painful impression upon people at the time, but the explanation given in this volume only heightens the respect and admiration which one has of a noble soldier. The book is written in full sympathy with General Upton's religious nature, and the character of the man as brought out in the work is one which the nation may well be glad to have on record.—The volume of Charles T. Brooks's remains (Roberts) has its chief value in the long and very readable biographic sketch by Charles W. Wendte. Mr. Brooks was so shy and secluded a man that the biographer has done well in making his sketch largely illustrative of his delightful manners and of the society which he chose for himself. Indeed, we suspect that the volume will be valued in after years for its very agreeable glimpses of refined life in New England. The selection of poems, made by W. P. Andrews, gives a cross-section of Mr. Brooks's intellect.—The *Life and Times of John Kelly*, Tribune of the People, by J. Fairfax McLaughlin, A. M. With portraits in artotype, taken at thirty-five, fifty, and fifty-eight years of age. (American News Co.) This delicious title-page has also a noble quotation from the lips of the late Alexander H. Stephens: "I regard John Kelly as the ablest, purest, and truest statesman that I have ever met with from New York." We have been so fascinated by this title-page and the portrait facing it, with its motto, "Accept for yourself my esteem and affection, Yours truly, John Kelly," that we have found it difficult to get farther with the book. The "Times" of John Kelly! What high old times they were! "Tribune of the People!" Would n't Lictor have been just as Roman and more lifelike? Then what a fine lot of New York acquaintances Mr. Stephens must have enjoyed! The book is almost as interesting as the title-page. There is a splendid Tammany rage in its rhetoric. "Then Kelly rose with fire in his eye, and hurled back the charge in such manner as to satisfy the whole House, and Marshall in particular, that the barbaric passion for war, however held in subjection at other times, now glowed in the bosom of the New York member with irresistible fierceness." There is ever so much more just as good.

History. The *History of the Christian Church during the Middle Ages*, with a summary of the Reformation, by Philip Smith (Harpers), is one of the well-known Student's Series; and while it is a judicial and intentionally unbiased history, intended not for theological students, but for all who wish to follow its important lines, it will serve the best purpose as a convenient book of reference.—An *Inglorious Columbus*, or Evidence that Hui Shān and a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan discovered America in the Fifth Century, A. D., by Edward P. Vining. (Appleton.) Mr. Vining has made a big book out of material which

hitherto has been used either for little books or for chapters. He has thus made his argument more weighty. The conclusion he reaches is not impossible, but the Chinese language always seems of the most elastic character, capable of meaning anything or nothing. It reminds one of the old-fashioned language of flowers, which was exceedingly expressive—to those who used it.—The *Creoles of History and the Creoles of Romance* is a lecture delivered by Hon. Charles Gayarré (Armand & Hawkins, New Orleans), and devoted mainly to an angry attack on Mr. Cable's *Grandisimes*.—Francis Bacon, *An Account of his Life and Works*, by Edwin A. Abbott (Macmillan & Co.), is an admirable summing up of the public and private career of the author of the *Novum Organum*.—Estes & Lauriat have brought out a neat popular edition of *Rambaud's History of Russia*, translated by L. B. Lang and edited and enlarged by N. H. Dole, who contributes an interesting chapter on the *Turko-Russian War of 1877-78*. Until now this work in English has been unattainable, except in a very expensive form.—Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, have issued a new edition of Col. George Chesney's *The Battle of Dorking*. As the time for the facts has not yet come off, there is no later intelligence in this edition.

Fiction. The *Bar-Sinister*, a social study (Cassell): a novel, the scenes of which are laid chiefly in Salt Lake City. The author has a superficial cleverness, but he has turned a perplexing and revolting problem into a mere occasion for telling a story. The story itself is in its essence no more instructive than any other story of marital infidelity; the Mormonism merely changes the form of the evil. The book is not even a tract against Mormonism, as the author appears to think.—The *Maurice Mystery*, by John Esten Cooke. (Appleton.) Pistols in the first chapter. Mr. Cooke evidently does not mean that his readers shall go to sleep when they begin his book, and he winds in and out of his mystery with a dexterity which reminds one that the novelist is an old hand at this business of keeping the denouement till he is ready for it.—*Struck Down*, by Hawley Smart. (Appleton.) Pistols in the second chapter, and the conclusion of the trial as usual in the last. Captain Smart is a somewhat more modern novelist than Mr. Cooke, and he has an English swagger in his style which our American with his courtesy lacks.—*A Nemesis*, or *Tinted Vapors*, by J. Maclaren Cobban (Appleton), is a tale of an unconscious countess, a curate in Lancashire, mystery, and love.—*An Old Maid's Paradise*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Houghton), is a piece of sprightliness, with an occasional lapse into serious impressions of a summer in a half-solitary seashore house. The old maid, who makes an improvised home on the sands, is not too old for so much folly as goes toward a prankish assertion of her independence.—Recent numbers of *Harper's Handy Series* are *Uncle Jack* and other stories, by Walter Besant; *John Needham's Double*, by Joseph Hatton; *The Waters of Hercules*; and *She's All the World to Me*, by Hall Caine, who is making a reputation for himself, though it is founded

somewhat upon a quicksand. — *A Millionaire's Cousin*, by Emily Lawless (Holt), is a lively story, most of the scenes of which are laid in Algiers. There is a briskness about the telling which takes the place of the otherwise necessary humor. — *The Story of a Short Life* will be read with special interest as the latest published work of a writer, Mrs. Juliana H. Ewing, who was beginning to reap a harvest of praise. Like Jackanapes, and other of her little books, this is a condensed novel, having for its special hero a boy, and carrying a substantial moral. It has the animation, the fine feeling, the occasionally dangerous excess of sentiment, and the earnestness under a cloak of fun of this clever writer. The illustrations are not so good as those in her other books. (S. P. C. K., E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) — *Kaméhaméha, the Conquering King*: the mystery of his birth, loves, and conquests: a romance of Hawaii, by C. M. Newell. (Putnams.) Mr. Newell, in making a high cockolorum romance of the King of the Sandwich Islands, repeats in literature the feat of the English commissioners, when they sent out a crown with which to give dignity to the head of the "Emperor" Powhatan.

Science and Semi-Science. In *The Handbook of Physiognomy*, by Rosa Baughan (Redway, London), one may read in brief and calm sentences the prescriptions by which the attentive man may turn all the people whom he meets inside out. The work would not be a bad one to use as a primer in the future school for the education of novelists. — *Cholera*, its nature, symptoms, history, cause, and prevention, with an outline review of the germ theory of disease, by J. B. McConnell, M. D. (Robert Miller, Son & Co., Montreal), is a lecture of forty pages, which does not profess to do more than sum up the generally accepted views on the subject discussed. — *Ocean and Air Currents*, by Thomas D. Smellie (John Smith & Son, Glasgow), is a pamphlet which undertakes to set forth the correspondence of these two currents. — The fiftieth volume of the *International Scientific Series* is *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, by the late William Kingdom Clifford. So the title-page states, but the preface explains more at length the state in which Clifford left the book, and in what the editing consisted. The editor, K. P., gives sufficient clue to the initiated to identify him, but we think he would have acted more in accordance with Clifford's nature if he had printed his name in full.

Travel and Nature. *The Angler's Guide-Book and Tourist's Gazetteer of the Fishing Waters of the United States and Canada, 1885.* Compiled and edited by William C. Harris. (The American Angler, New York.) There is no rest for the fishes now. Here is a directory to some 7000 angling waters, with particulars as to the kind of game to be found in each. It tells how to reach the point, the best months for fishing, the bait to be used, and sundry other particulars, all methodically set down. — *The Land of Rip Van Winkle*, by A. P. Searing (Putnams), is a cheaper edition of the handsome holiday book published last year. It is a pleasant, familiar description of a tour through

the romantic parts of the Catskills, with its legends and traditions. The panorama and other illustrations are interesting and often helpful. — *A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago*, a narrative of travel and exploration, from 1878 to 1883, by Henry O. Forbes. (Harpers.) Mr. Forbes had a comparatively fresh field to occupy in some of the islands which he visited, especially the Timor-laut Islands and Timor, and since he traveled as a naturalist his book is more than a mere record of adventures. It is well printed, with maps and illustrations, and if lacking in literary merit has the more important qualities, in appearance, of truthfulness and simplicity.

Literature. The second author in Mr. Bullen's superb series of *The English Dramatists* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is Thomas Middleton, whose complete works will be comprised in eight volumes, the first four of which are now published. This edition embraces several interesting pieces not to be found in Dyce's collection of Middleton's writings. Mr. Bullen, whose careful editing is obvious on every page of the present work, contributes a very valuable introduction. — *Discourses in America* by Matthew Arnold (Macmillan & Co.) embraces the three memorable lectures recently delivered by the author in this country — *Numbers*, or the Majority and the Remnant; *Literature and Science*, and *Emerson*. The volume, which is uniform with Macmillan's very neat edition of *Arnold's Works*, contains a preface written in a vein that makes its brevity tantalizing.

Domestic Economy. *Virginia Cookery-Book*, compiled by Mary Stuart Smith. (Harpers.) This volume, which is modestly heralded by the compiler, is intended to preserve the traditions of good cooking as held in a comfortable Virginia family. It has the appearance of being reasonable, and is, we are glad to see, free from any remarks on etiquette. It does not even provide the ambitious hostess with a *menu* for a dinner-party. It is a plain, honest cookery-book. — *The Chemistry of Cookery*, by Mattieu Williams. (Appleton.) Herein the diligent housewife will understand the reason why of much of her work, and add to her knowledge patience, and to patience a satisfaction in making her work not only one of the fine arts, but a scientific process. The book really is readable and free from pedantry.

Bibliography. *Stevens's Historical Nuggets* (Henry Stevens & Son, London) begins its third volume with a descriptive account of the collection of books relating to America which belong to the firm. The first number, consisting of eighty pages, carries the list to "American Continental Congress." The prices are marked, but the list is much more than a mere bookseller's catalogue.

Poetry. *The Earl of Lytton's Glenavéril*, or the *Metamorphoses*, is now complete in its six books. (Appleton.) — Mr Edwin Arnold has done a real favor to English-speaking people by giving a metrical translation of the *Bhagavad-gītā*. The *Song Celestial* is the title of the volume (Roberts), and it will help to popularize what already was accessible in a prose form. A literature, like a nation, gains by the naturalization of foreigners.

